MAY.

THE AUSTRALIAN BOWLERS.

By P. F. WARNER.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, P. F. WARNER.

6d.

Vol. XIII. No. 74. MAY, 1905.

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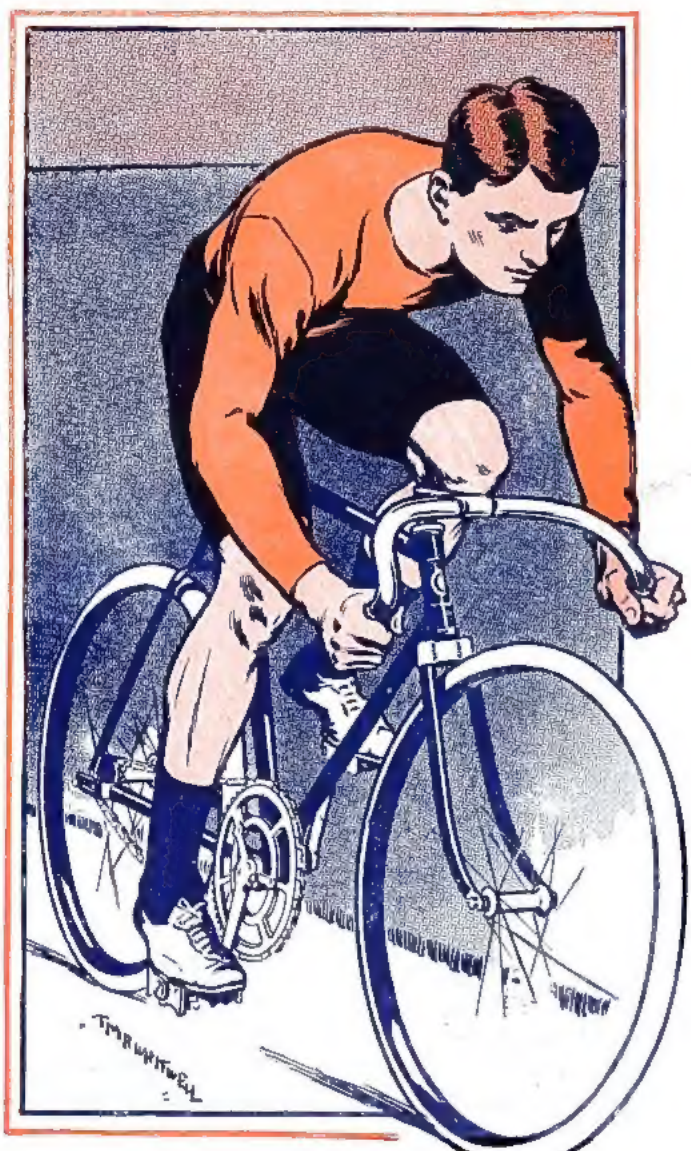

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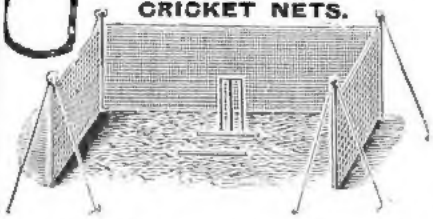

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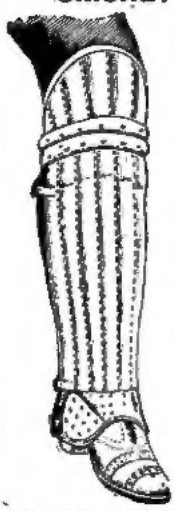

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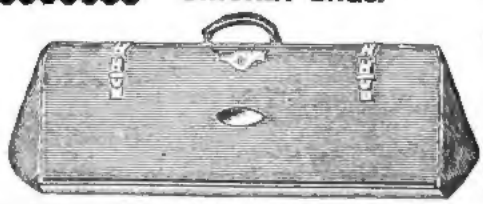

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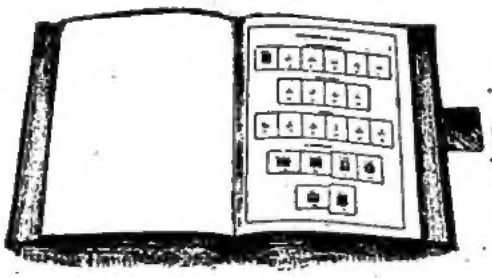

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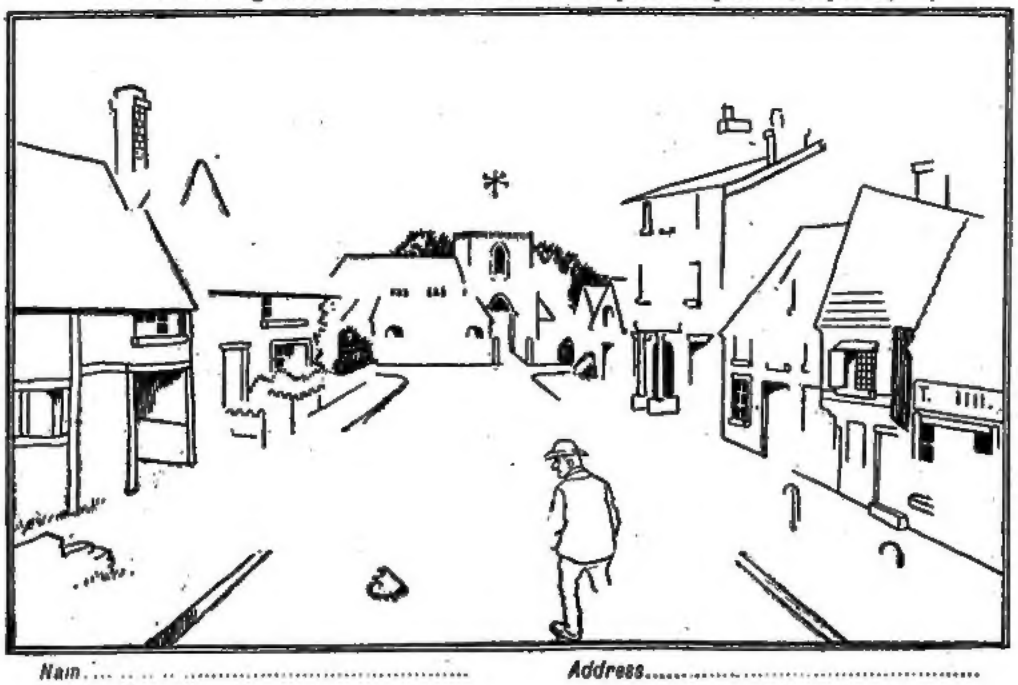

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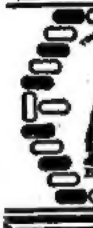

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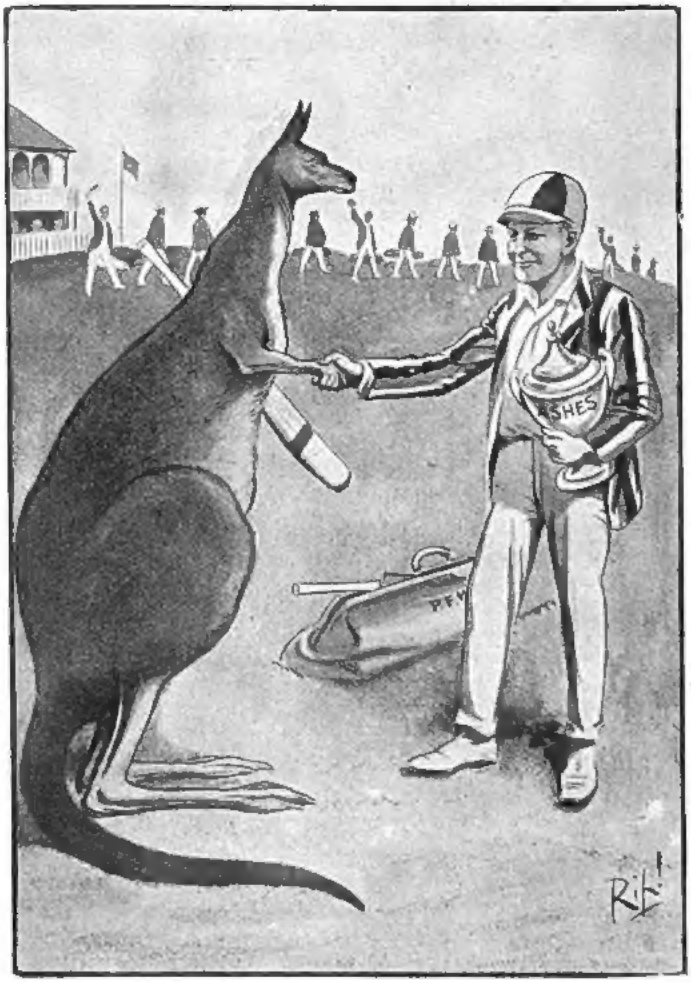

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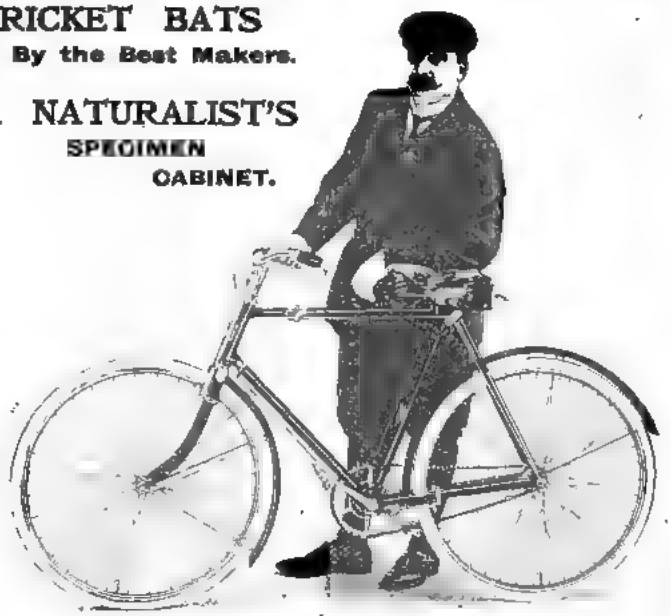

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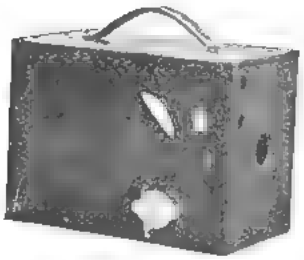

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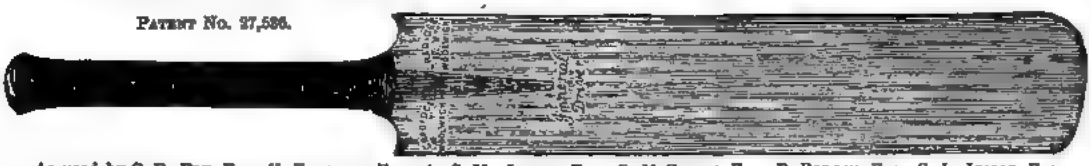

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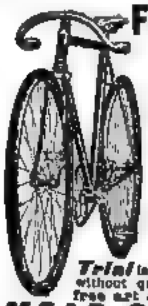

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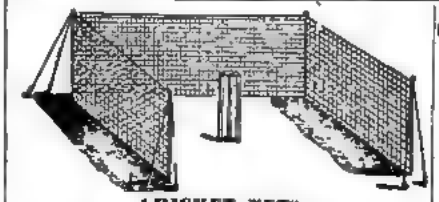

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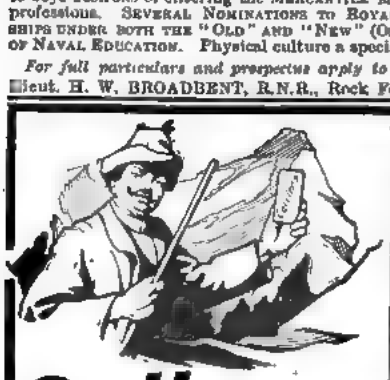

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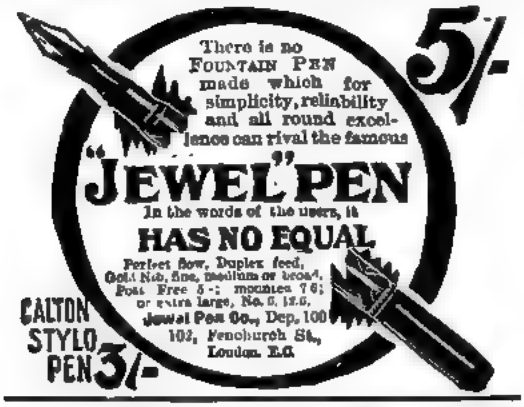

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(*Vide* letter 3rd September, 1904.)

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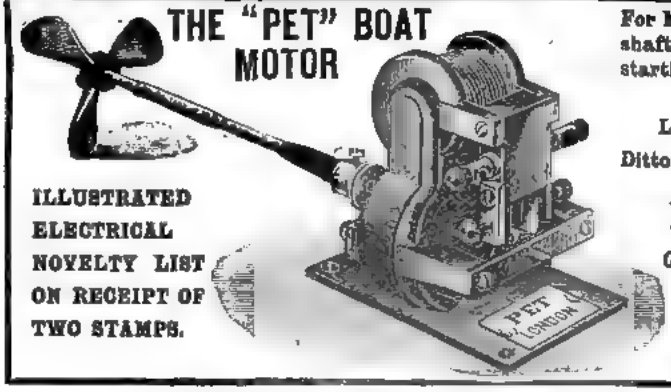

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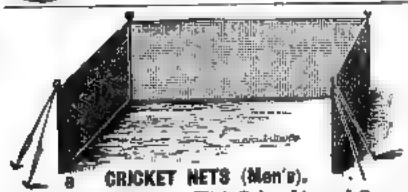

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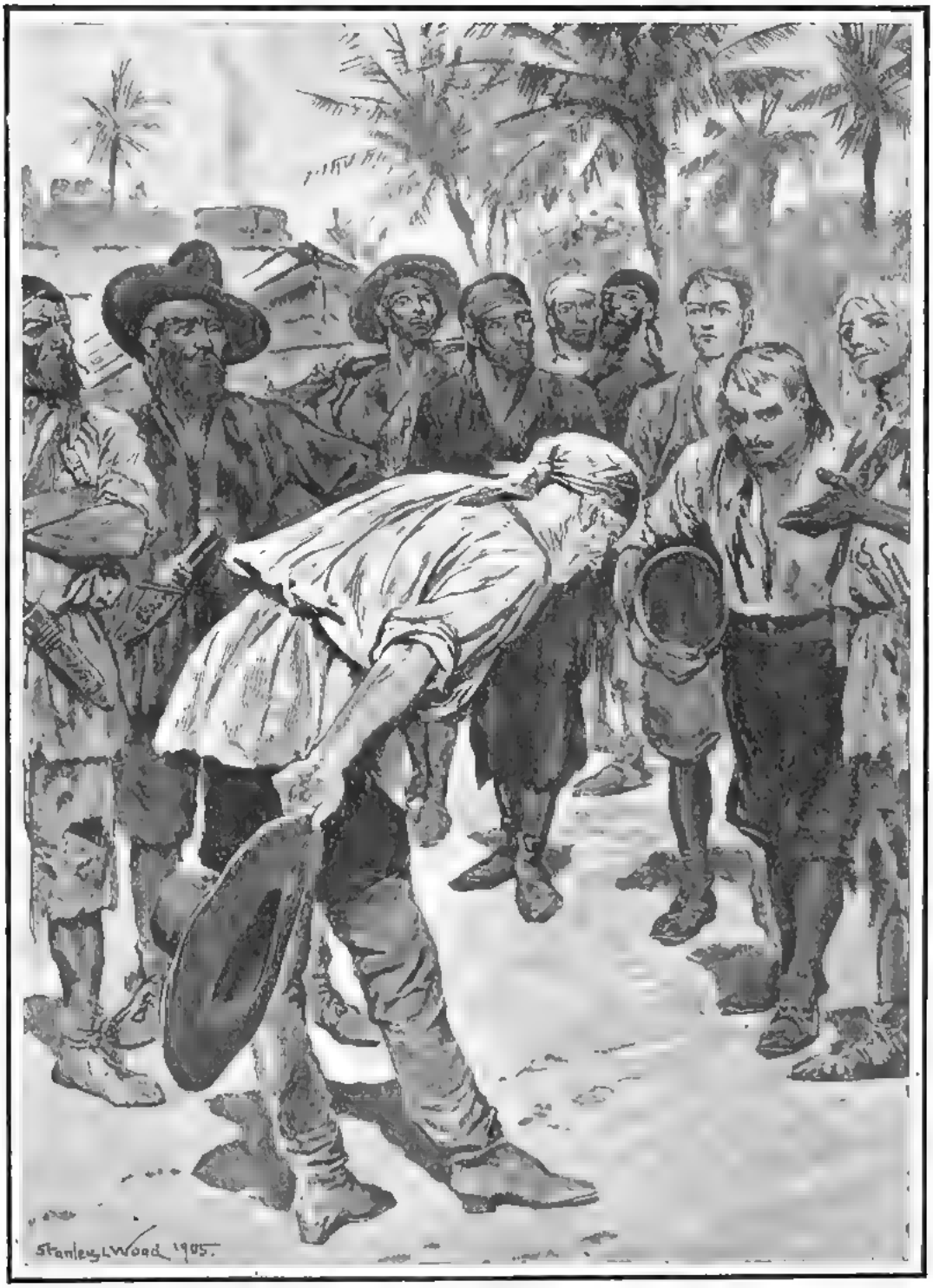


THIS MAN GRAVELY SALUTED US WITH A VERY LOW BOW. (*See p.* 101.)

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIII. MAY, 1905 No. 74

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD,

By H.C. Crosfield,

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

SYNOPSIS.

JOHN BAYWOOD, the son of an early settler in New England, has a rival for the hand of Verity Whalley, his sweetheart, in the shape of Zephaniah Eccles, a hypocritical rascal who keeps a store at Boston, where the Baywoods are people of some importance. Through the machinations of Eccles, John is kidnapped by Barnabas Skeffington, skipper of the *Good Hope*, bound from Boston to the Barbadoes. Before the *Good Hope* can make her port, however, she is wrecked, the skipper and John Baywood being the sole survivors of the catastrophe. By means of a raft they reach land, and take shelter in a hut. Here they spend a night. Early in the morning the baying of a bloodhound reaches their ears, and, apprehending danger, they prepare to sell their lives dearly.

CHAPTER VI.

WE FALL INTO THE HANDS OF BUCCANEERS.

WE took each a cutlass, and went to the door of the hut. We had musquets but no powder, for on leaving the *Good Hope* we could find none that was not spoiled with water. The sound of the baying of bloodhounds drew nearer, and in a short space of time one of these great beasts made his appearance over the knoll on which I had watched the night before. He was not at large, but was straining at a leash held by a young man of uncouth and bloodthirsty aspect. This young man's head was bare, save for his own long fair locks, and for his sole clothing he had a shirt reaching to his knee, short linen breeches, and on his feet moccasins, or buskins, of raw hide. He was girt with a strip of hide, and into this rude girdle were thrust several long, bright knives, and his face and garments were all stained and smeared with blood. As soon as this strange figure perceived us he stopped short, and, without releasing his hound, brought round a short musquet which hung at his back, and seemed about to present it at us; but, seeing that we had no fire-arms, he returned his piece to its place, and cautiously advanced towards us. When he had approached within twenty paces he stayed, and spoke to us rapidly in a tongue which neither of us understood. In reply Captain Skeffington spoke in the Spanish and the High and Low Dutch. This performance went on for several minutes, and at last the Captain lost patience and cried—

"A plague upon your outlandish tongues! Friend, I have tried you in Spanish and in High and Low Dutch; I have no languages left save a little Latin, unless good plain honest English will serve your turn."

"Why the deuce could you not speak good plain honest English before?" said the young man. "It is my own tongue."

"Well," said the Captain, "since it seems we are all English, are we enemies or friends?"

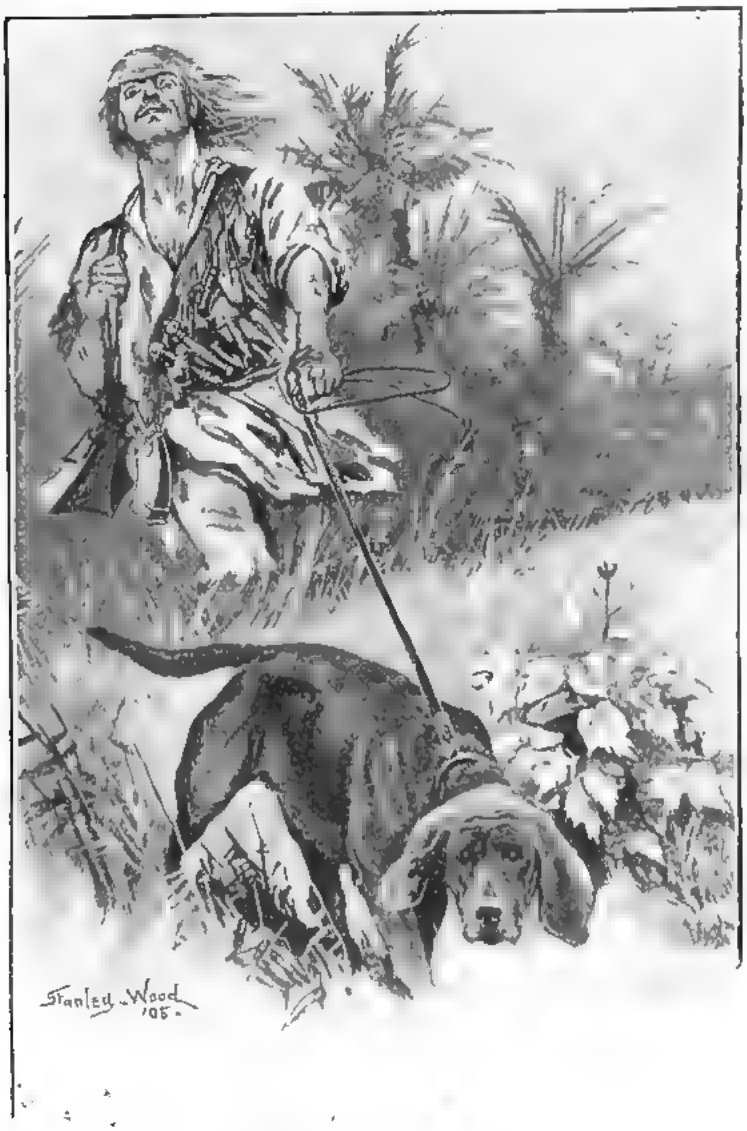
"Friends, by all means, if you desire it," said the young man.

"Then, sir, if you will be pleased to tie yonder fierce dog to a tree, and leave those thirsty-looking knives and that musquet behind you, we on our part will gladly throw down our cutlasses. We can show you but poor hospitality, but so far as a glass of cognac and a slice of cold raw salted pork will go toward cementing friendship, they are very much at your service."

After a moment's doubt the young man fulfilled the conditions of his part of the treaty, and we put down our cutlasses and advanced to meet him.

"Pray, sirs," said he, "who are you, and how came you hither?"

"Who we are is shortly told," said the Captain. "We are shipwrecked mariners, and we came hither on a raft, our ship, named the *Good Hope*, having foundered on yonder reef. Pray tell us, sir, what land is this?"



THE STRANGE FIGURE STOPPED SHORT.

"This is the Island called Hispaniola," said the young man.

"Spaniards!" cried the Captain. "Jack, this is a Spanish island; we have but escaped the sea and the land-crabs to become a prey to men more cruel than savages."

"Nay," said the young man, laughing, "you go too fast. It is but little that we, in this part of the island, care for the Spaniard, though they do say that the King of Spain lays claim to it, and even keeps a garrison at St. Domingo, which lies in the eastward part of the island. But the people in this part are mostly French. I hate them worse than I do the Spaniards, if that be possible, but you stand in no danger of your lives."

We entered the hut, and passed round a pannikin filled with cognac, and soon became very friendly together. We informed the young man of our adventures, and in return he imparted to us something of his story, which I will very shortly relate to the reader.

His name was Jeffrey Horton, and he was at this time approaching twenty-five years of age. His father had at one time been a wealthy merchant in the town of Bristol, but had been reduced to poverty through an unfortunate adventure to the Levant. I heard the whole story of this adventure, but it was such a mingle-mangle of Barbary corsairs, rascally Greek traders, and the impositions of the governor of the island of Rhodes, that I need not trouble the reader with it, even could I at this distance of time call it to mind. In his prosperous times old Master Horton had made for his son a treaty of marriage with the parents of one Mrs. Alice Phillett, and when the days of leanness came old Phillett would have broken off the contract. But to this the lovers would by no means agree. As lovers will, they swore to be everlastingly faithful one to the other, whereupon old Phillett, who did not stick at trifles, found means to lay hands upon Jeffrey, and, in order to be rid of him, sold him into slavery (to use plain words) to a correspondent of his, who was a merchant dealing in things lawful and unlawful in the island of Tortuga, hard by Hispaniola. This man had in his turn sold Jeffrey to be an *engagé*, or apprentice, to a

buccaneer, in which apprenticeship, or rather slavery, he had now served two years and upwards, and was heartily sick of it.

"Now," said Jeffrey Horton, when his tale was ended, "what will you do? If you go with me to my master he will most certainly enslave you, yet I see nought else for you to do. You cannot, it is certain, depart by the way you came."

After some talk we saw nothing for it but to go with him, and we therefore gathered our weapons and set forth. Our stores we abandoned, save the keg of cognac, which we took with us as a peace-offering in order to secure a favourable greeting. Our way led us into tangled forest-land, where was such a growth of trees and plants, and in such strange forms, as I had never before imagined; and the trees were filled with birds of gay plumage, and apes. Far off we could see through openings in the forest two or three tall mountain-tops lifting themselves into the heavens. This part of the forest seemed to be a mere belt of wood along the sea, for on the one hand we could now and then catch a glimpse of blue waters, and on the other of open meadow-land, or savannah, as it is called.

Presently Jeffrey Horton bethought him that if he went empty-handed home to his master he might expect to be received more warmly than lovingly, and he therefore led us to a place in the open plain where he hoped to find a drove of wild kine, such as had disturbed my dream the night before. Nor was he disappointed, for we soon came in sight of a large herd, and, bidding us to await him he began, with infinite precaution, to approach within musquet shot. Shooting from an astonishing distance he wounded a large bull, and forthwith loosed his dog to hold the quarry until he could himself run to it, while the rest of the herd, startled at the noise of the musquet-shot, took to their heels and were soon lost to sight. The Captain and I ran after Horton, and came up with him as he put an end to the bull's life by cutting its throat. In an incredibly short time he had whipt off the hide, and prepared to carry it home by cutting a slit in the middle, through which he thrust his head, letting the skin hang down, all bleeding as it was, over his shoulders and body.

"Is not this pleasant work for a Christian?" said Horton. "For one that knows his catechism and prayers? It would be well, gentlemen, if each of you would cut a joint of this beef, and carry it with you, for we are something short of provender, and if ye will do this it will relieve me, and perchance dispose the hunters, who are barbarous men, to give you a kind welcome."

Taught by him we each cut a large joint off the bull's carcase. How the Captain fared under his double weight of the flesh and the keg of brandy I know not; for my part I was very thankful when we reached the village (if I may so describe the little collection of hunters' huts), and I could fling my vile burthen to the ground.

The inhabitants of the huts crowded round us, chattering in French, and the sound of an English word now and then assured us that our own countrymen were not wanting among the throng. They seemed to be stout, sturdy fellows, clad in much the same fashion as Jeffrey Horton, and every one of them was daubed from head to foot with the blood and grease of cattle. Horton presented us to his employer, or master, speaking in the French tongue, and this man gravely saluted us with a very low bow, sweeping the ground with his hat. He was a tall, powerful man with white hair; his name, or, I should rather say, the name by which he was known in the island (for but few of the buccaneers passed under their true names), was Lepasteur. This name he owed in part to his being of the Protestant religion, and in part to the great pretence which he made to piety. There was no lack of interpreters, and the following conversation took place between Lepasteur and Captain Skeffington.

"Sirs, I salute you," said Lepasteur, "and bid you welcome."

"Worthy sir," answered the Captain, "my companion and I thank you, and in our turn we salute you and this honourable company."

"My apprentice, 'Orton, tells me that you have joined with him in the pleasures of the chase," said Lepasteur. "Ah, you English, how you love the chase!"

"Yes, sir," said the Captain. "We cut off certain joints, clumsily, I am afraid, from the carcase of a beast slain by your apprentice."

"He is an industrious youth," said Lepasteur. "How I love industry in the young!"

"Though we be but poor shipwrecked mariners, we do not come before you quite empty-handed," said the Captain. "May my friend and I entreat that your worship will honour us by accepting this keg of brandy? I can answer for its quality, and I believe you will find it unhurt by the sea-water."

"Fie, sir, fie!" exclaimed old Lepasteur, rolling up his eyes towards Heaven. "Do you think that gentlemen of France, of *France*, mark you, must be bribed with kegs of brandy

ere they will show hospitality towards honourable gentlemen in distress! Nevertheless, let us taste its quality. . . . Ah, that is good stuff, right good stuff. It is different, indeed, from the vile hog-wash which they send us from Nantes. 'Orton, roll me this keg into my hut, and sit on it until I come, seest thou? so that no rascal may steal it."

"Sir," said the Captain, encouraged by Lepasteur's venerable aspect and gentle speech to believe that the old scoundrel would readily befriend us, "you may well say that we are gentlemen in distress. I am a shipmaster, and my young friend here is the son of a wealthy gentleman of high family in New England, who had taken passage with me for Barbadoes." (Thus gently did the Captain describe his kidnapping of me.)

"Gentlemen, you have but to speak," said Lepasteur, "and I will serve you to the utmost of my power."

I felt heartily thankful that it had pleased Providence to cast us into the hands of so pious and well-disposed a man.

"Let me then beg you, sir, to appoint to us some small bark, or boat, in which we may gain the isle of Tortuga, and thence find conveyance to Europe or New England," urged the Captain.

"Be not in so great haste to depart," said Lepasteur. "For this day, at all events, ye are my guests. Amuse yourselves at your pleasure, and to-morrow, or whenever you desire it, we will make inquiry as to what means there may be of assisting you to reach your own country."

"There's no time like the present," returned the Captain, bluntly.

"Ay, ay, youth is always hasty; I was so myself forty years ago," said the venerable Lepasteur. "'Orton, roll me hither that keg once more, and make haste and dress me some steaks, my dear friend. And if they be not ready in a pig's whisper, or if they be underdone or burned by the coals, I will flay thee alive, and cut steaks from *thy* carcase!"

I do not believe that the excellent Monsieur Lepasteur intended that this last sentence should be rendered into English for our benefit, but the translator was a dull, heavy Englishman from Somersetshire, and he gave us every word faithfully, though of what French phrase "pig's whisper" may be the English rendering, I have never been able to learn. We began to have some inkling that Lepasteur's benignity and kindness were not more than skin-deep, if so much. However, all that day we were feasted and entertained to our hearts' content, and more. Frenchmen and Englishmen vied with each other in showing rude hospitality in the way of beef, dried tongues, and hog's flesh; nor were red wine, brandy, and Geneva wanting. As the day advanced the glasses went more quickly round, gay songs and laughter resounding on every side. Some of the men were dicers, others played with the cards; but the gamblers spared the Captain and me. As for me, I had no money, and the Captain had prudently hidden his cash in his belt, and said nought of it. Thus the day passed until nightfall. The night we spent in Lepasteur's hut, and the following morning Captain Skeffington once more applied to our host to lend us some boat or other equipage sufficient to enable us to reach Tortuga. As for me, I could do naught but lie in my bed and groan, for my head was aching and my body was sore with my unaccustomed fatigues, and, moreover, I had all night been a prey to moschetoes and all manner of venomous insects, which, it would seem, were delighted to find a new victim in whom to flesh their fangs. The Captain was better seasoned to fatigue and the attacks of insects, and he conducted the negotiation as well on my part as on his own. I could hear his tones mingling with those of Lepasteur and Horton, the latter acting as interpreter, outside the hut, and so far as I was able to judge they seemed not to be agreeing together. It must have been a full hour ere the Captain returned to me. He was in a great rage.

"Jack," said he, "thou hast ere now heard me pass no very favourable judgment upon Spaniards and Hollanders?"

"Yea, Captain," I said, "more than once."

"I withdraw it all, every word. Spaniards and Hollanders all are angels of light compared with these miserable French, frog-eating savages."

"Why, Captain, what hath happened?"

"Happened? This confounded psalm-singing son of a gun whom they call Lepasteur, who was so ready with his beastly compassion for gentlemen in distress, not only refuses his aid, but intends, vile dog that he is, to hold us to ransom."

"Well, what of that?" said I, too weak and faint to trouble to comprehend what the Captain said.

"What of that? Dost thou lie there and say what of that? Jack, I shall have to smite thee; if I smite not thee, or somebody, I verily believe that I shall lose my wits."

"Smite me if it pleases thee, Captain. Be

sure that I am in no case to resist or to smite thee again. My only wish is to die."

"Be not a fool, Jack. Sit up and consider what is best to be done. Ransom? If I am not mistaken, thy worshipful father will not pay so much as a brazen farthing to ransom thee, and thou knowest that, since the *Good Hope* went down, this poor fifty dollars in my belt is all my fortune. Fool that I was to let this beastly Frenchman believe we were men of great possessions!"

"What did he say, Captain?"

"Say? Why, he was very polite, and bowed and scraped, and talked of the 'pleasure of our company,' like all these vile Frenchmen; but it comes to this, that until our friends will choose to send great sums to buy us, here we must stay and be servants and slaves, slaying bulls and getting their hides for this smooth-tongued hypocrite."

"But is there no justice, no judge, in the island, to whom we may appeal?"

"So far as I see," answered the Captain, "this Lepasteur approaches as nearly to the office of judge as any person in this barbarous place, though he hath no commission, I am sure, from his own or any other king. I appealed to the other inhabitants, but they seemed to be fully satisfied with the justice of Lepasteur in enslaving us; their only discontent was that he and not themselves should get us as bond-servants."

At this moment Jeffrey Horton entered the hut, and said—

"It is Lepasteur's desire that you quit his hut forthwith, and build one for yourselves, since he chooses not to have your company longer. He bade me to say also that to-morrow you will have to begin to work for your living, for he hates idleness. Come, gentlemen," he went on, seeing that the Captain would make a hot answer, "be not angry with me—I am but a messenger. And do not be downcast. They say that Fortune's wheel is always turning, and, if you are at the bottom now, you will be but the sooner at the top again. I have Lepasteur's permission to aid you in building a hut; and, if you will take my counsel, when you are bidden to do a thing you will do it at once, without staying to think about it; you will find your lives easier so."

Thus it was that we became slaves to Lepasteur, the villainous buccaneer.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TIME OF MY SLAVERY, AND HOW IT ENDED.

NOW began a time of my life which happily lasted not many months, but whose terrors and sufferings even now, after these many years, make me shiver and tremble when I awake at night and think upon them. They say that no man is entirely happy, or entirely miserable, yet, as I look back upon my months of slavery in the hands of Lepasteur, I can remember nothing, unless it be the Captain's friendship, which redeems the time from being one of abject and hopeless misery. I wonder that the mercy of God preserved me from the double crime I was over and over again tempted to commit—that is to say, to take a brace of pistols and with the first to blow out the brains of my tyrant and my own with the other. Captain Skeffington's lot was little, if any, better than my own. We took no measures towards procuring a ransom to be paid for us. The Captain had not a friend in the world to whom he could apply, and as for me, pride forbade me to write to my father and tell him of my sad condition; moreover, we would rather have died than have done aught which would put money in Lepasteur's pocket.

The buccaneers made their living thus; they hunted the wild cattle which roamed the plains of Hispaniola, descendants of tame kine brought thither by the Spaniards, for the sake of their hides; which, when roughly cured, were carried in boats to the island of Tortuga, and there sold to the merchants. At a time later than that of which I am now speaking, after the Spaniards had driven the Frenchmen out of Hispaniola, and so turned them into pirates, the name *buccaneer* came to mean a sea-rover; but when I was in Hispaniola a buccaneer was no more than a hunter, and the sea-rovers, who were then but few compared with those who have since haunted those seas, were known as *flibustiers*. The buccaneers lived in small communities, housed in wooden huts. That into which we had fallen might contain from one hundred to one hundred and twenty souls, all told, of whom perhaps twenty were master-buccaneers, and the remainder apprentices or *engagés*, with a few unhappy beings who, like ourselves, were slaves without hope of ransom. All were white men, even in the scattered sugar-plantations; all work, however mean and laborious, was done by whites. In our neighbourhood there was but one sugar-plantation, and that one, to our grief, belonged to Lepasteur. For the most part the

buccaneers, although always an unholy and foul-mouthed crew, led a temperate and thrifty life, eating the flesh of the beasts they slew, and drinking a thin, sour wine, or a liquor made from the pimento. They observed this temperance from no love of virtue, but in order to save as much money as possible, so that their revels, when occasion offered for an excursion to Jamaica, or Barbadoes, or one of the ports on the Spanish Main, might be so much the more ungodly and prolonged. Amongst these rude people there was little justice and no mercy, nor any virtue save a rough and easily disturbed faithfulness to comrade and friend.

The apprentices, or *engagés*, were an unhappy and wretched race. Most of them had been kidnapped out of French and English ports, and the rest deceived into coming to this hell upon earth by lying promises of finding gold in heaps upon the ground, or pearls growing on trees, or I know not what fabulous notions. They led lives worse than those of slaves, for they were beaten and abused as no slaves are. They had, however, the certain prospect of enlargement, and of becoming buccaneers themselves, for, by a custom of the island, the apprenticeship lasted but three years; that term ended, the master was bound to provide the apprentice with a musquet, powder, and ball, together with knives and other matters necessary for the chase.

It was amongst these apprentices that our life in the island was for the most part spent. With them we worked, and with them we suffered blows and curses. As their lot was worse than the lot of slaves, so was our lot worse than theirs. For not only were we denied the hope of a clear end, however distant, to our sufferings (for we were bound not for three years, but for our lives, so far as appeared), but, in order to compel us to write letters to our friends begging for ransom, Lepasteur daily kicked, beat, and reviled us, and laid upon us tasks beyond our power, strong men though we were.

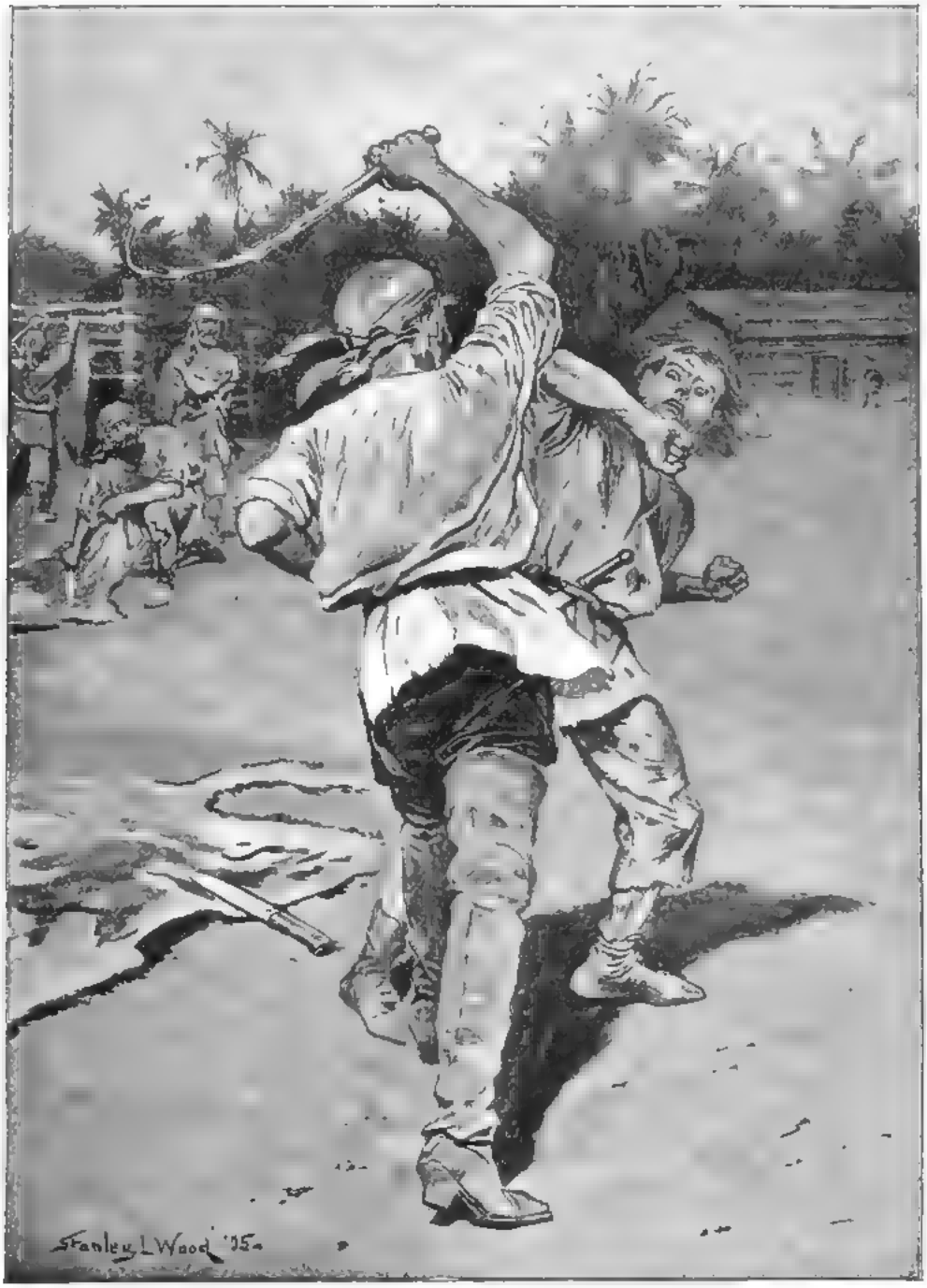
At first Lepasteur kept us at work killing bulls, Jeffrey Horton being our guide and preceptor in the art. Early in the morning we set forth, each armed with a musquet and knives, and with a ferocious hound at our heels. When we spied a herd we must approach them cautiously, or *stalk* them, as it is called, until we came within musquet-shot, and then let fly at the largest and stoutest bulls. Having slain our game, either with our guns outright, or, if needful, with our knives, the dogs holding such beasts as were but wounded until we could come up with them, we skinned them, and hung the hides over a branch of a tree, and gratified the hounds with the liver, then moving off in search of the same or another herd. At that time the animals were very plentiful and not shy of man's approach, and it was a poor day's sport when we did not each kill five or six. Towards nightfall we would return and gather up the hides, carrying them home by thrusting our heads through a hole or slit cut in the middle. Vile work it was, with blood running all over us, and those hides which we had procured in the morning already putrid with the heat of the sun. About the meat we did not trouble ourselves, but left it to the birds of prey; unless we were short of provisions at the village, when each would burthen his shoulders with a great raw joint.

This was our work six days in the week. On the seventh we had, not indeed rest, but a change of work, for each Sunday we must carry the hides gotten during the week down to the sea, and there trim and clean them, leaving them in the salt water to pickle, and hanging up those pickled on the Sunday before upon frames to dry in the sun, and storing those already dried in a large store-house, there to await a boat to carry them to Tortuga. This was more laborious than our week-day toil; and I remember once saying to Lepasteur (for I soon came to converse easily in the French tongue)—

"Sir, you are a Protestant, and you have, no doubt, read in your Bible that we are to labour six days and to rest on the seventh. Yet you make us to work on the Lord's Day more than on any others of the seven."

"Permit me to inform you, my dear friend, that I have made a new commandment, which I make so free as to entreat you to observe," said this wicked, smooth old villain. "'Six days shalt thou slay bulls and flay them, and the seventh thou shalt carry hides down to the beach and pickle them.' I desire that you shall bear this in mind, and to enforce it upon your memory I will even chastise you with this whip. Take this, and this, and this, thou miserable skinner of oxen!" And with that he beat me with a certain whip which he used for his horse when he rode a-hunting. He was an old man; nevertheless, I should have fallen upon him but that he had inspired in me that sort of fear which hath given men power to subdue the strongest of beasts, even great elephants and fierce lions.

The Captain and I, going out daily with Jeffrey Horton, came to love him. He was a young man of honesty and modesty, and I



"TAKE THIS, AND THIS, AND THIS, THOU MISERABLE SKINNER OF OXEN!"

think that our coming had taken from his heart that hardness which continual cruelty to himself, and the sight of constant indignities inflicted on others, must have caused to creep in there. As we walked together over the plains under the burning sun, or rested for a while at noon-day to eat our meat, we would talk by the hour together, for the most part of England, with its pleasant hedge-rows and blowing woods, its flowery meadows and old villages set deep in trees, its cool streams—nay, even its rains and snows and frosts; all these were delightful to the fancy of us poor slaves, even to me whose home was not there, but among the grim forests of America, yet who still called the old land *home*, albeit my memories of it were so dim and small.

With the sole desire, as I believe, of grieving us and grinding the manhood out of us, Lepasteur, as soon as the Captain was expert enough in the chase to go forth alone, separated our little company. Horton he sold to a nephew of his, who had a sugar-plantation some ten miles away, for a puncheon of rum, an anker of brandy, three musquets, and five pounds of lead; the Captain he kept at his hunting, and me he sent into his own plantation. Horton was very loth to leave us, and as he departed he wrung our hands, and said—

"Courage, brothers. In less than a twelvemonth I shall be free and a buccaneer myself, and then we shall see what we shall see, as these beastly Frenchmen say."

My labour in the plantation was more severe than hunting, though less disgusting. The plantation was some distance away from the village, and I was lodged in a hut with a Frenchman. I saw the Captain but rarely, for after our day's toil was over neither he nor I was in case to make a promenade to search out the other. Yet now and then on his way home from the chase he would find means to pass by the plantation and exchange a few words, so that we might be assured that we were not forgotten by each other.

I had to go forth daily as soon as the sun was up, and toil all day long under the blazing sun, hoeing the canes or digging, and at the proper season cutting the canes and carrying them to the crushing-house, and then, perhaps, working in the boiling-house, with the heat of the monstrous fires superadded to that of the air outside. Everywhere and at any moment the lash of the overseer, who, among a cruel and godless race of men, was the one most wanting in pity, was ready to descend upon my shoulders with or without reason or excuse. I believe that Lepasteur had passed the word to this man, who was a debased Frenchman with but one eye, the other having been lost in some disgraceful tavern-brawl, to make my lot as hard a one as was possible; for he never came near me without a blow from his whip or a slap in the face from his open hand (no Frenchman knows how to double his fist), or at least a hearty curse.

Weeks and months of this life tamed me. Continual hard labour, with no rest or respite, continual blows and curses, and separation from my only friend, were wearing away my bodily strength; and with it my wits also were in danger of being drained away. I was becoming little better than an idiot or fool, without hope in this world or the next; like an animal, I cared or wished for nothing save that I might get through my daily toil with as few blows as it was reasonable to expect.

One day, not long after I had fallen into this sorry state, Sebastian, the overseer, came to me as I was toiling in the sun, and said—

"English pig, the good Monsieur Lepasteur wishes to speak with thee. Hasten to him."

I leapt aside from the blow which he directed at me, and followed him to the place where Lepasteur was waiting. It was in a far corner of the plantation, where the cane-brake verged on the forest.

"Ah, my dear young friend," said Lepasteur as I approached him, "how do you do? I trust that all goes well with you?"

"Thank-you, sir, I am very tired," said I.

"Tired? My friend, that is but the excuse made by the idle. Thou art not an idle youth, I trust? Youth is the time for industry, age for repose. Tell me then, Sebastian," said Lepasteur, turning to the overseer, "is my young friend idle or is he industrious?"

"He is the laziest young hound in the whole plantation, sir," said Sebastian. "I wear out my whip in vain upon his obstinate shoulders."

"That is bad, very bad," said Lepasteur; "it grieves me sorely to hear this of thee, my friend."

"I am as industrious as others," said I, "but what is one to do when the only reward for industry is a blow with the whip?"

"Silence, youth," said Lepasteur, smiling with a benignant air. "If thou art beaten it is only because thou art deserving of it. But this is not that concerning which I came to speak with thee. Listen; I am one who loves his species, and when thou and thy base companion were washed ashore my heart was moved with pity for you. I took you into my own hut, I have now for many months fed and clothed you at my own charges. Furthermore,

I have instructed you in the useful arts of slaying bulls and curing their hides, and of cultivating that sweet plant, the sugar-cane, and transmuting its sugar into juice. Now, why have I done all this for you?"

"Truly," answered I, "because you wished to get your work done for nothing."

"Nay, my dear young man, you wrong me. I looked for a reward; the reward of a good conscience. I thank Heaven that that reward is mine already." The wicked old fox laid his hand on his bosom, and turned up his eyes to the sky, and behind his back I could see Sebastian grinning and winking with his only eye. Lepasteur went on—

"Yet do I not deny that I looked for another reward—gratitude. Gratitude, one of the sweetest sentiments that still animates poor, fallen, human nature. If ye had been grateful, what would ye have done? Ye would have begged me, your benefactor, to give you pens, ink, and paper, which I would freely have bestowed upon you. Ye would have written to your rich friends in New England, and have said, 'We were cast ashore, desolate, strangers in a strange land, and we must have perished but for a man, poor, yet very honest, and of a gentle, loving nature, who makes his scanty subsistence by a little hunting and a little sugar-planting, and who, out of his own penury, hath not only bountifully relieved our necessities, but hath with great pains taught us such useful arts as will enable us to earn an honest living, and hath, moreover, delighted us daily with counsel and godly converse. Therefore, dear friends, we entreat you to bestow upon this good man some little gift, some little trifle of a couple of thousand Spanish dollars, such as will in a measure repay him for his care of us.' Hast thou done this, young man? Hath thy base friend done it?"

"No," said I.

"And wherefore have ye not done it? Because your hearts are black. Now, young man, listen to me. Wilt thou this very day write some such letter as this to thy father? To-morrow a boat sails to Tortuga, and from thence letters can be readily conveyed to Jamaica, or Barbadoes, and so to all parts of the world. Wilt thou send a letter by the boat, or must I make thy yoke yet more grievous?"

At this I lost all hold on myself and rushed into a manner of frenzy. I abused the old man, I called him liar, villain, dog, pig; I reproached him with all his villanies towards Captain Skeffington and myself. Never have I seen a man's countenance change as did Lepasteur's. Hitherto he had been smiling indulgently upon me, but no sooner did I begin to tell him some part of what was in my mind than his brow drew together, his eyes seemed to flash fire, and he scowled upon me with hatred. He struggled for a moment with his speech, and then screamed out—

"Sebastian, Sebastian, kill this dog for me, here, this instant."

"Kill him yourself, sir," said Sebastian. "Innocent blood is too heavy a burthen."

I continued to rave and accuse Lepasteur, and in his fury he snatched a heavy hoe from Sebastian's hand, and dealt me with it such a blow on the head as went near to split my skull. I fell to the earth, yet I did not immediately lose my wits. I had senses enough left to hold my breath, so that they might think me dead as they bent over me.

"Sir, you have killed him," said Sebastian.

"So it appears," answered Lepasteur, "yet will I deal him another blow in order to make sure. Dead men tell no tales."

"It needs not, he is dead enough," said Sebastian.

"It is a pity that I lost my temper," said Lepasteur. "There is a good ransom of two thousand dollars gone astray. This short temper of mine, I must curb it; it is unbecoming in a Christian man like me. The young fool would soon have yielded to my persuasions and written to his father."

"What will you have done with the body, sir?" said Sebastian.

"Leave it here until nightfall, then do thou bury him, Sebastian, to make the canes grow, and we will say that he has marooned. We will not set the hounds on his trail, hey, Sebastian?"

They laughed and went away. As soon as the sound of their feet had died out, I made shift to creep away with great caution, until I found myself well within the forest, when I laid me down under a tree and fainted away with the pain of my wound and loss of blood There I must have lain for many hours, for when I came to my senses the moon was shining brightly above the tree-tops. The forest was very still, yet with a continual deep hum about it that told of the presence of many insects. I lay still there, weak and faint, and feeling no anger for the past nor disquietude for the future, but only a dull gratification that I might lie and rest. But the stillness was of a sudden broken by a deep booming sound afar off. I had learned much since I first heard that same sound, and I knew that I was being sought by one who held a bloodhound in a leash. I

thought that it was Sebastian, who had come to bury me, and who, not finding me where I fell, had brought his dog to track me into the forest. I felt no wish to escape; I hoped only that the hound would be swift, and would give Sebastian no time to torture me with the whip. I thought of my kinsfolk at home, and of Verity; I tried to say within myself some scraps from Holy Scripture and from prayers which I had heard good Mr. Longwynd utter far away in New England.

The sound of the baying came nearer and yet nearer, and it was mingled with the notes of a man's voice; a good English one, and not that of a squeaking Frenchman; and at last I knew that it was none other than the voice of my friend, Barnabas Skeffington.

"Forward, good Nero," I heard the Captain say, "on with thee; we must surely find the lad soon."

In one more moment I felt the dog's warm tongue on my face, and the Captain had his arm under my head, and was saying—

"Thank God, I have found thee, my dear lad! Now, Jack, quick to thy feet; we must e'en go a-marooning."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW WE WENT MAROONING AND FELL INTO THE HANDS OF SPANIARDS.

THUS for the second time did Barnabas Skeffington save my life. Indeed, it was but just that he should do so, seeing that but for him I should not have been in this sorry plight. I was glad, indeed, to hear his friendly voice and to feel his arm round me, yet it was some time ere he could persuade me to stir from the spot where I was lying. I begged him only to stay by me until I should die.

"Nay, Jack," said he, "that were but to lose my life as well as thine. Come, lad, come, get up; if thou canst not walk I must bear thee on my back. They will set other hounds on our trail, and unless we can cross running water we are no better than dead men."

The Captain bade the dog go home, and the poor beast obeyed, going not gladly, but unwillingly, as a boy returns to school after a holiday. Slowly and with pain I got upon my feet, and the Captain dragged me along through the forest, thorns piercing our thin raiment and tearing our flesh, small branches of trees whipping our eyes and faces, while our feet were bruised and torn through our moccasins. My friend seemed to have strength for me as well as for himself, for all night long he drew me after him through the woods, making for the high ground in the interior. Two or three times he gave me sips of wine from a gourd which hung about him. Of the way we traversed I remember naught; I can recollect but the joy and gratitude with which I heard him say—

"See, Jack, there is the day breaking, so we will lie down and rest. All the hounds in the island will hardly track us hither, for we have crossed three running waters, besides marshes, so do thou betake thyself to slumber."

Whether he slept or not I cannot say. He awakened me when night fell again, and I arose, mightily refreshed and strengthened with my twelve hours' repose; and when I had eaten a little of the dried, or, as they call it, *boucaned*, meat which the Captain had with him, and washed it down with a draught from a brook near by, I was able to set forth again, strong and hearty. I found that while I slept the Captain had dressed the wound on my head as well as he was able, and it now gave me but little pain.

"John," said the Captain, "there be some advantages about being thick-headed. But come, let us set out. We must walk all night ere I shall think us safe from these French savages."

As we journeyed, the Captain told me how it was that he had come to my aid so fortunately.

"I had a good day's hunting yesterday," said he, "and getting home something earlier than common, I bethought me that I would visit thee at the plantation. I saw Sebastian among the canes and asked him where thou wast.

"'The young villain hath marooned,' says he.

"'The ungrateful whelp!' said I, to throw dust in his eyes. 'When did he go?'

"'No longer ago than this very afternoon,' says he.

"'No doubt you will set the bloodhounds on his trail,' says I.

"'Not a doubt of it,' says he; and with that I bade him a good-afternoon.

"'Now, I'll be beforehand with you, Master Sebastian,' thinks I; so I went to my own hut, and as soon as night fell I collected such powder and ball as I could find, and took my musquet and this bit of flesh, and stole away towards the plantation, leading Nero with me in his couple. I made my way along the edge of the forest nearest to the canes, for I made sure that thou must have escaped that way, and, sure enough, old Nero very soon hit upon thy trail going into the thick of the forest. Thou

"CORPORAL, TAKE THESE TWO MEN AND HANG THEM TO A TREE."

wast but some poor quarter-mile or so away from the plantation when I found thee. Tell me, Jack (for last night I could get naught out of thee save prayers to be left to die), how camest thou in such a plight? and why didst thou run away without letting poor Barnabas Skeffington know of it?"

I told him of my meeting with Lepasteur and what had come of it. When I had ended he burst out in a rage against Lepasteur and Sebastian, and the whole crew of buccaneers: "who are," said he, "I suppose, the most blood-thirsty set of murdering scoundrels since the days of Cain."

"Worse than Spaniards?" said I, remembering how he used to rage against the Dons.

"A thousand times. Compared with a buccaneer, I love a Spaniard like a brother."

Chance, as we call it, though perhaps we should speak more truthfully did we say the Finger of Providence, was soon to give the Captain an opportunity of gratifying his newly-found affection, in this wise: as I have said before, the island of Hispaniola was of right

a possession of the King of Spain, who maintained a garrison in the eastern part; but the French buccaneers had years before usurped the possession of the western part, and defied all efforts of the Spanish to remove them. From time to time the Governor of the town and fortress of St. Domingo, grieved that this fair jewel of his master's crown should be marred by the presence of foreign intruders, or perhaps moved by expectation of honour and gain, would send an expedition to drive out the Frenchmen, and establish the Spanish power. Like most matters set on foot by the Spaniard, these expeditions were ill-set-out, and too small to accomplish their aim; and the end they always came to was that, after some few killings and burnings of villages by the soldiers, and reprisals by the buccaneers, the Spaniards retreated again to St. Domingo, and left the buccaneers in peace again.

Now, it so chanced that a party of soldiers belonging to one such expedition lay directly in our path as the Captain and I continued our flight. All night through we had been tramping through the forest, making always for the mountains, where we supposed that we could lie hid until pursuit had died down, and we could make our way to the coast again in hopes of finding means of conveyance to Tortuga. Whether our senses were clouded with weariness, or whether safety so far had slackened our watchfulness, I cannot say, but just before the breaking of day, as the birds began to shriek and the apes to chatter, we were startled to hear a voice close to us cry out in the Spanish tongue—

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Friends!" cried the Captain, speaking also in Spanish.

"Halt, friends," said the sentinel. "Have you the countersign?"

"Nay," said the Captain, "we know not the countersign. We are men flying from the incredible cruelties of the French."

"Stand you there until such time as my officer shall awaken," said the sentinel, levelling his piece as if to shoot at us. "Come no nearer, or I fire upon you."

So we sat down on the ground until it should please the Spanish officer to end his slumbers.

"Captain," said I, "if we were but at home in Boston I would freely agree to do penance in the face of the congregation every Lord's Day for the rest of my life." I was weary, and perhaps still somewhat faint from my wound, and it seemed that we had but escaped from Lepasteur to run into a hazard more desperate still, for men habited like buccaneers had no mercy to expect at the hands of Spaniards.

"Courage, Jack, courage! Keep up thy heart. I see how this mishap may be turned to account. It may open a way for us to leave this accursed place without trouble or danger."

"Doubtless to fall into some calamity more dreadful still."

"Be not cast down, lad. Leave the talking to me, and bow and be polite, for these Dons are mighty proud, and stand much upon the reverence due to their excellencies. Above all, if thou hearest me say a thing, do thou make haste to say it likewise. Eat and drink, Jack; thou art worn out with our journey."

We ate and drank, and gave to the sentinel a morsel of our meat and a scanty draught of our wine, which earned for us his friendship, for the poor fellow's rations were rare enough and little enough to make even our small offering an acceptable one to him. As soon as the sun rose we found that we had stumbled into the midst of a party of some twenty of the Spanish *lanceros*, or *fifties*, as the buccaneers would always call them, all sleeping beside their little horses, save the sentinel who had challenged us. We abode still where we were until the officer who had command of the party awakened, and the sentinel called out to him that he had two prisoners.

"Bring them hither," called the officer, who was a small, swarthy man. "French buccaneers, I see by their filthy dress," he went on, as we stood bowing before him. "Corporal, take these two men and hang them to a tree. It needs not to squander good powder and lead on them."

I own that my knees smote one against the other as I heard the officer speak thus, for I had by this time learned enough of the Spanish tongue to comprehend what he said; but the Captain said fearlessly and with many *congées*—

"Illustrious excellency, have I your gracious leave to speak a word in your noble ears?"

"Speak, but be brief," said the officer, "for my stomach crieth out for his breakfast, and I must first see you hanged."

"Most noble sir, we be no Frenchmen; we be two unhappy Englishmen, who had the misfortune to be cast ashore into the midst of the barbarous Frenchmen, and are now fleeing at the hazard of our lives from their unheard-of tortures and cruelties. Your illustrious master, sir, is at peace with ours, and we humbly beseech that you will be pleased to extend your mighty protection to us Jack."

went on the Captain, in English, "fall on thy knees and weep."

Down we both went on our marrow-bones, and made as though we wept and wailed, although it went much against us to kneel and shed tears before a Spaniard.

"French or English," said the officer, "ye are vile buccaneers, and my orders are strict to root out all such. Corporal, be swift, and give them to the crows."

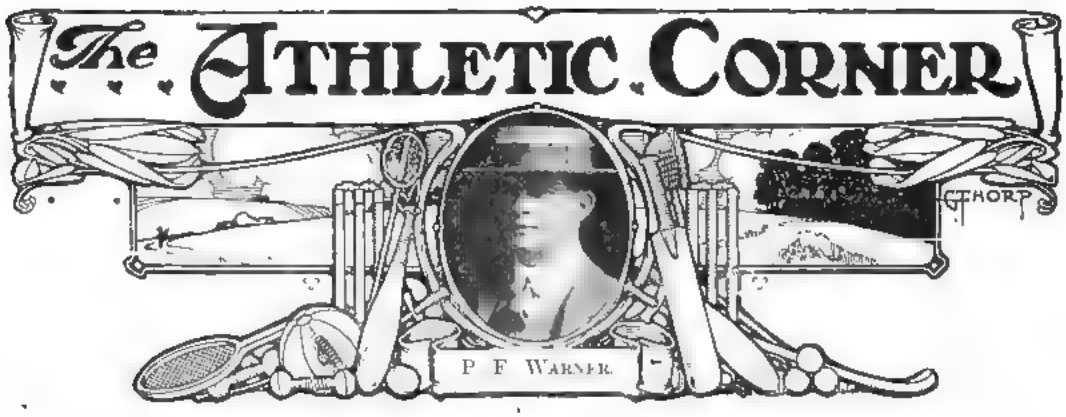
"For the love of God, your Excellency, have but a moment's patience. If I comprehend you aright, you are desirous of doing as great hurt as you can to these vile buccaneers, as you so justly styled them. Now, if I can show you a means whereby you shall do them such hurt that they shall not recover it these many years, would not you win such promotion as should far outweigh the value of our worthless lives?"

"This is but some crafty trap," said the officer. "I will not spare your lives, but I will suffer you to live until I have breakfasted, and then, if I am still in the same mind, I will hear what you have to say before I hang you."

With this small favour we had to content ourselves. We stood apart and watched the officer devour a monstrous breakfast, brought him by his servant, while his soldiers ate their morsel at a little distance—save two who kept ward over us that we should not escape.

(To be continued.)

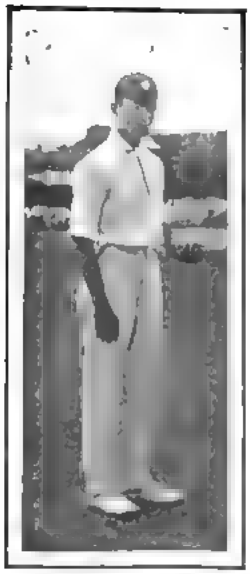
THE BOYHOOD OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
From the painting by Sir John Millais.



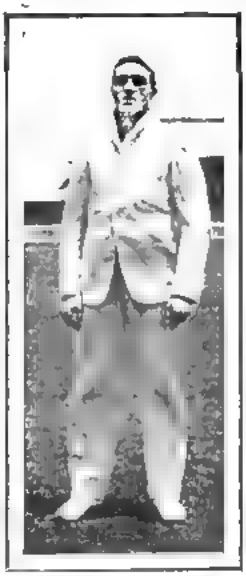
THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM: THEIR BOWLING AND FIELDING.

IN the April number of the CAPTAIN I wrote of the batting strength of the Australians; I will now say something about their bowling and fielding—their out-cricket, in fact.

There are six bowlers in the team—Noble, Cotter, Hopkins, McLeod, Howell, and Armstrong—with Trumper in reserve, but neither Trumble nor Saunders is coming, and what their absence means may be gathered from the figures of the last Australian tour in this country. On that tour Trumble took 140 wickets for 14 runs each, and Saunders 127 wickets for 17 runs each, these two and Noble doing all the work in the test matches that season. Noble's bowling is chiefly remarkable for its peculiar flight. When he first came out in the Australian season of 1897-1898 he used to make the ball swerve from leg in the most baffling manner, but if he has to a great extent lost this swerve, he still has the power of pulling the ball back in the air, and the flight of his bowling is always difficult to judge accurately. He keeps a good length, and on a wicket which gives him the least help can make the ball break back very quickly. On his day—which frequently coincides with the date of a test match—he is to be ranked with Spofforth, or Palmer, or Turner.



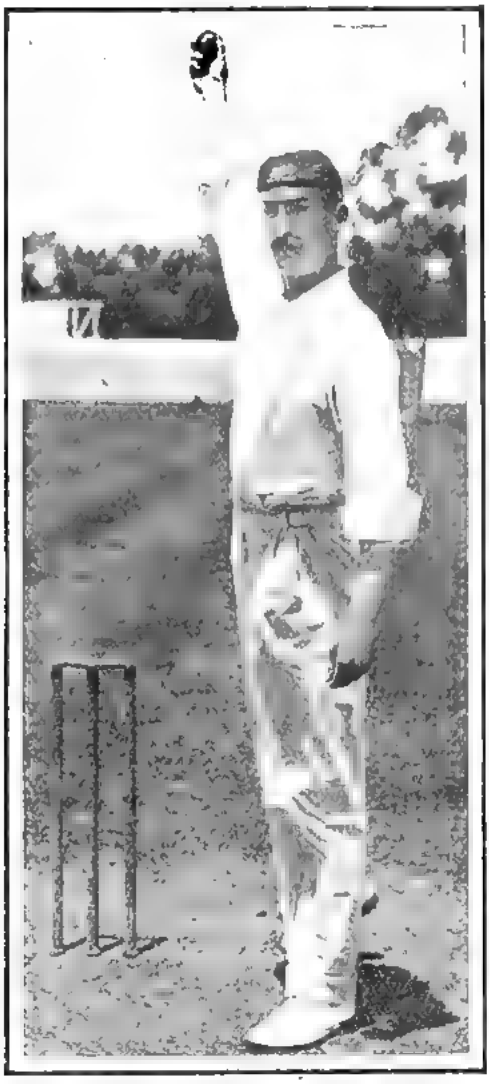
A. COTTER.



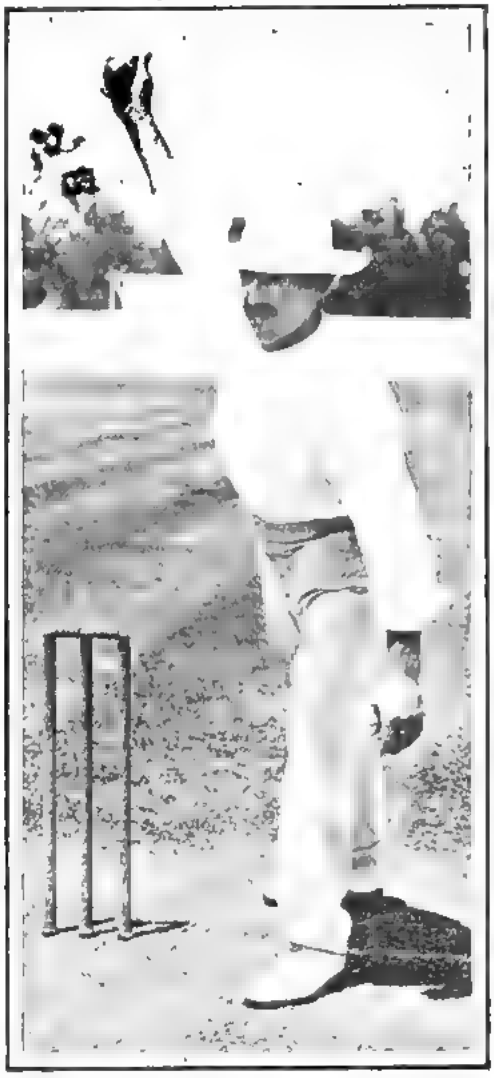
A. J. HOPKINS.

He is the finest point in the world. A sure catch, and wonderfully quick in getting to the ball on either side of him. The portion of the ground he covers is quite extraordinary.

On Cotter a great deal will depend. In build he is not unlike G. L. Jessop, though not so thick about the thighs and shoulders, and for half-a-dozen steps in the middle of his run he reminds me of the Gloucestershire captain. He is not a Richardson or a Lockwood, but he is very fast, with an action very similar to that of Wilson of Worcestershire, but though his arm is a trifle low he can make the ball bump, while he keeps his feet on a wet wicket better than any fast bowler I have ever seen. He is often very erratic—two short balls past your nose, and then a yorker on the leg stump.



C. McLEOD.



W. P. HOWELL.

I can imagine his bowling very well at Lord's or Old Trafford. He is not to be despised as a batsman, for he is quick on his feet and can hit hard.

Hopkins has greatly improved, and in proportion is a better bowler on a perfectly true wicket than on a difficult one. He has an awkward flight in the air, a very good fast yorker, and is constantly changing his pace. His dismissal of C. B. Fry and K. S. Ranjitsinjhi at Lord's three years ago, without either of them scoring, first suggested his possibilities as a bowler, and since then he has improved.

McLeod bowls medium pace right hand with a high delivery. On a hard wicket he relies chiefly on the ball, which goes with his arm, to get batsmen out ; this he bowls very well, keeping a good length and with some spin. Frequently he bowls round the wicket. When the ground is sticky he can get on a formidable off break. He is tall and well built and has a quick, jerky action.

He is a useful batsman of the steady school, who gets practically all his runs on the on side, and though he is not as a rule considered to be an extra good field, he caught me out in the third test match at

J. J. KELLY.

Adelaide in January last year with a wonderful one-handed catch at mid-on.

Howell has a genius for bowling a good length, and can make the ball turn on a perfect wicket more than any other bowler I have ever met. He knows, too, the value of the ball that goes straight on. On a sticky wicket he breaks almost too much. Though a right-handed bowler he bats left-handed, and is a wonderful hitter; he once made ninety odd runs against A. E. Stoddart's second team in fifty minutes. He is one of the strongest of men, and has, to put it mildly, rather well-developed hands.

Armstrong is one of the now fashionable leg break bowlers. He has a high action, and places all his men except two or three on the leg side, where he hopes to get you caught. He is nothing like the same class as Braund or Bosanquet, for, though he has a wonderful command of length, he does not make the ball turn to any extent. He is rather an annoying bowler to play, as he bowls five balls out of six wide to leg. He would, I fancy, be more successful if he bowled more at the wicket and had an extra man or two on the off side. He is a wonderful short slip, with a telescopic grab, and a safe hand.

Trumper can bowl as fast as Mold used to for three or four overs, but he is not likely to be put on except in the direst emergency. He will be wanted to knock other bowlers about, not to bowl himself. He is one of the best fielders living, either in the slips, at third man, or in the country. He can throw over a hundred yards, and can catch with either hand.

On the whole the Australian bowling is wanting in variety. There is no left-hander—the want of which is bound to be felt on sticky wickets—and Noble, Howell, McLeod, and Hopkins, though they differ slightly in their methods, are all right-hand, medium paced. On the other hand, they are the type of bowlers against whom runs will always take a lot of making, for, if they have one excellence over and above another, it is their ability to keep an accurate length.

And now we come to the fielding.

Kelly and Newland are the wicket-keepers of the team. Kelly is not so good in point of style or in general efficiency as Lilley, but he is thoroughly sound and reliable. He once stumped Tyldesley on the leg side in the most marvellous way. He has an iron frame and iron hands, and takes the hard knocks which is the wicket-

F. LAVER, THE MANAGER OF THE TEAM.
By permission "The Book of Cricket."

keeper's portion with a calm stoicism; nothing, indeed, seems to hurt him. He is a useful bat of a rather rough style, but he drives hard and is a good man at a pinch. He cannot stand Bosanquet's bowling.

Newland is not exactly the build of the typical wicket-keeper, for he is on the slight side; but he is very neat and quick, and by no means a bad bat. He once made fifty runs against the M.C.C. team in thirty-five minutes.

Kelly and Newland may be expected to do the right thing behind the stumps, and in the field our visitors ought to be as good as any Australian XI. has ever been—which is saying a good deal.

Noble will be at point, Gregory at cover, Gehrs at extra cover, and Duff at mid-off—a phalanx of fieldsmen hard to break through; for Gregory is Jessop's rival, Gehrs is as good as either, Duff like a sandbank at mid-off, and Noble equally impenetrable at point. Then there will be Howell and Armstrong at slip, Trumper, Hill, and Hopkins, for third man and long field, and Darling, McLeod, and Cotter for near the wicket.

Supposing Newland, McLeod, and Gregory, for argument's sake, to be left out of the eleven for a particular match, the Australian field, with Howell bowling, would be arranged something like Fig. 1. With Cotter on, the field would be approximately as Fig. 2.

If the old saying that good fielding makes weak bowling strong means anything—and the truth of it has been proved over and over again—the Australians ought to be powerful in attack. We ought, I think, with even luck, to win the rubber, but there could be no greater mistake than for Englishmen to imagine that their opponents will be anything but a very hard side to beat.

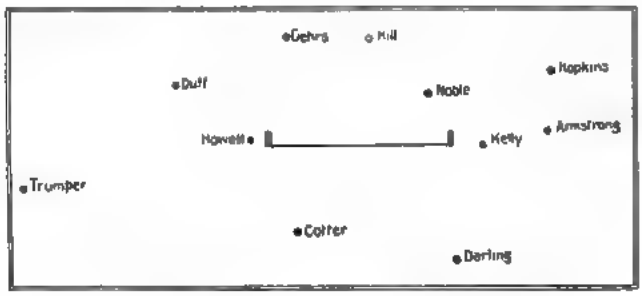


FIG. 1.—THE FIELD, HOWELL BOWLING.

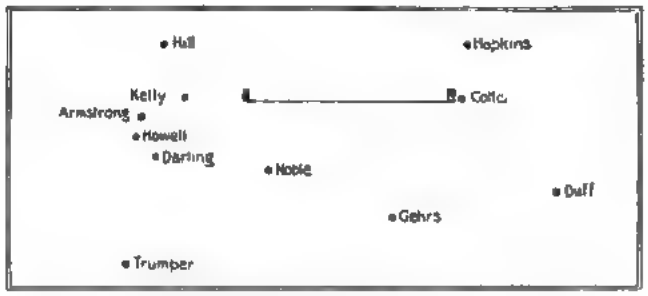


FIG. 2.—THE FIELD, COTTER BOWLING.

BOWLING ANALYSIS IN TEST MATCHES.

	Balls.	Runs.	Wickets Taken.	Average.
A. Cotter	318	150	11	13.63
M. A. Noble	4736	2036	94	21.63
A. J. Hopkins	745	344	13	26.46
C. E. McLeod	2162	800	23	34.78
W. P. Howell	3508	1235	35	35.28
W. W. Armstrong	930	346	4	86.50

BATTING AVERAGES IN TEST MATCHES.

	Innings.	Runs.	Times Not Out.	Average.
1. C. Hill	47	1838	1	39
2. V. Trumper	37	1320	2	37
3. M. A. Noble	40	1157	6	34
4. J. Darling	46	1402	1	31
5. R. A. Duff	26	744	1	29
6. S. E. Gregory	68	1659	5	25
7. W. W. Armstrong	20	381	4	23
8. A. J. Hopkins	20	321	2	17

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F. P.—You will get a good bat from any of the advertisers in our columns.

Harry Bucknell.—(1) Yes, the "Surrey Driver" is a good bat. (2) You can now get "How We Recovered the Ashes" for a shilling from any bookseller, or for 1s. 3d., post free, from George Newnes, Ltd., Southampton-street, Strand, W.C. (3) No, I never received your letter. Many thanks for the kind thought all the same.

A Public School Boy.—(1) Keep the left elbow well up, and practise hard. It will come quite naturally after a time. (2) About twenty minutes' batting and twenty minutes' bowling is quite enough. (3) The balance. Many thanks for your kind wishes for a successful season.

D. F. K.—A reply to your question will be found in the February number.

Charles E. Shardlow, Jun.—(1) Your course seems a very excellent one, and I certainly cannot recommend a better. (2) The best oil for a bat is linseed and olive mixed. (3) Certainly not, but wooden ones would do quite as well, because it isn't so much the weight of the dumb-bell that does

one good as the grip. (4) Ten minutes in the morning, and ten minutes at night.

J. F. Templar.—The Sussex ground is not as small as people think, for if the boundary on the pavilion side is rather an easy one, it is very long in the drive. Certainly a four on this ground is more easily obtained than, for instance, at Leeds, Old Trafford, or the Oval, but I do not think that this makes an appreciable difference in the run-getting of the cricketers you mention. To onlookers Ranjitsinjhi often gives the appearance that he is not really hitting the ball hard, but that is owing to his wonderful timing and accurate judgment of the stroke. He can hit quite as hard as anyone else when he likes, but there is no apparent effort about his strokes. Yes, I quite agree with you that on the last two season's performances Tyldesley's are practically quite as good as Ranjitsinjhi's or Fry's. The Taunton ground is a very small one, but no one ever thinks of depreciating a big score there because of the smallness of the boundary.

Richard C. Mellish.—Sorry, photo. too faint for reproduction.

An Admirer of Eton.—The Rugby cricket colours are light blue cap and shirt, and white blazer trimmed with light blue ribbon. At the present moment the Eton eight for this year has not been made up.

"Jano."—No! it is not a goal if the ball hits the cross-bar and rebounds into play again. If, however, the ball slants into goal before being fisted or kicked out by the goalkeeper, then it is a goal.

"L. McT."—It sounds like stitch, and probably you have been running too soon after eating. If you don't think it is, the best thing you can do is to go to a doctor and explain your symptoms.

"Barry."—Mr. C. B. Fry wrote several articles on training for various sports in the back numbers of this magazine. The information you require is contained in his article in No. 1, April, 1899.

"M. R."—You will find everything there is to be known about long jumping in the "Encyclopædia of Sport" from the pen of Mr. C. B. Fry.

P. F. Warner

THE ADELAIDE OVAL.

G. O. STILL "GOING."

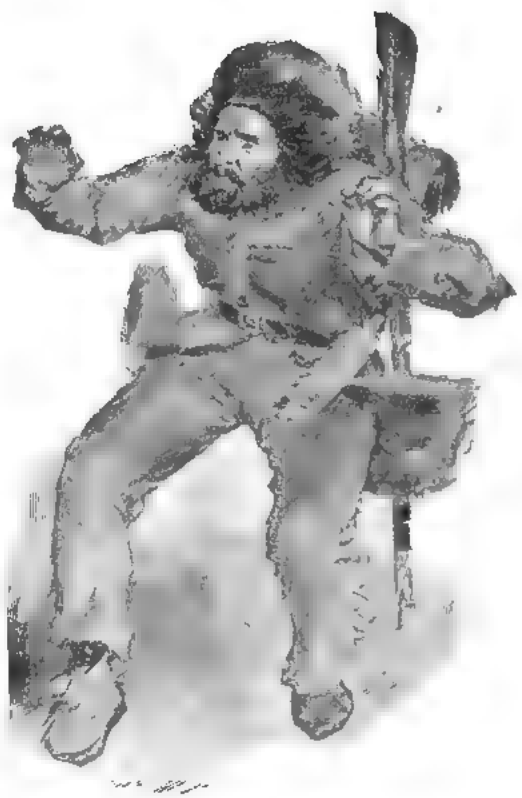
THE Oxford half-backs (*v.* Ludgrove Masters) were far better here than at Ealing. If K. R. Hunt did nothing more than bother G. O. Smith, that of itself was an achievement, for G. O., though compelled to "rest awhile" after working awhile, showed the old delightful control of the ball and consummate ingenuity in guiding his colleagues out of a *cul de sac*. Smith is about thirty-two years of age, but I believe that if he went in for strict training no deterioration in his powers would be detected. His quickness, decision, and accuracy rivet the attention, and though he failed to get in one shot during the match, the success of his side would have been assured had the men on either side of him been good enough to profit from the donkey work of the "old master."—"Linesman," in *The Daily Chronicle*, February 2nd, 1905.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness."

No. 14.—MICHAUD'S EXPLOIT.



TRAPPER, boatman, interpreter, trader and freight-captain by turns, Felix Michaud had, when I knew him, spent forty years in the Upper Missouri and Platte countries. Short, stocky, of great breadth of shoulder and uncommon strength, he was of iron endurance at sixty. He was a man of singularly placid and even temper, yet of most adventurous spirit—cool, determined, alert, seeming never to be taken by surprise.

He was my captain in a waggon-march from the Northern Pacific road to the Black Hills, when every mile of our route from old Fort Fetterman was beset by hostile Sioux. Three times they attacked, only to find Michaud ready to receive them. The close order of our march and the unremitting vigilance exacted by our leader undoubtedly saved the band of thirty-five adventurers.

When Felix Michaud went to Fort Bridger from the Missouri country, in 1840 or thereabouts, he was a young man, untried among the trapper companies. Some weeks after his arrival, and in the time of revels at summer rendezvous, he had the misfortune, unwittingly, to provoke one of Bridger's fire-eaters—a hot-headed trapper who could not brook to be crossed without fighting. Felix was immediately challenged to fight, the challenger naming his own weapons—rifles at sixty paces.

The peaceable young Canadian, however, not only refused to fight, but attempted to explain that he had meant no offence. This breach of frontier etiquette could not, of course, be overlooked, so Michaud was branded "squaw" and promptly cut by most of his new associates.

Some days later the offended trapper, somewhat in liquor, attacked Michaud with a pistol, declaring he would blow the "squaw Kanuck's brains out" if he did not immediately get a gun and fight; whereupon Felix promptly disarmed his opponent, seized the astonished trapper by the belt, bore him outside the fort's defences and flung him, neck and heels, into "Black Fork swimming-hole." This matter raised such a laugh against the trapper that he did not renew his attack. In fact, when sober, he laughed as much about the affair as anyone.

Nevertheless, such was the mountain code that Michaud's reputation was not fully established. "Kanuck," as he came to be called, was tolerated merely as a good man at taking beaver and handy about the camps.

Two years later he was trapping with a small band near, or within territory now included in, the National Park. Among these little-frequented mountains he and his companions gathered so great a harvest of pelts that when spring came their small outfit of ponies was found inadequate to pack all to the fort. Months of hot weather must elapse before the expedition could return, and no cache would preserve the furs from spoiling for so long. It thus became necessary to leave a man behind—one who could be trusted to care for the furs and also to hold the ground against invasion from a rival company.

The choice of a man was determined by lot, but Michaud was left out of the draw-

ing. Some thought he would rejoice at this, but the young Canadian was much hurt at his comrades' lack of confidence in him. When the unlucky member, "Haze" Fenton, expressed a conviction that he should never see Fort Bridger again, and made some final requests of a friend, Michaud promptly volunteered to stay with him. The trappers were surprised, but offered no objection to his remaining.

Thus Felix and the big, raw-boned Yankee, Haze, were left in a mountain wilderness to guard some thousands of dollars' worth of furs. As their winter dugout was getting damp for the pelts, they fell to work with their axes and built upon the bank of a small lake a pine-log shack with a rough wareroom overhead for storage.

Weeks passed into months. The trappers fished, hunted, picked berries, or lounged about in enforced idleness. Notwithstanding there were hostile tribes at no great distance, they saw no man, red or white, for four months, and were looking forward to the return of their friends, when Haze came in one evening from a ramble about the lake wearing a sober face.

"Kanuck," he said, setting down his rifle, "we've got comp'ny on this lake, and a mighty poor sort. Lope Vasquez and his gang, six of 'em, are camped down here a way."

Michaud said nothing, but his face must have shown the concern he felt at this piece of unwelcome news.

Lope Vasquez, a cousin of Bridger's Spanish-Mexican partner, had been employed by the trader, William Sublette, but had been whipped out of two camps for stealing. Subsequently he had gathered, from the unprincipled sort, a band of free-trappers who were more than suspected of being free-booters as well.

Haze watched the effect of his news. "Guess you'll be climbin' out of these mountings right sudden, Kanuck," he said.

"Mebbe so, mebbe not," replied Michaud, in his terse and non-committal fashion.

They ate a supper of jerked venison and berries in silence. Then Felix got some dry deerskins and tied them up along the cross-pieces overhead.

"That's a good idea," admitted Haze, "but t'won't do any good. They know about the beaver. Some fellow got drunk at the fort and let it out among their friends or spies. They saw me as I came by their camp, but I didn't let on to see them. They've got us under close watch, and we've got to *cave* or fight—which?"

"Me—I t'ink fight," said Michaud, coolly.

"Three to one is big odds," said Haze, dubiously, "and they'll just simply watch for a chance to shoot us, like the sneaks they are, when we stir outside."

"All the same," replied Michaud, in his slow, imperturbable way, "me, I weel not run till eet ees necessaire."

"You talk brave enough," said Fenton, doggedly and doubtfully. "Guess I'll stay around here as long as you will. We'll be served like two rats in a trap, that's all, but I'll stay just the same."

The trapper's apprehensions were, indeed, well founded, as Michaud was soon to discover. The attack came sooner than they expected, and like a lightning stroke.

Fenton lay sleeping upon his blankets, while Michaud sat upon some skins with his back against a wall and rifle across his knees. The Canadian had removed a couple of boulders which filled a hollow under the logs at his side, thus making a way of escape, if escape should become necessary. Primarily, however, he wanted to listen, with his ear close to the ground, for any sounds of stealthy approach.

But the attack did not come in that manner. Michaud was aroused toward morning by a sudden rush of feet outside, and instantly there was a crash at the door. Its puncheon slabs—they had been pegged to cross-pieces—burst into the room, followed by a crowd of dark figures tumbling in at the opening.

Instantly Felix ducked into the hole he had made under the logs, and was outside in a twinkling. So Haze was the only "rat" found in the trap. Michaud waited only long enough to hear a short scuffle, and to know that Fenton had been secured and was beyond his present assistance; then he sped away among the bush and rocks. No one pursued, however, or came out to look after him. If the outlaws knew of his presence—and he felt sure that Haze would not enlighten them—they did not consider his escape as dangerous to their enterprise. Michaud did not believe they would kill Fenton if they could in any way use him.

The Canadian posted himself upon a height where he could overlook the shack

MICHAUD SPRANG UPON HIS BURDENED SHOULDERS.

and waited for daylight. There was no stir among the men until about sunrise, when the whole party marched out, Haze Fenton among them, each man bearing a pack of beaver upon his shoulders. Michaud at once made an accurate guess at their plans. He waited until they were well out of sight and hearing, and then descended to the deserted cabin.

The marauders had taken nothing but the more valuable bales of beaver and otter pelts, in packs of some sixty pounds each. Michaud furnished himself with a blanket, as much meat as he could easily carry, and leisurely set out upon their trail.

He had little difficulty in overtaking them, loaded as they were. He was very wary in his approach, watching them from cover and at a distance. As the country was exceedingly rough, he had not much trouble in keeping out of sight. Once he got the general direction of their course, he had no need to trail them.

They travelled to the north-east, and Michaud knew they had come without ponies. They were packing their booty to the big lake of the Yellowstone, where they had canoes hidden, or if not, could hew them out of logs. Once on the great watercourse, they could easily drop down to the Missouri and sell their plunder for enough to give each of them some six or eight hundred dollars.

All day Michaud followed, at one time getting close enough to see that Haze Fenton, with hands tied behind him, was packed like a burro, his sturdy shoulders bent under the weight that was strapped upon them. Michaud hoped for no greater success than to set the unwilling toiler free. To that end he was ready to incur any personal risk which did not involve obvious foolhardiness. That night he watched Vasquez's camp as an owl watches the burrows of whistling rabbits.

But the men slept in a row, with their feet to their camp-fire. Haze lay in their midst, and one man, gun in hand, stood guard. Evidently they were running no unnecessary risks. In the morning, so near was Michaud that he could hear the men's voices as they cooked a breakfast of young "fool hens" which they had knocked over the evening before. He could see the grinning face of their black Mexican leader, who appeared to be in high good humour.

Again the Canadian followed through a day's slow march. Another night passed, but the vigilance in the camp proved unremitting.

On the following forenoon the route lay across a long stretch of rough, exceedingly tumbled bench lands which, from the description Michaud gave me, I think must have been ancient lava-beds.

In crossing these arduous stretches the outlaws followed an old elk or buffalo trail. Toward noon their line had become stretched

out over a considerable distance along the path. A high wind was blowing almost in their faces. Here Michaud saw his opportunity for a bold stroke.

With the stealth of an Indian and the daring of Boone, he went swiftly forward, keeping under cover of rocks and crawling rapidly over exposed hummocks, until he had overtaken the rear straggler. Keeping softly behind until the man descended a little pitch, Michaud sprang upon his burdened shoulders, and the fellow went down with a smothered yell.

He was quickly convinced of the uselessness of a struggle, and a gentle prick from Michaud's knife brought his hands across his back, where they were tied with the strings of his own pack. Michaud then tied the man's legs, smashed his gun upon a rock, and sped on.

He caught the next man carrying his load upon his head and gave him a stunning blow in the back of the neck. To tie him and break his gun was the work of a moment.

Then, seeing the fellow, who was but a short distance in advance, go up on a little ridge and drop his pack to rest, Michaud covered him with his rifle and advanced rapidly along the trail. The man did not happen to turn around immediately. When he did, he was looking into the muzzle of the Canadian's gun at less than a dozen steps. His own rifle—like those of his fellows—was slung under his arm. His sprang to his feet, stared wildly at Michaud for an instant, and then put up his hands in token of surrender. He was made to lie upon his face, while Felix, with a knife in his teeth, made him fast as he had done the others.

Michaud now carried two cocked rifles, one in either hand, as he hurried forward on the trail. He hoped to overtake Haze Fenton next.

The ground was very rough in front and he could see nothing of the men in advance. He had gone but a short distance, however, when he came face to face with Lope Vasquez, at the bottom of a rock-worn waterway. The Mexican had dropped his pack and turned about, apparently to look after his fellows, or to give some direction to the next behind. In a twinkling the outlaw's gun was at his face and his bullet whistled through Michaud's skin cap, cutting, as he afterwards discovered, the skin upon his left ear.

Michaud returned shot for shot, dropping one rifle and raising the other with mechanical swiftness, and the freebooter fell in his tracks. Before Felix could recover from astonishment at his own success and the narrowness of his escape, he heard a joyful shout close at hand, and saw Haze Fenton stumbling towards him.

Haze was almost ready to drop with fatigue and the weight of his load. He had been with Vasquez, and, as the latter turned back, had seated himself to rest. Then he heard the shots. Instantly upon seeing the Mexican fall, he had divined the situation. His exultation may be imagined as the faithful comrade freed him from fetters and burden.

An extra rifle was quickly reloaded and the trappers hurried on together to overtake the other two of Lope's men. They were found at the foot of some rocks awaiting their fellows. The stiff gale that was blowing had carried all suspicious sounds away from them. They were surprised to see the big Yankee coming, unloaded, but his hands were behind him, and apparently one of their mates was at his heels with a rifle in either hand; so they were caught off their guard.

Haze enjoyed their discomfiture immensely. Their guns were broken, and they were made to carry their packs back to their fellows. Then the five were set free, given what provision they had, told to care for their wounded leader, and take themselves out of the country as best they might.

The trappers guarded their furs for a day or two, and then, certain that the miscreants had taken themselves off for good, they cached the bales and returned to their shack.

The peltry was recovered two or three weeks later, after the coming of the band from Bridger's.

As for Felix Michaud, he could not be induced to take pay for the service he had rendered, but when he was chosen captain of the company he accepted joyfully.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

Photo. by] BATTLE, THUNDER AND SMOKE. [T. Pope.

The Swinging Back.

IT falls to my lot to look over some hundreds of other people's photographic efforts every year, and I have noticed, especially in the case of pictures taken with a hand camera, that the user is scarcely aware of the limitations of his instrument. The "swinging back," to which I shall refer at some length in this paragraph, is seldom fitted to a hand camera, but invariably forms part of a good stand camera. Its object is to enable the photographer to correct the distortion caused by tipping his camera when taking architectural subjects.

The diagram (Fig. 1) will help me to explain the necessity for this simple adjunct. A square tower, of severe outline, has two cameras pointed at it at equal distances to right and left. The camera to the left has the plate parallel to the front; the other has the plate vertical. We will suppose that a very fine pinhole is used to replace a lens.

Since the camera is near the ground it is obvious that the line AB must be longer than the line AC; while AE is practically equal to AD. Consequently, the rays from the corners of the tower's top, which include an angle smaller than those from the extreme edges of the bottom, will not, after passing the pinhole, diverge *proportionately* before striking the plate. So that, evidently, to get things right, the top of the plate should be advanced nearer to the pinhole than the bottom.

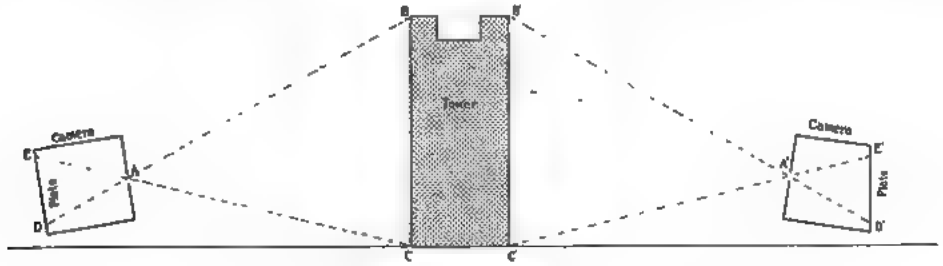


FIG. 1.—ILLUSTRATING THE USE OF SWING BACK.

The camera on the right shows the correct position of the swinging back, viz., *vertical*.

Now we have two symmetrical triangles, B′A′C′ and D′A′E′; whereas BAC and DAE were unsymmetrical. The distances between the pinhole and B′ and C′ are proportionate to the distances A′D′ and A′E′ respectively; and the tower, which in the left camera appears to taper towards the top, gives a parallel-sided image in that to the right.

With a pinhole the swinging-back can be used without losing focus in any part of the plate. But a lens collecting a large number of rays has a very definite focal length, and as both B′ and C′ are outside the "infinity" distance, either E′ or D′ must be out of focus. This can be corrected only by stopping down the lens to its smallest aperture, so that it has practically the effect of a pinhole.

With a plumb-line—a bullet on a string will do—you can easily make sure of your swing back being set correctly. Or you can buy a little tell-tale to screw to the side of the back, the point of which should always be over a mark made when a plumb-line test proved the verticalism of the back.

To taking a building from above the same rule applies, for the divergence and convergence of rays has merely been reversed.

Many good cameras—generally those for both hand and stand work—have no swing back, but they have a

Rising Front,

which enables one to raise or depress the lens. The action of the rising front is shown in Fig. 2. Both cameras, X and Y, are horizontal. X centres on a point so low in the tower that the angle of view includes an excess of foreground, but only part of the tower. By raising the lens, in Y, the entire "field" is *proportionately* raised also, an inch at A representing several feet on the tower side. This is quite a different matter from raising *the whole camera* an inch.

As the point D is now very near the limit of the lens' definition, it becomes necessary to "stop down" until the lower edge is quite clear.

Stand cameras of a good class are generally fitted also with a "sliding front," which moves the lens laterally, performing the same function as the rising front, but in a horizontal direction. When the camera has once been fixed in position, it is often more convenient to bring objects into the field by working the fronts than to keep shifting the camera itself about. The

Double Extension

movement is also very valuable for certain purposes, especially for taking an object at close quarters, some parts of which would be distorted by a short-focus lens, and when the whole object is nearer than the "infinity" distance. To take an instance, the dainty feet on which we pride ourselves are liable to be enlarged to No. 20's at close range, if stuck out in front. In groups, too, for the same reason, the nearest rank generally appears of decidedly greater stature than the row at the back.

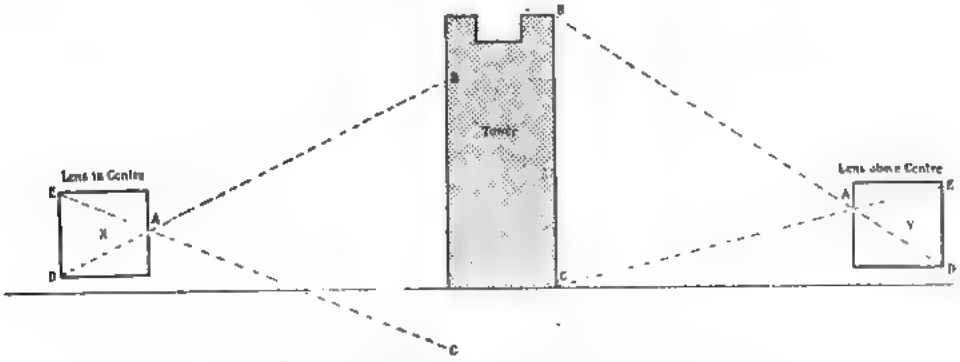


FIG. 2.—ILLUSTRATING THE USE OF THE RISING FRONT.

Here the double extension bellows—*i.e.*, bellows which can be racked out to at least double the distance of the lens focus—come in most useful. If the lens is an ordinary double rectilinear, unscrew the back element. The one left will have twice the focal length of the two together, *i.e.*, it gives images of twice the diameter. So you can afford to move your camera twice as far away from the object, with the result that the distortion is very greatly reduced. Thus, if a man A be three feet nearer to the camera than B, and with the doublet in action the camera is twelve feet from B; then

the difference is one quarter of the whole. Use the single lens and double extension, and the proportion sinks to one-eighth.

For landscape and architectural purposes, also, the double extension is very useful. To refer back to our tower. At 100 feet the camera has to be severely tipped, at 200 feet tipped scarcely at all. Again, if you wish to take an object from which you are separated by a stream or other obstacle, with the single extension it may be much too small, whereas the double extension gives you an image of four times the *area*.

I have gone into these points somewhat fully, because buyers of cameras, seeing the terms "swinging back," "rising and sliding fronts," and "double extension," may be puzzled as to what they mean, and what are their peculiar advantages. In connection with the double extension, I might have mentioned that with a double lens it proves very useful for *copying* a picture full size, or larger.

Stands.

Above all things these should be *firm*. Don't sacrifice rigidity to lightness. A great number of sunny days are more or less windy, and the picture which we hoped so much from turns out a little "fuzzy," as if it were out of focus. No! the image was focussed sharply enough, but during the exposure the camera, cloth and legs, caught the wind, which caused a movement imperceptible to the eye, but, as the result shows, quite sufficient to do damage. This with a light stand. A heavier article would have remained motionless.

Have Your Stands High Enough.

Why the stand for a quarter-plate camera should—as so often is the case—be much shorter than one intended to carry a half-plate or whole-plate apparatus, is a mystery. Whatever size of plate you are using, you should be able to focus without running the risk of getting a permanent crick in your back. Comfort is worth a good deal—even the carting of an extra pound or two of wood about the country. The lowest joint should slide in and out, as the lowering of a camera by straddling the legs cannot be carried safely beyond a certain point. On the whole, I think that legs should be held to the stand-top by compression rather than by extension, as in the latter case the failure of a catch would mean a certain fall.

The Tail Screw

should be attached permanently to the top. I daresay that a good many of my readers can remember occasions on which they have found themselves far from home *plus* camera and stand, but *minus* the little screw that makes them one. I have "been there" myself. So I advise you either to use a bit of string or to get the ironmonger to arrange a little plate which will keep the screw in its socket without preventing it from turning.

The Stand Case

should be of thin leather or very stout canvas, and a pretty easy fit. File off any corners which are likely to catch when the legs are pulled out or pushed in. You can easily reduce the tips of screws to a fairly spherical shape, and round the edges of buttons or plates. These little details make all the difference if you do much field work.

Double Backs.

I like those of which the shutters draw right out and are reversible, with the word "Exposed" printed on the one side. When you fill the backs, this side is turned inwards, and, after exposure, reversed. This method practically annihilates double exposure. The book-form slide is, for the beginner, more easy to fill than the type which requires the plates to be inserted through the shutter openings; but with practice one becomes very expert in handling the latter—if the plate is held by a spring, and not by two horrid little catches which break your nails in the endeavour to turn them in their infinitesimal slots.

Sticky Shutters

are the very nuisance—moving the camera, trying the temper, and often leading to disaster. If you have trouble in this way, scrape the point of a lead pencil into a little vaseline, mix well, and apply a very little to the rubbing surfaces. Work the shutter in and out until it runs quite easily in its grooves. Sometimes this obstinacy is caused by leaving the backs in a damp room, the air of which slightly swells the wood; so I strongly advise you to keep them in a dry—but not a hot—place when out of use.

From these details of apparatus, which I hope will not oppress my readers, I pass to

Our Photographic Competitions,

which have this month yielded some very fine and encouraging specimens. Now, a word to competitors. First, remember that, though everybody has a chance, there is always a large number of photos to pick from in each class. *We want good work.* Yet in they pour—washed out snap-shots; badly mounted and smeary prints; portraits which, albeit they are interesting to the taker and taken, do not necessarily

thrill the Photographic Editor; under-exposed views; readers of the CAPTAIN who have accidentally (?) been caught in the act, which is a most praiseworthy one, of course ("Hear! Hear!" O.F.), but not a good "subject." Yes! I wonder whether some competitors do not occasionally make a mistake and send in the contents of the dark-room paper-basket.

Please, just look at our winning photos, and compare your own efforts before firing them at us. The number of prizes given is elastic. They aren't so awarded as to make up a certain total per month, but are assigned to *good photos*. The more of these the more prizes, that's about the long and short of it.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—*In future* EVERY *photograph competing for a prize must have the Name and Address of the competitor on the back. Competitors who fail to comply with this rule will be disqualified.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D. R.—(1) The exposure requisite to arrest breaking waves will depend entirely on your proximity to them. If you are taking them in flank you will have to set your shutter for those nearest. For my own part, I should use a focal plane shutter, and if the light were good allow 1/500sec. with stop *f*/6. With an ordinary lens shutter set it to its fastest, which is generally 1/100sec. The sea light is very strong, and if a sun is about you need have no fear of under-exposure. Have the sun at right angles to the direction of the waves if possible.

(2) The best thing to do would be to put some malt varnish over the cloud negative at the point where it would cover the most. If the clouds were light I should risk printing them in without marking at all.

(3) Here you touch a rather difficult question. I think that the best plan of numbering plates is to do it as you remove them from the slides, using a pencil at a corner. If you have six double-backs, number from 1 to 12, and wrap them up carefully in a paper with a reference list of subjects, light, exposure, *date*, and index letter. In your notebook you will have the index number and other particulars made at time of exposure. If you expose only five or six, treat them in just the same way, being careful to remove exposed plates every night. You can do the numbering of plates quite easily in the dark.

G. C. Franckel.—You have given me rather a hard nut to crack. After careful consideration, I pronounce in favour of Lizar's Challenge, Model C. It costs £5, with three double dark slides, but no stand or case. So you would have to spend another guinea before you were quite fixed up with a really first-rate article. If this is too tall a figure (I see that you give £4 15s. as your limit), Lancaster's "Kamrex de Luxe," with three dark slides (total cost, £4 4s. 6d.), will suit you. The addresses are J. Lizars, 20 High Holborn, London, W.C.; J. Lancaster and Son, Colmore Row, Birmingham.

Bunny.—The photographs you mention are probably Ferrotypes, blackened and sensitised iron plates, which are developed as positives. No good for really artistic photography.

F. J. Martin.—(1) Try a Brownie No. 2, price 10s. (2) Nipper (W. Butcher and Sons, Camera House, Farringdon-avenue, E.C.) costs 10s. 6d. (3) No! I cannot tell you where to get goods at reduced prices. Messrs. Sands and Hunter, of 20 Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, W.C., have a large stock of second-hand stuff. (4) Throw stale solution away. (5) No need to use alum unless prints show signs of frilling.

J. Nightingale.—I suggest the following: Lancaster's "Merveilleux," 42s. (J. Lancaster, Colmore Row, Birmingham). I am glad to see that you mean stand work, and hope to have some good contributions from you to our competitions.

Old Fag, Junior.—I can see that you are the right sort of photographer, and, therefore, gladly offer my advice. (1) Varnishing is very horrid work at first, and I fear that you began on negatives you wished to keep. This is a mistake. Get your hand in first with spoilt plates. As in many other processes, there is a lot of knack required, to be gained by practice only; written instructions will do no more than put you on the right track. Did you first *heat* the negative over a gas burner or spirit flame till it was almost too hot to touch? If you don't do this the varnish doesn't travel easily and behaves in just the manner you describe. After varnishing, the negative should be stood on a *corner*. No doubt the varnish itself was all right. (2) Paste on mounts decidedly more artistic, because the photo itself can be properly trimmed before mounting. Many slipped-in photos show *too much* subject. No matter what the size of print is it can always be centred on a paste-on. (3) About competitions, read my remarks of this month. (4) The Old Fag thanks you for the compliment, which, I feel, is quite deserved.

C. F. R. Crabb.—The changing mechanism must be out of order, otherwise two sheaths couldn't possibly go down at one movement. Have it seen to by the makers. Much obliged for your kind remarks.

H. R. M.—Your nice little negative has apparently been "silver stained" by the P.O.P. used. This often happens if a print is left long in contact during damp weather, and if the hypo has not been properly washed out. Very good lantern slide. In handling this you yourself have evidently not been "up a tree." Very pleased to hear that the "Old Boy" element is interested in our corners. The cycle you mention is pretty good value, but not "out of the top drawer," as the Yankees say.

F. Inglis.—The No. 2 *Folding* Brownie takes pictures 3¼ by 2¼, or practically ¼ of quarter-plate size. It is a wonderfully well-made and neat little instrument. In my younger days—when a box arrangement was the best thing you could get for a guinea—such a well-finished pocketful would have overjoyed me. You young fellows don't know what lucky beggars you are. If you are not satisfied with a twenty-one-shillingsworth which gives instantaneous, bulb, or time exposures, has a reversible finder, a screw socket for attachment to stand, and a good lens with an iris diaphragm, well, you jolly well should be. This latter effort of the Kodak Company easily slips into a three-bun capacity pocket, and most schoolboys have a receptacle of that size somewhere about them.

AT HICKSON'S.

By F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

No. 8.—PETER'S CHANCE.

I.

THE sun lay deep in the brilliant shades of the western sky, casting long slanting rays over the sprouting, stubble-patched prairie, and bathing in a rich glow a low-lying group of wooden buildings—Marsh's Farm.

From the east, cantering easily along on two useful-looking horses, came a man and a boy—the Marshes, *père et fils*.

The man, who was long, thin, and brown, with a ragged moustache and two deep-set blue eyes, pulled up, and both horses slowed down into a walk.

"I reckon you ain't goin' to kick up no sort o' shindy about this, Pete?"

"I don't see no use on it, dad, thar's where it is," answered the boy, the thirteen years of whose life had been spent on this same prairie. "'Taint as if I can't read an' write; an' I guess I know enough 'rithmetic to jedge pretty correct a herd o' cattle. I don't see no need for more."

"Thet's where you're a fool, Pete—an ignorant young fool. Time was when I had the chance of a boss education, same as I'm offerin' you now, and I kicked like an unbroken two-year-old, same as you're doin' now; so I never had the education. I don't know as I've missed it particular, but there ain't much doubt I should have bin long chalks better off if I'd had it."

The boy pulled his slouch hat lower over his eyes.

"I don't see how you'll get on without me, dad. An' what'll the hosses do—an' the boys? I've allus bin along o' you all."

"Don't you get frettin' on thet score, Pete," replied Marsh; "it'll only be for a few years, and you'll come home in between. When I've made my pile—which is advancin' slow but sure—you'll know better how to spend it, accordin' to whatever position you may be in, if you've bin educated."

The boy's hands, strong and large-wristed from constant riding, fumbled nervously with the reins, and he turned a darkly tanned face towards Marsh.

"I don't want to be no better then you, dad. I want to stay along o' you, jest as it's allus been. There's Mister Reade's two foals comin' up next month. They'll be as wild as buffaloes, and you'll want me then."

"Want you, Pete? Oh, we shall all *want* you. As for me, I shall be thinkin' every day of my little lad what's learnin' all he can, and never forgettin' to keep straight. I'd sooner keep you right here, Pete, but I promised your mother you should have good schoolin', and I know it's right. You'll find it a real Bonanza; I think you must go, lad."

"I s'pose I'll hev to; only, dad, only——"

The farm was reached, the sun sank suddenly, and the boy, in foddering the horses for the night, swallowed many lumps in his throat as he went the round of the beloved beasts.

II.

MR. JOSEPH H. PORT sighed with bored impatience, and the third form sighed too, in perfect sympathy with his feelings.

"Sit up, Diana Jennings. Frank Maxted, be silent—I'll give you an hour on Saturday if I have to speak to you again. Now then, try once more. We are going to find an unknown quantity, which we will call *x*. Look at the board, Peter Marsh, and tell me what we shall do first."

Peter, red and worried, but anxious to please, stammered in nervous treble—

"Wal, Mister, I—I hain't quite hitched on to it yet, so to speak. But I calc'late——"

Mr. Port interrupted in tones of exaggerated suffering.

"Marsh! This is the sixth time this

morning I have had to remind you of your disgraceful diction. You get on my nerves, and will really have to go into the corridor. Come to me after school."

Peter Marsh, sullen now, walked out of the room with heavy tread, followed by grins and squeaks of derision, for he had not succeeded in winning the favour and goodwill of Hickson's juniors. This was the third week of his school-life, which, up to the present, had been a dead failure. He did not understand the airy ways and uncertain vagaries of his fellows; and they found him silently morose and unpleasantly prone to self-defence. Therefore, with the best of intentions, they let him alone; and Peter suffered in consequence. He had wished to do well, for the sake of "dad and the boys," and perhaps for the sake, too, of the mother that was dead; but at every turn his endeavours met with rebuff, correction, and misunderstanding. He became defiantly miserable, suffering in silence, and advancing scarcely at all in the ways of Hickson's College.

Being in no mind to stay in the corridor, he wandered outside and walked up and down, kicking his boots against the stones and brooding over his wrongs, until the third form, having discovered the unknown quantity to Mr. Port's satisfaction, rushed out of the schoolhouse like a swarm of chattering bees. Here they were met by Edmund Alten, of the sixth, whose eye singled out Marsh as looking more self-contained and reliable than the rest.

"Say, kid, scoot up and tell Mary Baker that I'll see her about maths. in the hall to-night, will you? She's in her study, I think—Number Twelve."

It was customary for the juniors to confer small favours of this kind upon the seniors. But Peter Marsh's mood was not in harmony with amiabilities of any description.

"Run your own errands," he said, loudly enough for all to hear; "darned if I will!"

"Uncivil little beast," commented Alten, without wrath; "one of you others go, will you? I'm in a hurry."

"I will, Alten. All right, Ed.!" shouted several voices, for Edmund Alten was beloved of Hickson's juniors.

"What did you cheek Alten that way for? We'll teach you—pesky little animal you! What do you think you are then? Alten's worth a hundred of you." And a wrathful crowd of mixed juniors gathered round with ominous intent.

"WAL, MISTER, I—I HAIN'T QUITE HITCHED ON TO IT YET."

Peter, realising that in a thoughtless moment he had made another mistake, and not knowing how to cancel it, broke angrily away from them—and came face to face with Mr. Joseph H. Port, who eyed him with disapproval.

"I thought I told you to come to me after school, Marsh. Come at once."

Peter, half blind with despairing rage, stumbled after his form-master into the schoolhouse, receiving a long lecture and an

hour's extra work without saying a word. Had he been treated like a man, spoken to as one man to another, consulted as a man, and punished as a man, he would have acted like a man. But the continual fault-finding and bickering, and the thousand pettinesses that go to make up junior existence, galled and puzzled this prairie-bred boy almost beyond endurance.

Once more free, smarting under Mr. Port's well-meaning but ill-chosen words, and lashed into fury by the unfriendly spirit of his fellows during dinner-time, Peter Marsh ran swiftly out of Carr's with some hazy idea of escaping from his misery, leaving the College far behind him, and going in search of "dad and the boys." He entered the junior field, which was empty save for Edmund Alten, who was meditatively dribbling a football between his feet.

"Hallo, kid," he called, genially; "got anything to do?"

Peter came to a halt, pale and dizzy from pent-up emotion, and shook his head.

"Come and see if you can kick a goal then," invited Alten; "stand where you like."

The temptation was irresistible. At the end of ten minutes, Peter, with a sudden and unexpectedly true kick, sent the ball flying between the posts.

"I reckon I got it that time," he said, with a grin, his eyes bright with healthy enjoyment.

"I reckon you did," agreed Alten, looking curiously at this improved edition of the miserable, slouching, hang-dog junior, known to Hickson's as Peter Marsh; "but look alive, kid—we've only eight minutes before school. We must run."

They ran side by side, and parted in Carr's corridor. "So long, Marsh," said Alten; "you'll make a decent man in the field."

III.

A WEEK later, Edmund Alten, having particular and private reasons for wishing to look up some German translation before the following day, sought in vain a place of solitude. The partner of his study joys and sorrows was giving a tea, and every other study seemed to be more or less occupied by rightful owners. Therefore Alten, who desired to have the first hour after tea absolutely undisturbed, hied him to the now deserted pavilion in the senior field, and settled himself comfortably on some tent-poles near one of the windows. Here, with his German and his note-book, and the April daylight that had not yet departed, he ought to have made rapid strides in the lore of the Fatherland.

Instead of this, however, his mind was destined to be haunted by disturbing thoughts of a new junior. He seemed to see a small boy with bright eyes, free manners, a frank smile, and a straight kick. That was Peter Marsh. Then the picture changed, and a white face, sullen and shrinking, half-defiant and half-hunted, loomed up before him with irritating persistency. He saw that the life young Marsh was leading, if it continued, threatened to cripple the manhood in him; yet Alten did not relish the *rôle* of overseer to Carr's juniors. He knew that scared, sullen, and misunderstood juniors seldom turned out good seniors, and he was convinced that Peter Marsh had in him the makings of a straight man.

Bah! why trouble? All new fellows shook down in time, without help. But the shaking down process seemed to be more prolonged and more painful in Peter Marsh's case than was good for him. It was all very well for a junior to be mooney and homesick for a week or two, but when it stretched into a month of absolute and degenerating torture. . . . What little beasts juniors were, anyway. If they were decent to young Marsh, he wouldn't mind being ragged a bit by the masters for his talk and that, but——

Footsteps and voices interrupted the senior's train of thought.

"Come right here, dad. We shall be alone, and I want you all to myself."

Alten started. To use the poet's words, "'twas the voice of his dream."

Two forms mounted the steps of the pavilion, but halted outside.

"Let's sit here, dad. It ain't cold, an' I allus like to be outside. Now, tell me all about things. How's the boys—and the horses?"

"Wa-al, Pete," commenced a deep-toned voice that sounded pleasantly in Alten's ears, "we're all so-so, y'know. The boys are all right, and them two colts of Reade's come up last week. My land, what a job we had with 'em! They was that wild—we wanted you bad, Pete. I never did see no horse that you couldn't manage."

"Nor did I," responded the boy with

some pride. "But tell some more, dad. How's Bluebell—and the grey?"

"All well. But I ain't goin' to talk none about them. How are you gettin' on here, lad? That's what I want to know."

"Oh, fine, dad!" with considerable enthusiasm.

Alten, who was just about to declare himself, sat down again. Fine?

"Ah, that's it, is it?" said the man's voice, with much satisfaction. "I warn't at rest, like, until I come to see you, to make sure. Do you like the fellers here?"

"Oh, yes, dad, the fellers are real good—an' the gells are a reg'lar daisy set. But there's one chap I like partickler."

The boy spoke heartily. It was coming more easily, and he was beginning almost to believe in the deception himself.

"Oh, so you've hit on a chum already?"

"Wal, not exactly a chum, dad. But he's the straightest, whitest man in the place. He's real white, he is. His name's Ed. Alten. I—I'll p'raps introduce him some day."

Alten wished at that moment that he had done something during the past weeks to make the deception, so far as he was concerned, anyway, strike nearer the truth.

"Yes, do, lad," returned the man. "I'm more than joyful, Pete, to find you're happy. I warn't sure, because you've bin brought up so different and careless like. Bein' within forty mile of you, I couldn't resist just lookin' in. I've got to be back afore mornin', so I think I'll go, now I know you're comfortable."

"Yes—you be easy, dad; it—it's O.K. here, you know. But must you go? I—I s'pose you've missed me like?"

"Oh, ay, my lad. But I promised mother you should be educated, and I'm always lookin' forward."

Alten climbed out of the window and dropped noiselessly to earth. For twenty minutes he walked and thought—not about German translation. Then he returned to the pavilion for his note-book, which he had left reposing on the tent-poles. The sound of broken-hearted sobbing arrested the senior just outside the door.

"YOU BE EASY, DAD; IT—IT'S O.K. HERE, YOU KNOW."

The father had gone on his way rejoicing, but Pete lay on the floor, weeping as though the end of all things had come.

Alten crept silently away, leaving the note-book to its fate. He had sense enough

to understand that the pluck that had borne up long enough to accomplish the will of its owner, would not thank him for discovering its weakness. He returned to Hickson's, seriously disturbed. He had come upon a full-blown tragedy—the tragedy of Peter Marsh. Peter did not want sympathy or protection; nor would he brook any interference in his private affairs. But Alten was determined that the small boy had need of, and should have, a fresh start at Hickson's. The matter was a delicate one; therefore Edmund, in his wisdom, went for aid to the mind feminine, and told the whole story to Mary Baker that evening in a quiet corner of the library. And Mary's eyes glistened with feeling as she heard.

IV.

TWO very curious incidents marked the Saturday afternoon arranged for the hockey match between Bowen's seniors and a picked team of mixed juniors. The first was, that Miss Mary Baker, greatly respected of Bowen's house, found herself in such a position in a tree behind the Head's stables, that she had to call loudly for help. The Head's groom and stable-lad hurried to her assistance; but it was some minutes ere the young lady could be extricated from her undignified position—which was evidently more painful than it looked. This was curious, because, in the first place, Bowen's seniors were not in the habit of climbing trees; and, in the second place, Mary Baker was renowned for her prowess in the gymnasium, and ought to have been able to manage any tree on Hickson's estate, had she felt so inclined.

The other incident was even more alarming. When the opposing hockey teams and a crowd of lookers-on reached the senior field, they found it occupied by Giddy Lass, a chestnut mare belonging to the Head, renowned for her speed, and held in great fear by Hickson's on account of her vile temper. This incident was remarkable, because neither the groom nor the stable-boy would own, when questioned later on the subject, to having left the door of the horse's box unfastened.

Hickson's halted just inside the field, and groaned in spirit. Giddy Lass stood at a distance, with her ears flat, rolling her eyes wickedly and gloating over the painful position.

"You know what she is—vicious brute!"

"What a beastly sell—where are the men?"

"It'll take hours to catch her!"

"The match won't come off to-day—that's certain."

Thus lamented Hickson's, knowing that any attempt on their part to drive the mare back to the stable would be not only useless, but dangerous as well.

At this moment a new distraction occurred behind. Edmund Alten of the sixth appeared, literally dragging a protesting junior.

"But I tell you I don't want to see the darn match!" said Peter Marsh, shrilly.

Alten paused, and regarded the herd of Hicksonians with a beautiful surprise.

"What's up? Haven't you begun yet?"

"Begun!" echoed someone with bitterness; "I rather fancy we shan't begin *this* fair day. But what on earth are you dragging that kid about for, Alten?"

"I thought it might do him good to see the match," replied Alten, with a grin, the meaning of which was lost on all save Mary Baker. "However, kid, my efforts were in vain. There won't be any match, because a wretched, vicious horse that no one can manage has got into the field, and——"

"Where's the hoss?" inquired Pete with sudden interest.

"There it is," pointed Alten; "and no one dares go near it."

"Do you want it cotched?" asked Pete quietly.

"Yes, please, Marsh," yapped the surrounding juniors with derisive grins; "will you go and cotch it?"

"Yep!" And he went.

"Stop the kid! Come back, idiot! Fetch him back!" cried some. But Pete trotted steadily towards the centre of the field.

"I had job enough to get him here," muttered Alten to Mary Baker.

"Oh, Ed.—do you think it's right? Suppose Giddy Lass——"

"But she won't. The kid's been brought up amongst 'em. He knows what he can do. I'm determined he shall have his chance," replied Alten.

The small boy (he looked very small just then) walked up to the angry horse. She watched his coming with a wicked glare in her eyes, knowing she was out of bounds, but determined to fight for her freedom if necessary.

"Garn," said the small boy, soothingly, "you little fool!"

Giddy Lass put one ear forward and showed her teeth.

Hickson's held its breath as one man.

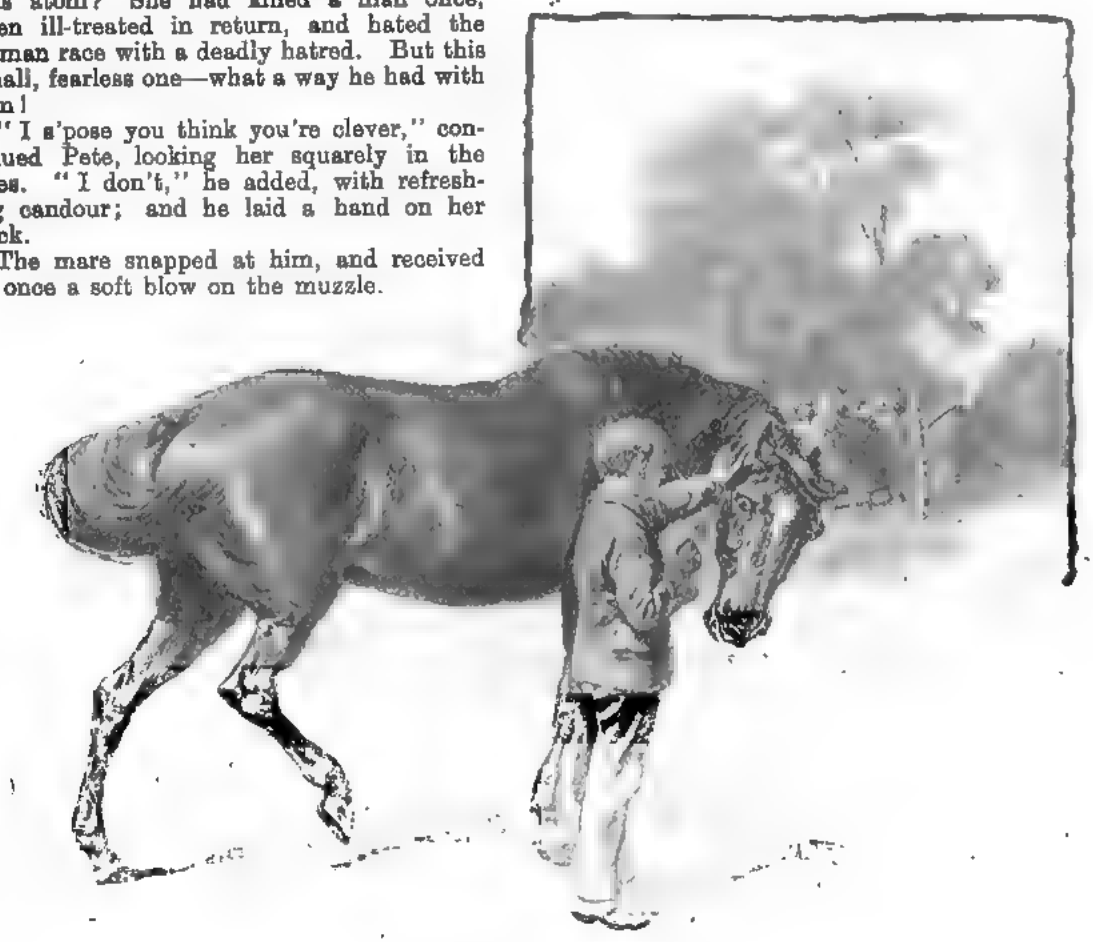
"What are you playin' at?" next inquired Peter, with an air of innocence searching after knowledge.

Giddy Lass hesitated. Should she go for this atom? She had killed a man once, been ill-treated in return, and hated the human race with a deadly hatred. But this small, fearless one—what a way he had with him!

"I s'pose you think you're clever," continued Pete, looking her squarely in the eyes. "I don't," he added, with refreshing candour; and he laid a hand on her neck.

The mare snapped at him, and received at once a soft blow on the muzzle.

"Now, now—none o' yer silly trickses," he continued, not moving an inch in his seat as the mare, with a squeal of surprise, made an arch of herself; "jest you get on, and I'll answer for it you shan't get into no sort o' trouble for this. Come on, beauty." And guiding her with his legs, the junior rode the mare out of the senior field.



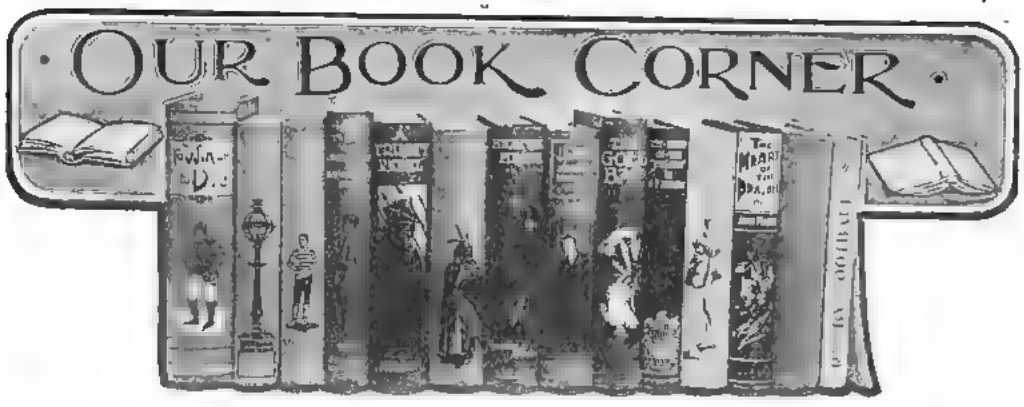
THE MARE SNAPPED AT HIM.

"Get on with yer!" said Pete; "I ain't afraid of yer. Jest you let these blessed fellers have their field as they're so mighty keen on it."

He grasped her mane with one hand, and fearlessly swung his small, light form on to her back.

Hickson's followed in a body, at a respectful distance, and, as soon as the stable doors closed on Giddy Lass, they gave unto Peter his due, receiving him into their midst with loud acclamations.

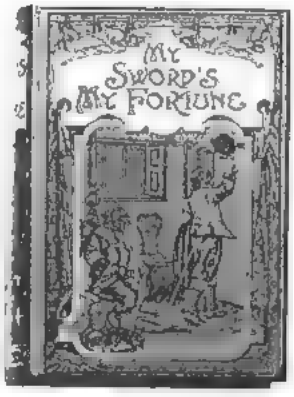
And Alten polka'd with Mary Baker on the green, green sward.



The War-God and the Little Brown Maiden. By Tom Bevan. (Collins, 3s. 6d.).—Mr. Bevan has written a thoroughly rousing story of adventure, intended, it is fair to presume, for juvenile readers. To such it is sure to appeal, for incident follows incident, and hairbreadth escape follows battle with scarcely a pause; and they are not so likely to be critical concerning the faults. The characters have no vitality, being simply lay figures who go through their appointed tasks, while of plot there is none worthy the title. Yet it cannot be denied that "The War-God and the Little Brown Maiden" is interesting, for it deals with a Devon man who goes to Mexico in the sixteenth century. Much is told of the ancient customs and strange happenings in the land of the Aztecs, among whom, of course, human sacrifice—which forms the main theme—was rife. If the tale lacks distinction, it is not badly written, and many who take it up will be disinclined to lay it down before the last page is reached.

It is a pity that the publishers have printed the book upon a paper so heavy that the volume is tiring to hold.

My Sword's My Fortune. By Herbert Hayens. (Collins' Clear Type Press, 6s.).—A first glance at the table of contents of this book might lead one to suppose that Mr. Hayens has added one more to the many stories inspired by the stirring times of the French Revolution. But on the very first page we are comforted with the date 1650; and soon find that *a* revolution, not *The* Revolution, is the topic. The adventures of Albert de Lalande, as a retainer of the wily Mazarin, successor to Richelieu, at the helm of the French Government during the minority of Louis XIV., give us a very interesting picture of the unsettled years in which the Cardinal, the Prince of Condié, the Duke of Orleans, and the Abbé de Retz, were forming hostile permutations and combinations; each endeavouring to grasp the management of affairs from the rest. Mr. Hayens has thoroughly mastered his subject; and his chief characters are wholesome specimens of the roystering blades who played a part in France somewhat similar to that of the Cavaliers in England. Incidentally, we get a glimpse of social conditions which prepared the way for the sanguinary doings of 1793. The book is certainly one that will appeal to young people.



Glyn Severn's Schooldays. By G. Manville Fenn. (W. and R. Chambers, 5s.).—Mr. G. Manville Fenn is more at home when spinning an adventure yarn than when telling a school tale. The book before us lacks reality and originality, and will do little to enhance its author's reputation.

We encounter the old familiar characters and

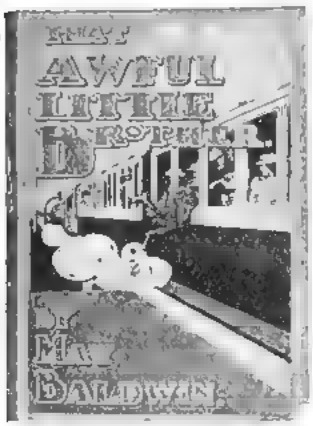
well-worn situations—the new boy, the school bully, the fight in which the bully is defeated, the theft, the unjust suspicions, and the ultimate discovery of the real culprit.

Even the introduction of an intelligent but destructive elephant fails to give a fillip to our flagging interest.

The tone is wholesome, and the story may find favour with a young and unexacting reader, but more than this we are unable to say.

The illustrations by Mr. C. Pears are adequate.

That Awful Little Brother. By May Baldwin. (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.)—Algy Sylvester, generally called "the Sinner," is the *enfant terrible* of an unconventional and highly original family. Mrs. Sylvester, a wise mother, has brought up her children in the country on broad lines, and now that the opportunity occurs, feels that it will be good for them to continue their education in the University town of Byford, where her eldest son has just obtained a curacy. The story deals with the adventures of the family in Byford.



Miss Baldwin has, apparently, been somewhat unfortunate in her experience of the social side of University life, and her pictures are decidedly over-drawn and unreal. The character and achievements of Antonia, the genius of the family, are also improbable, to say the least of it. Apart from these blemishes, Miss Baldwin has given us a readable and interesting tale.

Algy's numerous escapades are amusingly related, and he wins our sympathy when, in his endeavour to bring about the marriage of a sister whom he dislikes, and hopes thereby to get rid of, he only succeeds in losing the sister to whom he is devoted, as she naturally proves more attractive to the eligible baronet.

There is an interesting description of schoolgirl etiquette in the University High School, and it is not difficult to guess the sources of Miss Baldwin's inspiration. The cover, like the little brother, is *awful*.

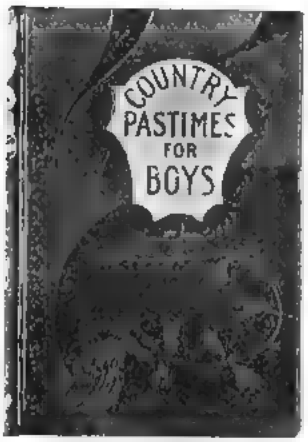
Viva, Christina! By Edith Cowper. (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.).—Even after making all the allowance due to a writer of the fair sex, it is difficult to find words of praise for Miss Cowper's latest story. "Viva, Christina!" is an historical novel, the scene of which is laid in Spain. The period is that of the Carlist War, when Queen Christina acted as regent during the infancy of her daughter, Isabella. Miss Cowper takes as her hero a cadet of a noble Scotch house, who goes out to the Peninsula with the Scotch legion under Sir de Lacy Evans; and the book is concerned with his adventures. So far there is nothing to complain of. It is the adventures with which fault must be found. They are so obviously manufactured; and it is difficult not to be rather amused by the terrible amount of trouble that is taken by a large number of people to trap two young English officers who are of no importance whatever to the success of the campaign. The characters usual to Spanish stories are introduced—the beautiful girl, the easily-hoodwinked widow, the unworthy priest. . . . There is an intrigue, it is true, but the authoress seems to be at considerable pains to hide it from her readers. The book is, indeed, Seton Merriman-and-water—chiefly water.

For Love and Ransom. By Esmé Stuart. (Jarrold and Son, 3s. 6d.)—Joachim Murat, innkeeper's son, Napoleon's general, Caroline Bonaparte's husband, King of Naples, is the central figure of this story.

An English family leaves Thornhill Manor to visit French relatives in Italy, then under the heel of the great little Corsican. The members become involved in the political complications, local

and general—and these are very complicated. Some are carried off by brigands and held to ransom, others help to defend a castle, and one carries a letter to Murat's wife, when she is on board a British frigate in Naples Bay. But, though all the ingredients necessary for a rousing story are here, somehow the tale never gets under full sail. The brigands are the mildest ruffians that ever cut a throat; we expected great things at the storming of the castle, and received but "alarums and excursions," though, indeed, a bullet did whizz past, only missing Pierre's head "by an eighth of an inch," which really was a near thing. Murat and his wife are left vague, shadowy, indecisive. Nothing happens that matters very much, and in the end the old people ship for England, and the young people pair off according to immemorable custom. The illustrations by Pifford are very good.

Country Pastimes for Boys. By P. Anderson Graham. (Longmans, Green, and Co., 3s. net).—In March we reviewed briefly Mr. W. Furneaux's "The Outdoor World," a comprehensive handbook for the young collector-naturalist. Equally comprehensive is Mr. P. Anderson Graham's "Country Pastimes for Boys," in the same series. There are very few outdoor occupations with which the author does not deal—and deal with not only lucidly, instructively, and usefully, but in the right spirit. He starts with birds'-nesting, and he finishes with the fascinating pastime of "knucklebones." When he remarks that "the hunting instinct is one of the strongest possessed by boys," Mr. Graham speaks truth: and much of his admirable volume is written with the knowledge of this in view. He avoids, however, the encouragement of any such sporting pastimes as may be attended by cruelty, and is careful rather to guide the hunting instinct into proper channels, and make of it a useful quality. On the subject of pets he has naturally much to say, and his remarks on the taming of wild animals are very sound. We like especially his hints on forming acquaintanceships with fish—wild fish, that is. His suggestions as to the means of taming a perch or trout without removing it from its native stream (which can be done with astonishing success) are delightful. They are likewise-characteristic of the whole book.



The volume is a bulky one, and the illustrations are numerous, and in some cases excellent. At the price, "Country Pastimes for Boys" is better value than anything we have seen for a long time.

Cavaliers and Rogues. By W. Murray Graydon. (John F. Shaw and Co., 5s.).—The period of the Civil War has always had a peculiar fascination for writers of adventure, and, in nine cases out of ten, the hero is a Cavalier, not because the Cavalier was intrinsically a more heroic figure than the Roundhead, but because his flowing hair, picturesque costume, and dashing *insouciance*, form a more attractive picture of gallantry. There is rarely anything strikingly original, or even noticeable, in these stories, and this one is no exception to the rule. Judged, however, as a mere story of adventure, written for boys, it is a good specimen of its particular class. It is clearly and forcibly written, though a certain attempt at archaism in the language is at times apt to be rather forced, and the author's style would appear to more advantage without it. The descriptive writing is particularly good, and Mr. Murray Graydon, who has a fine eye for colour effects, might well turn his attention to a more ambitious form of literature.

"Cavaliers and Rogues" should prove of interest to boys. It contains plenty of fighting, both with white men and Indians, plenty of adventure, a little love, a hidden treasure, much heroism, and much misfortune bravely borne. And it is, above all, a well-told story.

Famous Fighters of the Fleet. By Edward Fraser. (Macmillan and Co., 6s.).—This is a serious and painstaking work, and, as such, deserves every consideration. The main idea of the book is, in itself, a good one. The author has taken the names of six ships in our present Navy, and in five instances has

given a record of the great deeds performed by their more famous namesakes in the past. The sixth narrative is the story of Lord Beresford's little gunboat, the *Condor*, which ran in under the guns of Alexandria and silenced the Marabout fort.

This record of deeds of valour, which are held as almost sacred by the English nation, might well tax the utmost powers of a great writer, and it is no slight on Mr. Fraser's abilities to say that he has not been able to rise to the occasion. As a handy work of reference, illustrated with excellent and interesting pictures, the book is worthy of all praise. But it is nothing more. It does not breathe the spirit of Rodney, or Nelson, or Captain Gardiner. It smacks of the library and not of the sea.

One part of the book, indeed, is positively irritating. The detailed description of the modern *Monmouth* savours more of the halfpenny evening paper than of a serious contribution to literature. For instance, Mr. Fraser tells us that the ship is 463½ feet long, and that it would, if set on end, tower 60 feet above the cross of St. Paul's. Well and good, so far. But this is not enough for Mr. Fraser. He compares the length of the *Monmouth* to the Clock Tower at Westminster, to the Nelson Column, to Beachy Head, to the length of St. Paul's, and to Buckingham Palace. And several pages are filled with comparisons of this sort. The book, however, is worth reading, and though it is in no way a notable contribution to naval literature, Mr. Fraser deserves all credit for having devoted his time to a great and worthy subject.

The Phœnix and the Carpet. By E. Nesbit. (George Newnes, Ltd., 6s.).—We have heard of the magic carpet which transported its owners where they wished, and, thanks to our Fire Insurance Offices, we have heard of the fabled Phœnix, which periodically put an end to its existence by placing itself on a burning pile of aromatic woods, from the embers of which sprang the young phœnix to take the place of its parent for another five hundred years.

It remained, however, for Miss Nesbit to discover the connection between these two wonders, and to tell us how they arrived in London to give pleasure and amusement to four modern children.

The discovery and hatching of the egg, and the various adventures that followed, are told with the greatest skill and humour. The tale of the recalcitrant cook, who was transported, by the aid of the magic carpet, to a tropical island, there to become a queen of the savages, and eventually to marry a burglar similarly transported, we can recommend as a safe cure for "the blues."

We heartily congratulate Miss Nesbit on a book in every way worthy of her reputation. It cannot fail to be a great favourite with young and old alike.

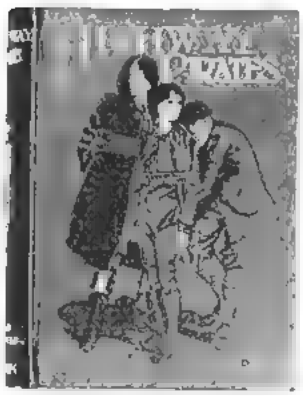
A large number of excellent illustrations by Mr. H. R. Millar do much to ensure the success of the book.

A Trusty Rebel. By Mrs. Henry Clarke. (Nelson and Son, 3s. 6d.)—Those were stirring days when Henry VII., cool and crafty though he was, was satisfied if his unruly subjects owned him King *de facto*. He waived *de jure*. Young Christopher Cory, Cornishman, was a devoted follower of Warbeck, that pinchbeck pretender who, had he had a man's heart under his fine doublet, might have been England's King. We do not, however, see much of him in the story. Cory, in the end, finds out that his supposed prince is but a glover's son and a coward into the bargain, and is convinced that his loyalty to the impostor is misplaced. He makes his peace with Henry VII.—most wisely, we think, for he, at any rate, was a King.

There is nothing very exciting in this book, Mrs. Clarke handicapping herself by making Cory a rebel-in-hiding, practically, throughout. Cloth yard shafts do not fly like hail as they do in that glorious romance, "The Black Arrow," but the story of the Cornish rising, with its leaders, Joseph and Flammock, is legitimately brought in, and the daily life in Sir Richard Kestell's house, where Cory takes

shelter, is well described. There is Anne Kestell, too, whom we like, because she remains true to Christopher, even when the wealthy—but wicked—Lord Bolsover woos her. The illustrations in colour by Walter Grieve are excellent.

Highway Pirates. By Harold Avery. (Nelson, 3s. 6d.).—We confess to taking up this book with no great enthusiasm. The last story by Mr. Harold Avery which it fell to our lot to read disappointed us by the weakness of its plot, and irritated us by its inaccurate picture—preposterous, one might almost say—of public school life. But "Highway Pirates" is very different stuff. Mr. Avery has been wise to leave school life alone. Its often delicate comedy baffles his rather broad-pointed pen: a stirring drama of adventure is much more suited to his style. One or two scenes of his latest tale, it is true, are laid at school, but they are only roughly sketched in. Besides, the private school of seventy years and more ago was a very different community from the modern public school. Mr. Avery has constructed a good plot, and the adventures of Sylvester Eden, leading up to his timely discovery of the "secret place" in the ancestral house of his chum, Miles Coverthorne, make up a narrative which is always of sustained interest, and at times most exciting. The "highway pirates" are a gang of convicts, bound for Botany Bay, who overpower the warders on the coach by which they are being conveyed across country, and eventually take refuge in an almost inaccessible smuggler's cave on the coast. The period of the story is a picturesque one, and the author has painted in the local colour skilfully. The publishers have done well by the book, which deserves praise. A rattling good yarn, in short.



Recreation and Handicraft for Girls. By L. and A. B. Beard. (Geo. Newnes, Ltd., 6s. net.).—This volume contains many good ideas for both the occupation and amusement of healthy-minded girls, and forms most entertaining reading. The first half treats of *"Handicraft."* "The possibilities of a clothes-line," "A ball of twine and what to make of it," "An armful of shavings and what to do with them," "Modelling from tissue-paper," show the nature of the contents. By the admirable illustrations, each process is made easy to the least mechanically-gifted reader; while the book is particularly interesting in showing how many ingenious and useful articles can be contrived from materials at hand in every household. The second part of the volume, *"Recreation,"* is also full of American invention, and contains novel suggestions for "May Day Amusements," "Hallow'een Revels," "Outdoor Playhouses," "Indian Encampments," and so on. English girls will find much pleasure and profit in carrying out the ideas in this storehouse of entertainment; and the happy possessor could never complain that she has "nothing to do!"

We have also received copies of the following works, a selection of which will be reviewed next month:—

From Samuel French, Ltd.—**How to "Make-Up."** (2s.), **Shadow Pantomimes** (1s.), **Dramas for Boys** (1s.), **Comic Dramas** (1s.), **Funny Recitations** (1s.), and other handbooks for amateur theatricals.

From David Nutt.—**Fergy, the Guide,** by H. S. Canfield (6s. net).

From Digby, Long and Co.—**Bolts and Bars,** by F. C. Vernon-Harcourt (3s. 6d.).

From Jarrold and Sons.—**Beautiful Joe's Paradise,** by Marshall Saunders (3s. 6d.).

From Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd.—**Jeannie Jemima Jones,** by the "Blunderland" Cartoonist (3s. 6d.).

From George Newnes, Ltd.—**The Return of Sherlock Holmes,** by A. Conan Doyle (6s.); **The Outdoor Handy Book,** by D. C. Beard (6s. net).

From Longmans, Green and Co.—**A Day at Dulwich,** by A. H. Gilkes (1s. net).

From Thomas Nelson and Sons.—**The Harmsworth Encyclopædia,** parts I.—III. (7d. net).

TALES OF WRYKYN

No. 2

THE POLITENESS OF PRINCES

BY

P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

THE painful case of G. Montgomery Chapple, bachelor, of Seymour's house, Wrykyn. Let us examine and ponder over it.

It has been well said that this is the age of the specialist. Everybody, if they wish to leave the world a better and happier place for their stay in it, should endeavour to adopt some speciality and make it their own. Chapple's speciality was being late for breakfast. He was late not once or twice, but every day. Sometimes he would scramble in about the time of the second cup of coffee, buttoning his waistcoat as he sidled to his place. Generally he would arrive just as the rest of the house were filing out; when, having lurked hidden until Mr. Seymour was out of the way, he would enter into private treaty with Herbert, the factotum, who had influence with the cook, for Something Hot and maybe a fresh brew of coffee. For there was nothing of the amateur late-breakfaster about Chapple. Your amateur slinks in with blushes deepening the naturally healthy hue of his face, and, bolting a piece of dry bread and gulping down a cup of cold coffee, dashes out again, filled more with good resolutions for the future than with food. Not so Chapple. He liked his meals. He wanted a good deal here below, and wanted it hot and fresh. Conscience had but a poor time when it tried to bully Chapple. He had it weak in the first round.

But there was one more powerful than Conscience—Mr. Seymour. He had marked the constant lateness of our hero, and disapproved of it.

Thus it happened that Chapple, having finished an excellent breakfast one morning some twenty minutes after everybody else, was informed as he sat in the junior day-room trying, with the help of an illustrated article in a boys' paper, to construct a handy model steam-engine out of a reel of cotton and an old note-book—for his was in many ways a giant brain—that Mr. Seymour would like to have a friendly chat with him in his study. Laying aside his handy model steam-engine, he went off to the housemaster's study.

"You were late for breakfast to-day," said Mr. Seymour, in the horrid, abrupt way housemasters have.

"Why, yes, sir," said Chapple, pleasantly.

"And the day before."

"Yes, sir."

"And the day before that."

Chapple did not deny it. He stood on one foot and smiled a propitiating smile. So far Mr. Seymour was entitled to demand a cigar or cocoanut every time.

The housemaster walked to the window, looked out, returned to the mantelpiece, and shifted the position of a china vase two and a quarter inches to the left. Chapple, by way of spirited repartee, stood on the other leg and curled the disengaged foot round his ankle. The conversation was getting quite intellectual.

"You will write out——"

"Sir, please, sir——" interrupted Chapple in an "I-represent-the defendant-m'lud" tone of voice.

"Well?"

"It's awfully hard to hear the bell from where I sleep, sir."

Owing to the increased numbers of the house this term Chapple had been removed from his dormitory proper to a small room some distance away.

"Nonsense. The bell can be heard perfectly well all over the house."

There was reason in what he said. Herbert, who woke the house of a morning, did so by ringing a bell. It was a big bell, and he enjoyed ringing it. Few sleepers, however sound, could dream on peacefully through Herbert's morning solo. After five seconds of it they would turn over uneasily. After seven they would sit up. At the end of the first quarter of a minute they would be out of bed, and you would be wondering where they picked up such expressions.

Chapple murmured wordlessly in reply. He realised that his defence was a thin one. Mr. Seymour followed up his advantage.

"You will write a hundred lines of Vergil," he said, "and if you are late again to-morrow I shall double them."

Chapple retired.

This, he felt, was a crisis. He had been pursuing his career of unpunctuality so long that he had never quite realised that a time might come when the authorities would drop on him. For a moment he felt that it was impossible, that he could not meet Mr. Seymour's wishes in the matter; but the bull-dog pluck of the true Englishman caused him to reconsider this. He would at least have a dash at it.

"I'll tell you what to do," said his friend, Brodie, when consulted on the point over a quiet pot of tea that afternoon. "You ought to sleep without so many things on the bed. How many blankets do you use, for instance?"

"I don't know," said Chapple. "As many as they shove on."

It had never occurred to him to reckon up the amount of his bedclothes before retiring to rest.

"Well, you take my tip," said Brodie, "and only sleep with one on. Then the cold'll wake you in the morning, and you'll get up because it'll be more comfortable than staying in bed."

This scientific plan might have worked. In fact, to a certain extent it did work. It woke Chapple in the morning, as Brodie had predicted; but it woke him at the wrong hour. It is no good springing out of bed when there are still three hours to breakfast. When Chapple woke at five the next morning, after a series of dreams, the scenes of which were laid mainly in the Arctic regions, he first sneezed, then he piled upon the bed everything he could find, including his boots, and then went to sleep again. The genial warmth oozed through his form, and continued to ooze until he woke once more, this time at eight-fifteen. Breakfast being

HE PILED UPON THE BED EVERYTHING HE COULD FIND.

at eight, it occurred to him that his position with Mr. Seymour was not improved. While he was devoting a few moments' profound meditation to this point the genial warmth got in its fell work once again. When he next woke, the bell was ringing for school. He lowered the world's record for rapid dressing, and was just in time to accompany the tail of the procession into the form-room.

"You were late again this morning," said Mr. Seymour, after dinner.

"Yes, sir. I overslebbed myselb, sir," replied Chapple, who was suffering from a cold in the head.

"Two hundred lines."

"Yes, sir."

Things had now become serious. It was no good going to Brodie again for counsel. Brodie had done for himself, proved himself a fraud, an idiot. In fine, a rotter. He must try somebody else. Happy thought, Spenlow. It was a cold day, when Spenlow got left behind. He would know what to do. *There* was a chap for you, if you liked! Young, mind you, but what a brain! Colossal!

"What *I* should do," said Spenlow, "is this. I should put my watch on half an hour."

"What 'ud be the good of that?"

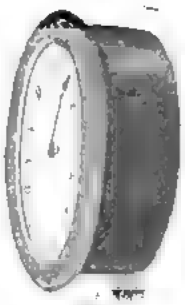
"Why, don't you see? You'd wake up and find it was ten to eight, say, by your watch, so you'd shove on the pace dressing, and nip downstairs, and then find that you'd really got tons of time. What price that?"

"But I should remember I'd put my watch on," objected Chapple.

"Oh, no, probably not. You'd be half asleep, and you'd shoot out of bed before you remembered, and that's all you'd want. It's the getting out of bed that's so difficult. If you were once out, you wouldn't want to get back again."

"Oh, shouldn't I?" said Chapple.

"Well, you



IT WAS TWO MINUTES PAST NINE.

might want to, but you'd have the sense not to do it."

"It's not a bad idea," said Chapple. "Thanks."

That night he took his Waterbury, prised open the face with a pocket-knife as if he were opening an oyster, put the minute hand on exactly half an hour, and retired to bed satisfied. There was going to be no nonsense about it this time.

I am sorry to disappoint the reader, but facts are facts, and I must not tamper with them. It is, therefore, my duty to state, however reluctantly, that Chapple was not in time for breakfast on the following morning. He woke at seven o'clock, when the hands of the watch pointed to seven-thirty. Primed with virtuous resolutions, he was just about to leap from his couch, when his memory began to work, and he recollected that he had still an hour. Punctuality, he felt, was an excellent thing, a noble virtue, in fact, but it was no good overdoing it. He could give himself at least another half hour. So he dozed off. He woke again with something of a start. He seemed to feel that he had been asleep for a considerable time. But no. A glance at the watch showed the hands pointing to twenty-five to eight. Twenty-five minutes more. He had a good long doze this time. Then, feeling that now he really must be getting up, he looked once more at the watch, and rubbed his eyes. It was still twenty-five to eight.

The fact was that, in the exhilaration of putting the hands on, he had forgotten that other and even more important operation, winding up. The watch had stopped.

There are few more disturbing sensations than that of suddenly discovering that one has no means of telling the time. This is especially so when one has to be in a certain place by a certain hour. It gives the discoverer a weird, lost feeling, as if he had stopped dead while all the rest of the world had moved on at the usual rate. It is a sensation not unlike that of the man who arrives on the platform of a railway station just in time to see the tail-end of his train disappear.

Until that morning the world's record for dressing (set up the day before) had been five minutes, twenty-three and a fifth seconds. He lowered this by two seconds, and went downstairs.

The house was empty. In the passage that led to the dining-room he looked at the clock, and his heart turned a somersault. *It was five minutes past nine.* Not only was he late for breakfast, but late for school, too. Never before had he brought off the double event.

There was a little unpleasantness in his form room when he stole in at seven minutes past the hour. Mr. Dexter, his form-master, never a jolly sort of man to have dealings with, was rather bitter on the subject.

"You are incorrigibly lazy and unpunctual," said Mr. Dexter, towards the end of the address. "You will do me a hundred lines."

"Oo-o-o, sir-r," said Chapple. But he felt at the time that it was not much of a repartee. After dinner there was the usual interview with Mr. Seymour.

"You were late again this morning," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Chapple.

"Two hundred lines."

"Yes, sir."

The thing was becoming monotonous.

Chapple pulled himself together. This must stop. He had said that several times previously, but now he meant it. Nor poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world should make him oversleep himself again. This time he would try a combination of schemes.

Before he went to bed that night he put his watch on half an hour, wound it up, and placed it on a chair at his bedside. Then he seized his rug and all the blankets except one, and tore them off. Then he piled them in an untidy heap in the most distant corner of the room. He meant to put temptation out of his reach. There should be no genial warmth on this occasion.

Nor was there. He woke at six feeling as if he were one solid chunk of ice. He put up with it in a torpid sort of way till seven. Then he could stand it no longer. It would not be pleasant getting up and going downstairs to the cheerless junior day-room, but it was the only thing to do. He knew that if he once wrapped himself in the blankets which stared at him invitingly from the opposite corner of the room, he was lost. So he crawled out of bed, shivering, washed unenthusiastically, and he proceeded to put on his clothes.

Downstairs it was more unpleasant than one would have believed possible. The day-room was in its usual state of disorder. The fire was not lit. There was a vague smell

of apples. Life was very, very grey. There seemed no brightness in it at all.

He sat down at the table and began once more the task of constructing a handy model steam-engine, but he speedily realised, what he had suspected before, that the instructions were the work of a dangerous madman. What was the good of going on living when gibbering lunatics were allowed to write for weekly papers?

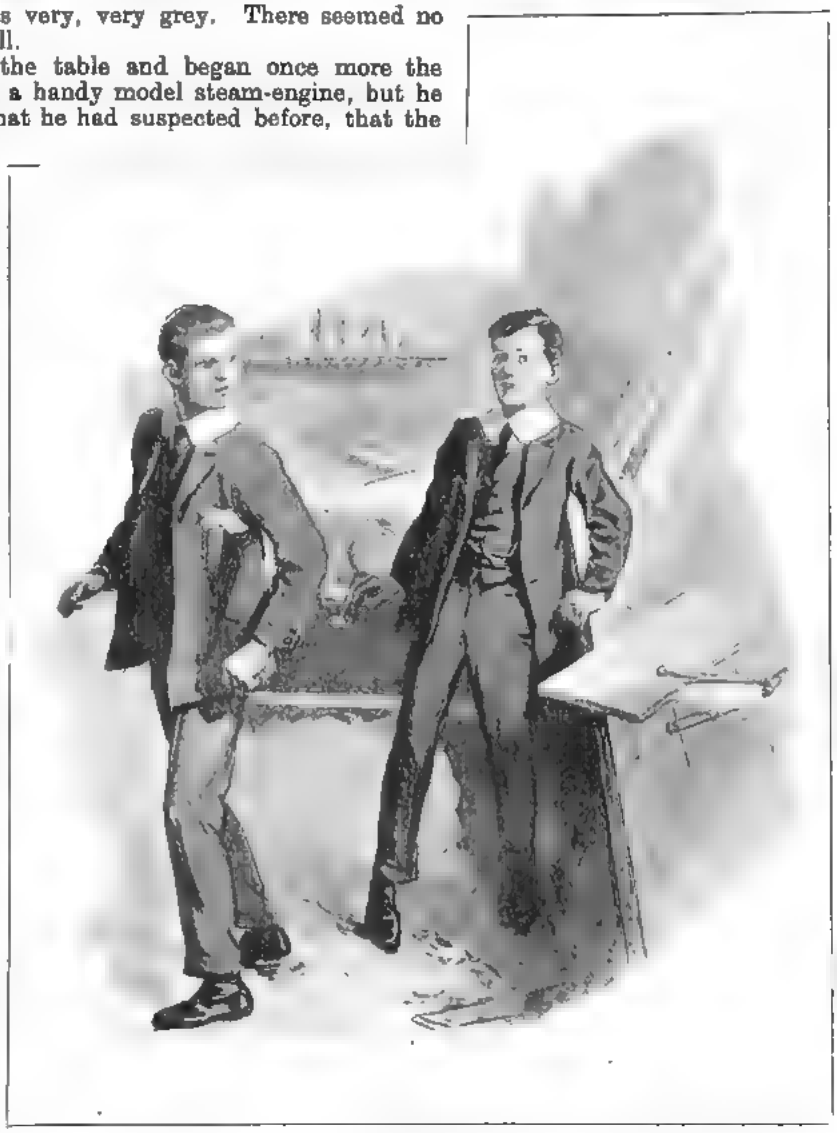
About this time his gloom was deepened by the discovery that a tin labelled mixed biscuits, which he had noticed in Brodie's locker, was empty.

He thought he would go for a stroll. It would be beastly, of course, but not so beastly as sitting in the junior day-room.

It is just here that the tragedy begins to deepen.

Passing out of Seymour's gate he met Brooke, of Appleby's. Brooke wore an earnest, thoughtful expression.

"Hullo, Brooke," said Chapple, "where are you off to?"



"IT'S STRUCK EIGHT."

It seemed that Brooke was off to the carpenter's shop. Hence the earnest, thoughtful expression. His mind was wrestling with certain pieces of wood which he proposed to fashion into photograph frames. There was always a steady demand in the school for photograph frames, and the gifted were in the habit of turning here and there an honest penny by means of them.

The artist soul is not always unfavourable to a gallery. Brooke said he didn't mind if Chapple came along, only he wasn't to go rotting about or anything. So Chapple went along.

Arrived at the carpenter's shop, Brooke was soon absorbed in his labours. Chapple watched him for a time with the interest of a brother-worker, for had he not tried to construct handy model steam-engines in his day? Indeed, yes. After a while, however, the *rôle* of spectator began to pall. He wanted to *do* something. Wandering

round the room he found a chisel, and upon the instant, in direct contravention of the treaty respecting rotting, he sat down and started carving his name on a smooth deal board which looked as if nobody wanted it. The pair worked on in silence, broken only by an occasional hard breath as the toil grew exciting. Chapple's tongue was out and performing mystic evolutions as he carved the letters. He felt inspired.

He was beginning the A when he was brought to earth again by the voice of Brooke.

"You *are* an idiot," said Brooke, complainingly. "That's *my* board, and now you've spoilt it."

Spoilt it! Chapple liked that! Spoilt it, if you please, when he had done a beautiful piece of carving on it!

"Well, it can't be helped now," said Brooke, philosophically. "I suppose it's not your fault you're such an ass. Anyhow, come on now. It's struck eight."

"It's what?" gasped Chapple.

"Struck eight. But it doesn't matter. Appleby never minds one being a bit late for breakfast."

"Oh," said Chapple. "Oh, doesn't he!"

Go into Seymour's at eight sharp any morning and look down the table, and you will see the face of G. M. Chapple—obscured every now and then, perhaps, by a coffee cup or a slice of bread and marmalade. He has not been late for three weeks. The spare room is now occupied by Postlethwaite, of the Upper Fourth, whose place in Milton's dormitory has been taken by Chapple. Milton is the head of the house, and stands alone among the house prefects for the strenuousness of his methods in dealing with his dormitory. Nothing in this world is certain, but it is highly improbable that Chapple will be late again. There are swagger-sticks.

A PICTURE *WITH* WORDS.

Instructors should be encouraged, in giving the details of the different movements, to use their own words.—*Vide* § 1, Part I. *Infantry Training*, 1904.

MISQUOTED PROVERBS: NO. I. IT IS SOMETIMES TOO LATE TO MEND.

SOME MECHANICAL NOTES.

Mudguards.

I HAVE often wondered why the front mudguard is not universally extended forward of the forks. The extra weight and cost entailed is very small, while the advantage is considerable. Fig. No. 1 shows the ordinary mudguard, D, in black; a dotted line, EE, indicates the proposed extension which has been generally adopted on motor-cycles. The need for the addition is made clear by the line of flight of mud particles CCC, which are hurled forward by the wheel, but, being light, cannot make headway against the air currents they encounter, and are flung back on to the head, steering pillar, and lamp. The last is the most noticeable sufferer. A dirty ride almost invariably splotches the glass with specks of mud, which, if left *in situ*, obscure the light, and, if rubbed off, smear and scratch the glass.

Brakes.

These are often very badly adjusted, the lever being either too far away from or too close to the handle bars. In the former case one gets "too large a handful"; in the latter case the brake cannot exert its full power. You should set your brakes in such a manner that, when hard on, the lever all but touches the handlebars; and the point of the lever should face a little forward so as not to jab the knee during a sharp turn. The "reverse" lever, now so popular, is guiltless of acting as a prong, but I don't think that it gives so good a grip as the other type, which points the same way as the handles. The neatest brake arrangement I know is that of the Lea Francis, in which the levers work shafts passing through the handle bars, with cams projecting through the T to operate a series of fine rods. The other day I had a very nasty shock while riding my motor-cycle, when the back pedalling brake suddenly misbehaved and converted the free into a fixed wheel, and gave my feet such a blow that I narrowly escaped a bad spill. The brake in question—of which, as being one little used, I need not give the name—is not perhaps a good specimen of its kind, so I must not judge it harshly. But my shyness with regard to back pedalling brakes on motor-cycles has been somewhat increased by that incident.

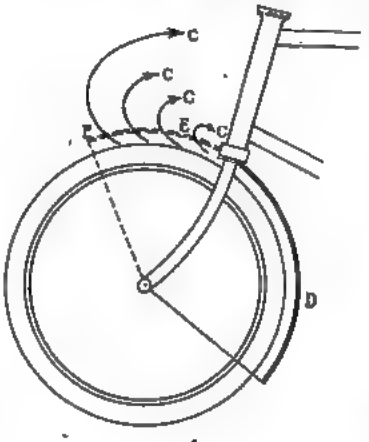


FIG. 1.

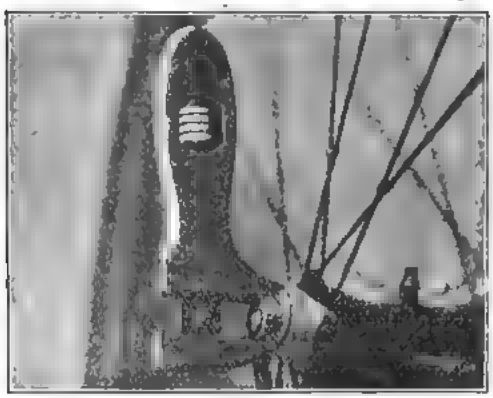
The Treatment of Nuts.

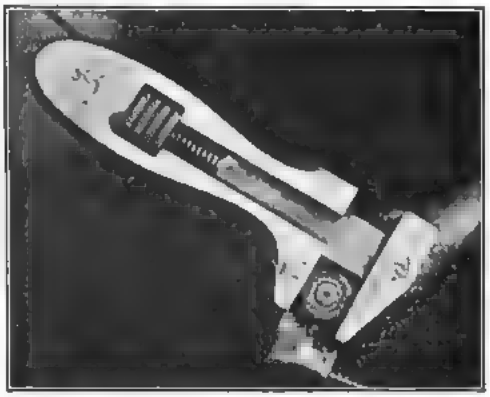
Every first-class cycle should have a set of spanners which are a *dead fit* on all nuts forming part of the machine. And the nuts themselves should be perfectly symmetrical. If a spanner will go easily on to a nut one way, but not in another, something is wrong; and the nut should be replaced by a better article. For the nuts of spindles, head, saddle-pillar, a "box" spanner, *i.e.*, one which has an hexagonal opening to pass over the nut, is by far the best. You will never find one jump and leave you with a bit chipped off your knuckles.

If circumstances demand the use of a screw-spanner,

be sure that you adjust it tightly before attempting to wrench with it; as a slip injures the nut, cutting its corners. The screw-spanner is responsible for many nuts approximating to a circular form which defies all efforts to "get a hold."

items of the cycle's anatomy should not be going concerns for many years. The pedal bracket is generally the greatest sufferer, because it has to withstand rocking as well as vertical stresses. Then the pedals, which receive very varying pressure. If I





THE WRONG AND THE RIGHT WAY TO USE A SPANNER.

Hard and Soft Tyres.

By means of two simple diagrams (Figs. 2 and 3) I show the comparative virtues of hard and soft tyres on greasy roads. The surface slime is proportionately exaggerated. Tyre X, because it flattens out both laterally and longitudinally, does not penetrate the slime to the hard road beneath. Tyre Y, being hard, and therefore less flattened, cuts through the grease and gets a firm hold of the "metal." Another point in favour of the hard tyre is its greater resiliency, which makes it faster, though more bumpy when it meets an obstacle. Furthermore, its rigidity staves off stones

am asked to give my opinion on a second-hand machine, I always look here first, since badly adjusted pedals often indicate a careless owner: whereas, if they are properly adjusted, probably all the other bearings are also in good trim. Grit is undoubtedly one serious cause of trouble here, for it works in with the oil and acts as a fine emery powder on both balls and races. It is therefore advisable after a dirty ride to squirt some paraffin between the pedal and the crank to clear off any dirt that may have lodged there. The outer end of the crank pin should be protected by a cap screwing on to the outer

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

which, if caught in a fold of a half-inflated tyre, might cause a cut or puncture.

The Most Vital Parts

of a cycle are its bearings. It is on them that all the strains of the machine ultimately fall. Bad metal means worn out bearings sooner or later—generally sooner. But, given good material and careful adjustment, there is no reason why these important

pedal plate. If this is lost, get another put on, as one often leans a cycle against a soft bank—or perhaps it falls over on to the road—in which case an unprotected pin receives a nice smear of mud.

This is how I always adjust my wheels (if I have told you before, pardon the repetition). First, I screw the bearings up until they are jammed. Then I tighten one of the nuts against the fork, leaving the

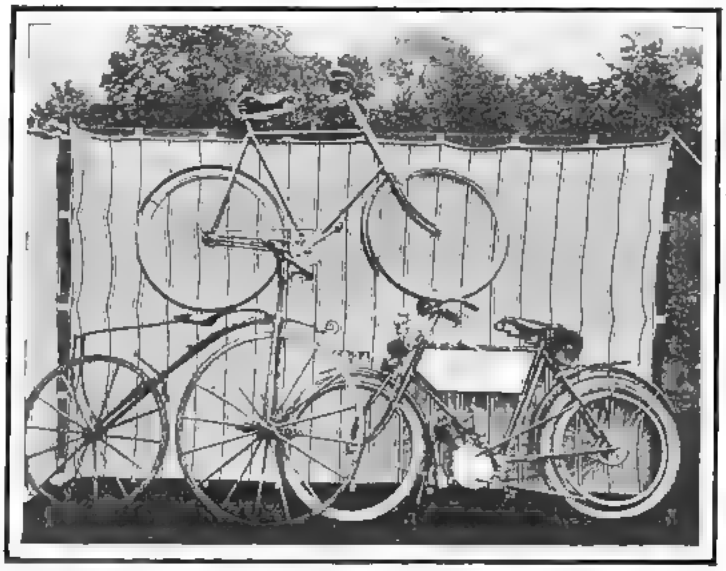
other just a shade slack. The wheel is now turned until the valve is horizontal, and I add a slight weight to one of the spokes next it. With my flat spanner, specially made for the purpose, I gently unscrew the loose cone until the valve causes the wheel to revolve a quarter turn, bringing it to the bottom. The valve is turned to the other end of the horizontal diameter; if it again falls, the proper adjustment has been made, and the second nut can be tightened up. As an extra precaution I again test to see that the screwing has not jammed the bearing.

The pedal spindle I adjust in a similar manner; the pedals until they will revolve easily, without showing any signs of shake. After a proper general adjustment no single part ought to be perceptibly loose, and yet all should work freely. Don't forget the ball races at the "head." Any looseness causes an unpleasant, and sometimes mysterious, rattling. It is cured by slacking the cross pin of the uppermost cup, and gently tapping round the screw collar until the handles show a slight inclination to turn stiffly. Then a minute slackening, and the deed is done.

Lamp Brackets

are often sadly inefficient. They do very well for the two-penny half-penny oil lamp which is used as a bait to catch the purchaser; but put on a good solid acetylene lamp, and they sink beneath the burden. Messrs. Lucas sell a neat bracket to screw round the steering pillar, easily fixed and very strong. Its price, two shillings. The heat of the acetylene flame is so intense that it soon injures a reflector, and therefore the lamp should be quite vertical. The "Acetylephote" has a shade over the top of the glass which helps to direct the rays on to the road, and also somewhat screens the flame from anybody approaching close.

Apropos of my last article, I see in Messrs. Humber's most recent list that they are aware of the advantage of having a place for everything in the tool bag and everything in its place. They accordingly fit to their high-grade machines a bag "in which," to use their own words, "there is a separate compartment for each of the two wrenches and screw driver, box of wax vestas, outfit, and selvyt cloth. Attached to the outside is a little case into which either a private card or an address label can be inserted. A place for the oil can is provided in the bottom of the bag, encased in metal in such a way as to obviate the possibility of the tool bag and contents being soiled by an escape of oil." Very neat, this. Messrs. Humber certainly turn out smart work, and that it is durable my eight-year-old "jigger" proves satisfactorily enough, so far as I am concerned.



AN INTERESTING GROUP, SHOWING A BONE-SHAKER, A TYPICAL UP-TO-DATE SAFETY, AND A MOTOR BIKE.
Photo by John Ogilvie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Captain Humber.—Perhaps I was wrong in my statement about light-weight Humber motor-cycles' power. I took, however, my figures from a good authority. Possibly that particular machine was a special one for show purposes. You are quite correct in saying that the *standard* 72 lb. machine develops only 1¾ h.p. Magneto ignition has some decided advantages. Its weight is little, if any, greater than that of an accumulator, and while it works properly it certainly proves equally efficient. Its chief drawback is the difficulty of putting things right if it jibs; at present very few repairers can tackle the job. But, in cases where I know it to

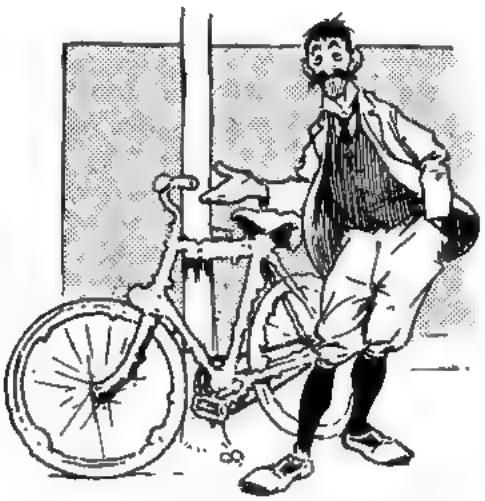
be used, the users are quite satisfied to run this risk, which, in their opinion, is more than counterbalanced by the absence of messy accumulators. So, I think, you could not be wrong in adopting magneto ignition. Take care that you have a first-class outfit.

H. C. L.—Your letter has been forwarded to me by Mr. Warner. Training cannot be commenced too soon if its early stages are confined to keeping yourself "fit." If you go at it too hard at first you run the risk of becoming "stale." You won't mind my saying that I consider your development scarcely sufficient to make cycle-racing a healthy pastime for you. In fact, I have a pretty strong feeling against racing of this kind for anyone under twenty or not unusually well developed. The posture tends to contract the chest, while the excessive exertion taxes the heart very severely. In foot-racing one can tell pretty well when one has had enough; the fatigue caused by cycling is more insidious. So my advice must be to refrain, at present, from racing against people older than yourself, and, if you train, to select any time rather than before breakfast, when your physical efficiency is at its lowest. A brisk walk after a cold tub will do you good, but not a lot of pedal-work. I am rather handicapped in my reply by not knowing the class of competitor you will have to face.

J. S.—A ten-day tour in Wales? Try this. Start at Hereford, and go to Abergavenny (24), Crickhowell (6), Brecon (13), Llandovery (25), Llandilo Fawr (13), Carmarthen (16), Haverfordwest (33), St. David's (16), Newport (23), Cardigan (10), Aberavon (22), Aberystwyth (15), Tregaron (17), Lampeter (11), Llanbythe (5), Llandilo (16), Llandovery (25), Builth (22), Brecon (15), Hay (15), Hereford (23)—a total of about 366 miles for your ten days' riding. From Brecon and some other towns named you can make interesting trips into the country round.

Rota.—Of course change speed-gears are catching on. Their advantages are such as to make this inevitable. The difficulty of accommodating oneself to the changes is merely that arising from want of practice. I can ride a Dursley Pedersen or Sturmey Archer *three*-speed gear with complete comfort; but then, after a change *down*, I don't try to keep the pace at what it was before. Put the matter to your friends thus:—supposing you were riding over hilly country, and that at the top of every hill a 110-geared cycle was waiting for you; a 50-geared cycle at the bottom of every steep ascent; and a 75-geared for the flat and gentle inclines; would you or would you not feel disposed to make the change now and then? With a change-gear the hopping from one machine to the other is practically accomplished by a slight movement of a small lever. If your cycle is in quite good condition, especially at the bearings—and you like it—£3 spent on a *three*-speed (better than two-speed) gear will be a reasonable outlay. With a three-speed the middle, or solid gear, should be about 70. If you have the Sturmey Archer you can step up to 89 and down to 56; while the Pedersen will give 105 and 46½ respectively. Both are excellent. *Experto crede.*

E. Pilkington.—Thanks for your letter. I am getting together definite information on the subject of re-plating and enamelling, as many readers put me the same question. Watch this Corner. Have as few plated surfaces as possible on your machine.

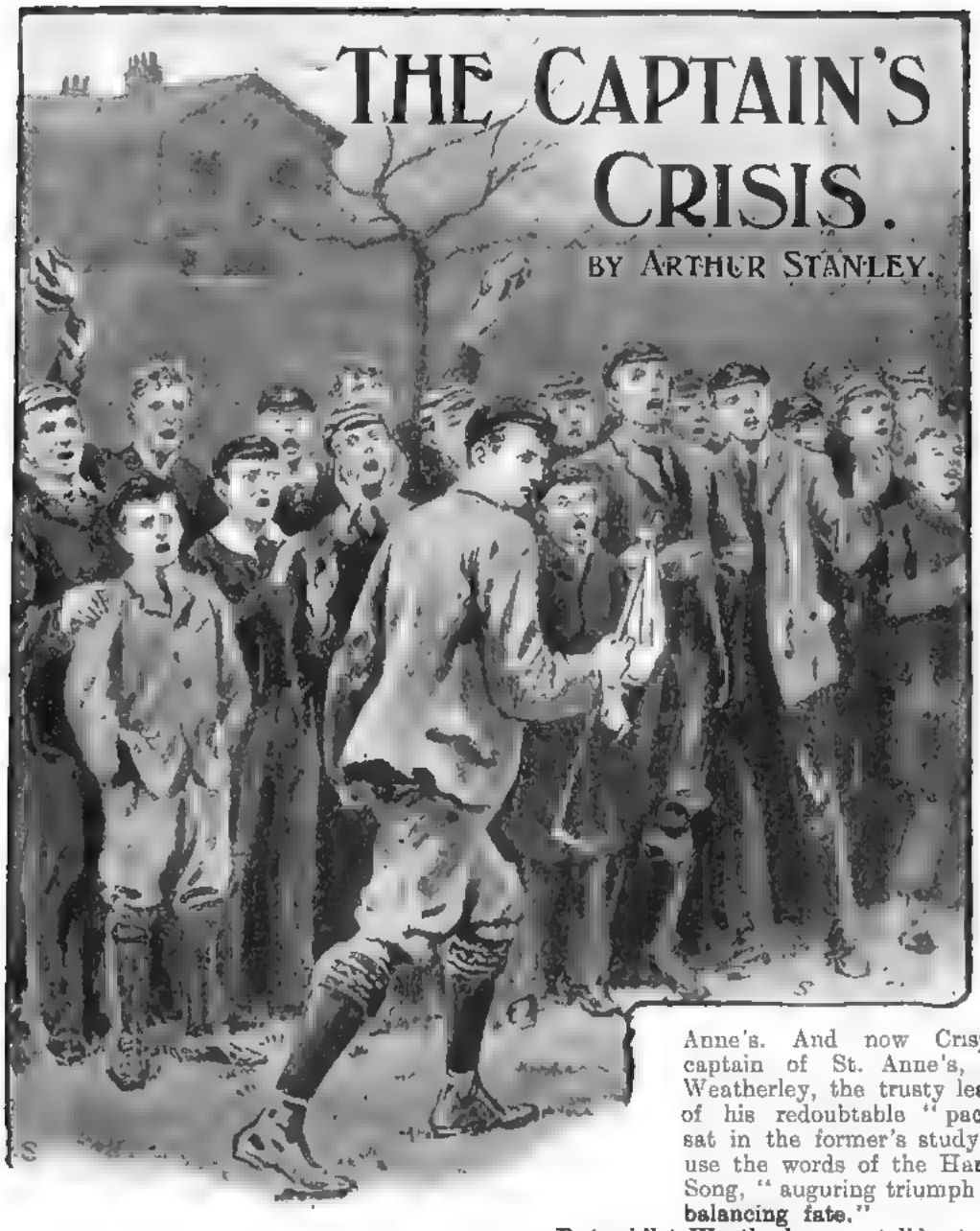


THE ART EDITOR: "I don't care what Archibald Williams says—I never clean *my* bike. What's the use? It only gets dirty again!"

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.

THE CAPTAIN'S CRISIS.

BY ARTHUR STANLEY.



I.

IT was about a week before the great match of the season with Redford Grammar School. Redford Grammar School had not been defeated by a school team for ten years, but it had "got into the papers," and into the mouths of every fellow at Redford, that their colours were to be lowered by their neighbours, St. Anne's. And now Crispin, captain of St. Anne's, and Weatherley, the trusty leader of his redoubtable "pack," sat in the former's study, to use the words of the Harrow Song, "auguring triumph and balancing fate."

But whilst Weatherley—a stolid, sturdy, self-confident, easy-going young Briton—was "auguring triumph," the captain looked careworn and anxious, and was more inclined to "balance fate," and find the balance rather in favour of a probable defeat.

"Weatherley!" he exclaimed, almost peevishly, "I'm a moral funk. I know I've got brute courage *ad lib.* when I'm playing, but if I was anything but a cur,

spiritually and morally, I shouldn't be fidgeting myself to death, and my team to madness, over this confounded Redford match. But I can't help it! I can't talk about anything else, and I can't think about anything else, simply because I don't care a trooper's oath about anything else."

"Nor do I!" exclaimed Weatherley. "Nor does any other chap in St. Anne's. But you're the only mortal on earth, Cris, who isn't dead certain that we're going to win! By Jove, old man, you're beginning to look rottenly bad over the affair. If you don't take care you'll worry yourself into such an unholy state of unfitness that you won't be able to turn out at all!"

"I'm blowed if I know what's coming over me!" sighed Crispin. "It's neurosis, or twentieth-century-hustleritis, or something. But I've felt this match coming on for years! I'm not joking! When I came here as a kid of twelve I soon made up my mind that there was nothing in the world like Rugger, and I said to myself, '*When I am captain of St. Anne's we will beat Redford!*'"

"You did? You dear little chap! And so we will. They know they're as good as beat already!"

"Ever since then every game I've ever played has been a sort of rehearsal for this match. And now it's getting so near, I'm simply mad with anxiety and excitement."

"When you were twelve years old," said Weatherley, after a pause, "you might have thought footer was the only thing in the world! You're old enough to know better now."

"I don't know so much. I'm afraid I've not tried to do anything in my life but play footer, so this Redford match is to me what Dick Helder's picture was to him. It stands for my life."

Weatherley gazed into the fire reflectively, and the two were silent for some minutes. Suddenly the captain cried out, "*What's this?*"

Startled at the terrified sound of his voice, Weatherley looked round. Crispin was holding out his hand. It was shaking violently.

"It's nerves, Cris! Sit quite still, and I'll go and fetch the matron, and see if she's got any spirits."

"Go and fetch fiddlesticks!" cried Crispin. "And I've got some spirits of my own left, thanks, old man! But I swear I've never felt so beastly as this before in my life! Do I look white?"

"A bit. You're going to have what they call a nervous breakdown, I expect. Novel experience, eh?"

"I'll be——"

"Steady there, Cris. Sit down. Now don't you move till I come back. If you're not careful you won't be able to turn out. Remember that. You've just got to eat humble pie, and acknowledge that you're not exactly fit for once in a way."

II.

Two days afterwards all St. Anne's could know of the captain was written on a slip of paper posted on the door of the sanatorium.

It was the demon appendicitis that had laid poor Crispin low. The fiend is no respecter of persons, as our Empire once knew to its sorrow. But the fact that the captain had utterly collapsed after the operation astounded everyone but his most intimate friends, who realised that perhaps he was not the Hercules his feats on the football field made him appear to be.

At any rate, two days before the date of the match to which he had so anxiously looked forward for six years, it was reported that his condition was "extremely serious."

During one of his intervals of consciousness he asked to see Weatherley, much to that worthy young Briton's perturbation. The thought that perhaps he was going to see his chum for the last time was, of course, horrible in the extreme. But the overwhelming, unbearable pain of the situation lay in the fact that *he wouldn't know for the life of him what to say!*

He found himself gazing at Crispin's wan face in self-conscious embarrassment, thinking he looked exactly like he did when he got winded against the Old Boys.

"Hallo, Cris!" he exclaimed, with an effort. "I'm awfully sorry you're so bad, really. Hope you'll soon be better!"

To the intense anxiety of his mother and his nurse, Crispin "made the conversation." He fully realised his chum's difficulty, and helped him out of it like the good fellow he was.

"I don't want to talk about myself, old man. I don't count for very much now. How are the chaps?"

"All as fit as fiddles, Cris."

"Well, look here! Tell them this may be the last they ever hear of me. They're to

play up against Redford like the very deuce —for my sake if for nothing else!"

"We shall fight like demons, Cris!"

"That's right. Of course you're playing Denby in my place?"

"Yes."

"Good—and look here. If I pegged out before Saturday they'd put the match off?"

"You're not going to peg out for fifty years, Cris," exclaimed Weatherley, surprised at his own eloquence.

"I must say what I mean, old chap. If I died before Saturday they'd put it off. So I'm going to hang on till the match is over, at any rate! You aren't getting into low spirits about me?"

"D'you suppose we can help it, old chap?"

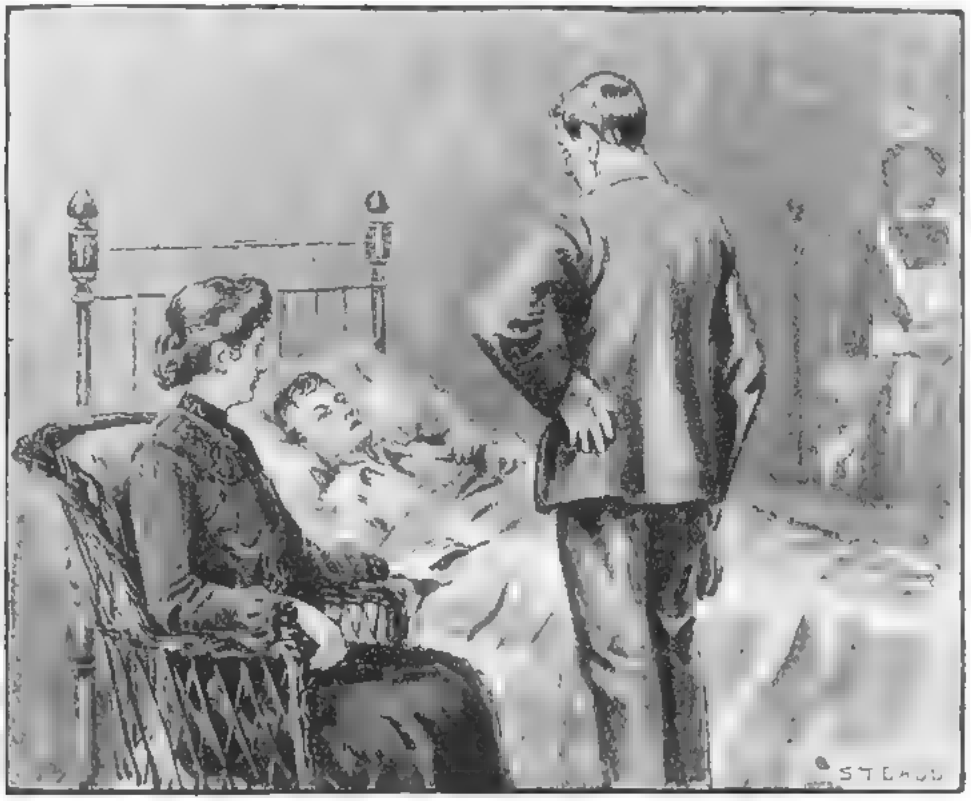
"Perhaps you can't. I'm glad you can't. Yes, I'm glad you like me a little bit. And tell all the fellows to howl like dying dervishes. Because I'm going to lie here and listen. And don't let the team get the hump about me, or they won't play their best. Tell them I'm ever so much better—I really do feel more like myself to-day—and *do* make the fellows yell, so that I can get some notion of how the game goes."

"I hope you'll be asleep, Cris," said Weatherley, anxiously.

"Why? You wouldn't deprive me of the consolation of hearing the yelling?"

"I would. Because I've been up here, as you know, with a smashed collar-bone. It's absolute torture to lie here helpless, and hear the row, and wish you were playing."

"I can't help it. I bet I shall be awake!"



"I'M GOING TO HANG ON TILL THE MATCH IS OVER."

III.

"Go for him, Weatherley. *Hallo!*"

The captain awoke with a start.

"I say, mater," he exclaimed, "is that shouting real?"

"Yes, dear. It's been going on for nearly an hour!"

"Then it must be near the end. Can you hear if it's 'Anne's' or 'Redders,' that's being yelled most?"

"I've heard nothing but 'Anne's,' as far as I could distinguish, dear."

"*A-A-A-A-nne's!*"

"That sounds good! I've heard it all in my dream for a good hour. I've been playing the match, and we were winning—leading by thirteen runs with two wickets in hand. And you were playing 'half' for Redford, and we had a pillow for the——"

The captain ceased speaking, and listened, his eyes sparkling. Burst after burst of weird, discordant sounds from all sorts and conditions of voices kept ringing out the word "*A-A-A-nne's,*" in a monotonous, drawn-out sing-song. No sooner had one set of voices died away than another set took up the cry. There was no mistaking the swelling triumph of that sound!

"I SAY, MATER, IS THAT SHOUTING REAL?"

The captain knew well how the Redfordians always did their best to "break up" the St. Anne's cry with their sharp volleying shouts of "*Redders—Redders—Redders.*" But it seemed as if they had given up hopes of diminishing the predominance of that mighty roar. They had been shouted into dispirited silence as decisively as their representatives—at least, so the captain firmly believed—had been outplayed.

"We're winning, mater—they couldn't yell like that if we weren't! Hurrah! Good old Anne's!"

* * * * *

The same evening Crispin was pronounced to be quite "out of danger." And in a few days he was able to see some of his chums again. The first he saw was, of course, the faithful Weatherley.

"Hullo, Cris," exclaimed the latter, as they shook hands, "awfully glad you're better."

"Now, look here, Weatherley, old chap," said Cris, "if you want to please me, just sit down and tell me all about the match!"

To Crispin's amazement Weatherley looked horribly shamefaced.

"Never had such a putrid time in my life!" he murmured.

"What?" asked the captain, in astonishment.

"No! We all had a jolly, awful, horrible, beastly bad time, I can tell you!"

"Why?"

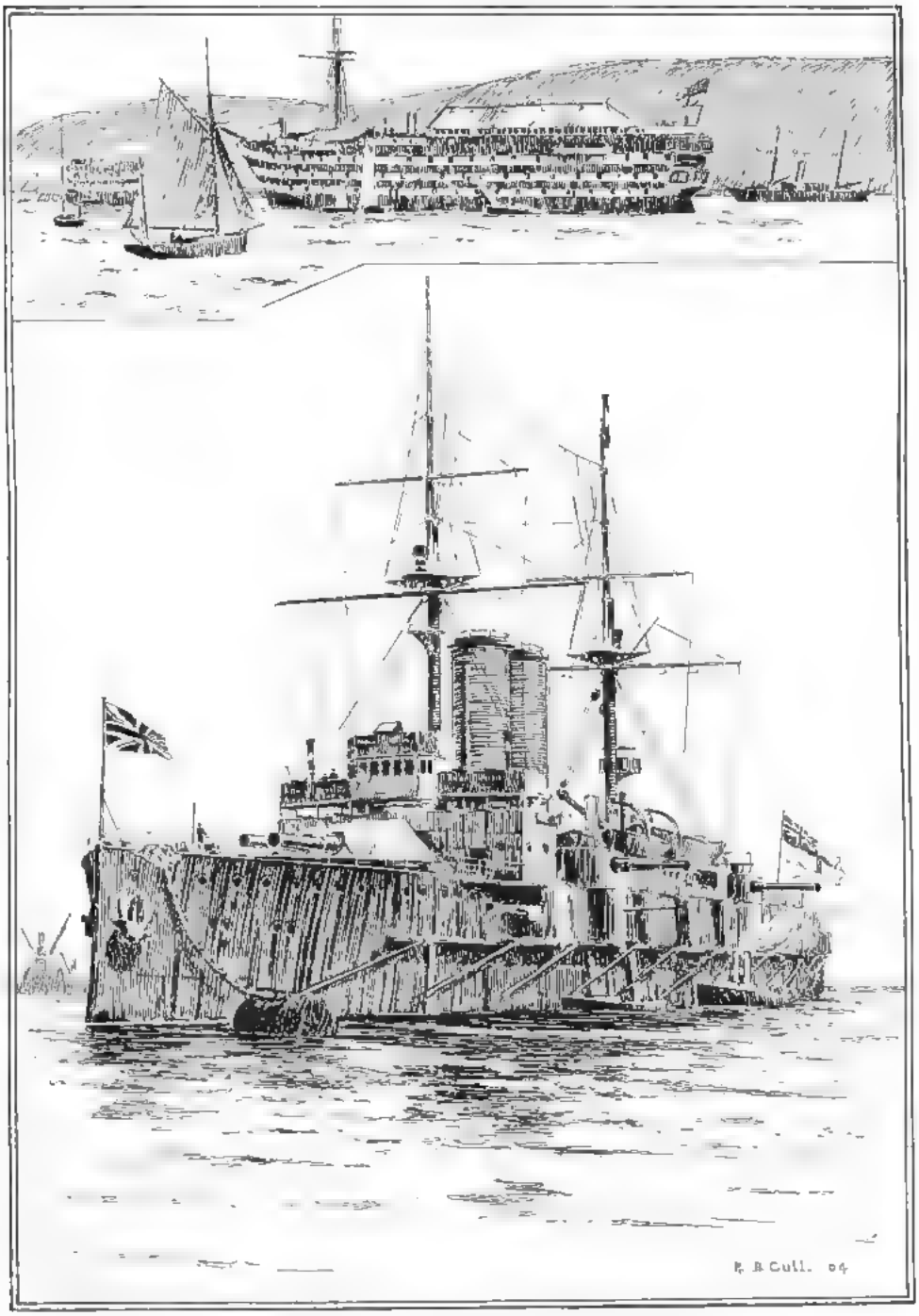
"To begin with, we all had the blue hump about you—and then your absence just nicely mucked up our combination—and incidentally we got chawed up. They won by twenty-four points to nil!"

"But the shouting!" exclaimed Cris. Then, as the truth dawned on him: "The shouting was faked for my benefit?"

"It was. All that cheering was an enormous lie told by five hundred liars in chorus."

Weatherley went and gazed out of the window sheepishly after making this confession.

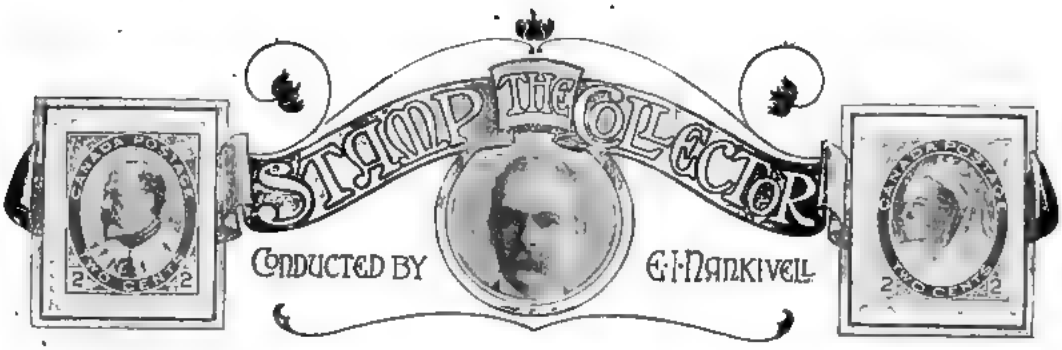
"By Jove, though!" he exclaimed, after a long silence, "you ought to have seen it! *How those Redford fellows did howl for Anne's!*"



THE OLD AND THE NEW *BRITANNIA*.

1. Old *Britannia*, now used as training-ship for Naval Cadets.
2. H.M.S. *Britannia*, the latest addition to the Royal Navy, as she will be when completed for sea. She belongs to the *King Edward VII.* class, and carries four 12in., four 9·2in., ten 6in., and several smaller guns. She and her sisters are the largest warships in the world.

Drawn for THE CAPTAIN by A. B. CULL.



KING EDWARD VII. STAMPS.

IN these days of rapidly increasing postal issues the young collector is apt to be bewildered by the task he sets himself with his printed album open before him. He finds that there are some three hundred countries actively engaged in turning out series after series of so-called postage stamps, and he knows only too well that many of those countries are, from a philatelic point of view, little better than stamp factories for the production of mere labels for wheedling his pence out of his pockets into their coffers. Despite the never ceasing warnings of all respectable stamp journals that he should not waste his money on such rubbish as Seebecked Central American States, North Borneo, and Labuan, we are continually being reminded that these very stamps sell like hot cakes to school-boys. It is very difficult to see how the inexperienced school-boy is to be protected from his own inexperience until every self-respecting public school openly recognises and provides for its stamp club, as well as its cricket club, and so creates an organisation for his protection.

Meanwhile, some hope lies in the direction of the ever-increasing necessity of making a choice of a few countries instead of going in, holus bolus, for the whole hog, to the tune of attempting to collect some three hundred countries on a total available surplus income of sixpence per week. The Old Fag assures me that, even barring the tuck shop, it sometimes does not amount to sixpence!

We hope we are doing something in THE CAPTAIN to help our boys to a judicious selection of countries. We supply them month by month with the philatelic history and record of good countries that are worth attention, and we leave them to read and study and make their own choice.

Now, in this choice, one of the simplest and easiest of lines of demarcation for the young collector may be drawn at the King Edward VII. postal issues. There is no delicate or difficult question of watermarks or perforations as a line of division. The King's head settles everything.

And already we are running into two well defined Colonial series of King's heads. There are the first issues with single CA. watermark for the ordinary size stamps, and the CC. for the larger size, high values. These are now being superseded by what is being termed the multiple CA. It will be remembered that the single CA. watermark falls separately on the centre of each stamp. The new watermark, multiple CA., is the same watermark but reduced in size, and crowded so closely together that portions of several CA.'s and crowns appear on each stamp. This change was made in order to do away with the inconvenience and bother of centring the watermark in printing. A sheet is now watermarked all over, margins and all, with a closely crowded jumble of watermarks, so that the sheets of stamps, for high as well as low values, may be printed rapidly in their tens of millions, without let or hindrance on account of the watermark.

Hence we have, with one or two exceptions, two series of King's heads, the first watermarked single CA., and the second multiple CA. In many, if not most cases, the first series, or single CA.'s are, in the opinion of most collectors and dealers, likely to be more or less scarce before many years are passed. Very few of this first series have had anything approaching a long life, and many have had a very short life. In some cases there has been only one supply sent out to the colony on single CA. paper, the following supply being on

the multiple paper. How scarce those stamps may be we none of us can say for some time to come. But we know that they are difficult to get anywhere, and are consequently fetching long prices at auction. The series of Lagos King's head single CA. is a case in point. A first supply of single CA.'s was sent out, and copies of the complete series from ½d. to 10s. were, for a few weeks, to be had at ordinary new issue rates at a fraction over face value. The wise secured their copies with their usual promptitude. The unready and procrastinating collector who never is going to be rushed into tumbling somersaults after an ordinary, common, current issue that will be obtainable at any time at his own sweet will, has, in the expressive language of the American, "got left," for the series which has been superseded, and which a few weeks ago might have been bought anywhere and everywhere for a little over its face value of 19s. 9d., has lately been fetching at auction no less than £6 17s. 6d., and dealers have been getting as much as £8 for a single set; a pretty clear indication of the scarcity of the series.

So that we are having not a few indications that, even in the case of such apparently permanent issues as that of the first King's heads might reasonably have been considered, the common stamps of to-day may, when we least expect it, ripen into rarity. The young collector may, therefore, if he be so minded, restrict his stamp collecting to King's heads, with the knowledge that in such a wide range of Colonial issues he will find as the years go by that they will leave him the happy possessor of many an interesting series and many a scarce stamp.

A collection of King's heads will not be such a simple matter as some suppose. There are not a few surprises to be met with. Some Colonies started their King's heads on the single CA. paper without completing that series. Virgin Islands made a start with the multiple CA. paper, issuing no King's heads on single CA. paper. Straits Settlements commenced with the small type of King's heads, then changed to the larger type of head used on the Transvaal stamps, and then changed from single to multiple CA. All these changes will want watching if they are to be secured while they are plentiful.

And looming up over all is the unquestionable unpopularity of the King's portrait. It is still tolerated, but it has not improved on acquaintance, and may any day be superseded by something more acceptable and reputable. Yet, it has survived the anathemas of the most influential, and may, like other condemned monstrosities, survive to an astonishing old age. No one can say, not even the authorities themselves. The more acceptable portrait may never turn up, or it may come as a boon, and a blessing, and a great surprise, some day, when we feel most certain of the settled permanence of the current type.

Decorative Collecting.

Messrs. Lawn and Barlow send us a series of titles, watermarks, and perforations, very neatly set up and printed on gummed paper, all ready to be cut up and stuck on to the album page.

These are intended for those collectors who arrange their stamps in plain albums or in the publishers' Cistafile.

Some boys write neatly enough to do their own decorative explanations, but I fear they are the few. Indeed, amongst even the leading specialists I have only known two or three who were equal to writing in the necessary details of watermark and perforation. To them, and to the younger collector, these beautiful little prints will be a welcome addition to what are termed "accessories."

Nothing adds so much to the beauty of a collection as neatly arranged pages, with neat

WATER MARKS.

headings and details, and it is the almost universal absence of these seeming trifles that marks the lack of taste and care in the arrangement of a page.

If you keep to the printed album you will

be safe, even if you are somewhat untidy, but every year even young collectors are compelled to limit their collecting. For them the plain page becomes a necessity, and then arises the question how to display the stamps neatly and effectively. With these little accessories it should be an easy task. Place the title of the country at the top of the Cistafile card or album page, the watermark on the left in the space that a stamp would occupy, and in a line with the top row of stamps, and the perforation in a similar space on the right.

Notable New Issues.

As usual our chronicle of new issues is almost exclusively made up of changes of watermark in our Colonial stamps from the old single CA. to the new watermark multiple CA. This change promises to leave a track of scarce stamps in its wake. Of many of the old single CA. watermark the supplies had only just begun on King's heads when the change of watermark was introduced. The most notable instance is that of the Lagos series. We had scarcely had time to chronicle the receipt of the King's heads watermarked single CA. when a rumour got about that a supply had followed on the new paper. There was a wild rush in all directions to secure sets of the single CA. series, but the supply was not equal to the demand, and soon the market was cleared right out of the much wanted stamps, and now they are fetching the most extraordinary prices. In a previous paragraph we have given some idea of these prices.

According to rumour there is a hitch somewhere in the issue of the Danish stamps with the portrait of King Christian IX. *Ewen's Weekly* says the 10 öre and 20 öre, the only values issued of this King's head type, have already been withdrawn, but no explanation is forthcoming as to the reason for what appears to be the abandonment of the series.

Ceylon.—Two more values have been received with the multiple watermark, the 25c. and the 1r. 50c. As before, the designs remain unchanged. The list now stands:—

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

2 cents, orange brown.
3 cents, green.
4 cents, orange; value carmine.
5 cents, purple.
6 cents, carmine.
12 cents, sage green; value rosine.
15 cents, ultramarine.
25 cents, light brown.
1r. 50c., grey.

Cyprus.—The series for this Colony is nearly complete on the multiple paper, for there now remain to be issued only the 4 piastres and the 12 piastres.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

½ piastre, green, name and value carmine.
30 paras, mauve, name and value green.
1 piastre, carmine, name and value ultramarine.
2 piastres, ultramarine, name and value marone.
4 piastres, sage green, name and value mauve.
6 piastres, slate, name and value green
9 piastres, brown, name and value carmine.
18 piastres, black, name and value brown.
45 piastres, purple, name and value ultramarine.

Gibraltar.—Two more values have been received with the multiple watermark, making four in all of the new series with the King's heads.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

½d. green.
1d. purple on red paper.
2½. green and carmine.
2s. green and blue.

India.—A new provisional, similar to the ¼ anna provisional of 1898, has been received. Owing to an unexpected large demand for this low value the stock ran short, and 100,000 sheets, or 24 millions of the King's head current type ½ anna stamps, were surcharged in very large figures with the fraction "¼."

Provisional.
Surcharged on current King's head.
Wmk. Star. Perf. 14.

"¼" on ½ anna, green.

East Africa and Uganda.—All the low values expressed in annas are now complete in the multiple watermark, but none of the rupee values have yet been received on the new paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

½ anna, green.
1 anna, carmine, centre grey.
2 annas, mauve, centre magenta.
2½ annas, ultramarine.
3 annas, green, centre chocolate.
4 annas, black, centre dark green.
5 annas, orange brown, centre grey.
8 annas, pale blue, centre grey.

Kishengarh.—Three rupee values have been added to the anna values chronicled by us in last month's CAPTAIN, making altogether a series of eight stamps of very attractive appearance.

No wmk. Perf. 13.

¼ anna, carmine.
½ anna, red brown.
1 anna, blue.
2 annas, orange.

4 annas, sepia.
1 rupee, dark olive-green.
2 rupees, greenish-yellow.
5 rupees, deep purple brown.

Lagos.—The 2d. and 5s. values have been received with the multiple watermark. The list now stands as follows :—

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

½d. green.
1d. purple on red paper.
2d. purple and blue.
6d. purple and mauve.
1s. green and black.
2s. 6d. green and carmine.
5s. green and blue.
10s. green and brown.

New Zealand.—We have recently received the 5d. of the current Waterlow, long rectangular design, printed in sepia instead of red-brown. It is a curious contrast to the long current red-brown, and must, we imagine, be a freak of colour rather than an intentional permanent change.

Waterlow design.
Wmk. single lined N.Z. and star.
Perf. 11.

5d. sepia.

St. Lucia.—Several values of the current King's head type have been issued on the multiple CA. paper. As some of these values were not included in the King's head single CA. watermark, we append a complete list for the guidance of our readers, otherwise they may be looking for single CA.'s that were never issued.

King's heads.
Wmk. Single CA. Perf. 14.

½d. purple and green.
1d. purple and carmine.
2½d. purple and ultramarine.
3d. purple and yellow
1s. green and black.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

½d. purple and green.
1d. purple and carmine.
2½d. purple and ultramarine.
3d. purple and yellow.
6d purple and violet.
1s. green and black.
5s. green and carmine.

Southern Nigeria.—The stamps of this West African colony are coming out slowly on the multiple paper. So far, we have received only four values, as follows :—

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

2d. orange brown and black.
6d. grey black and mauve.
1s. black and green.
£1 violet and green.

ON THE COMMONEST PET—A RABBIT.

"THE OLD FAG" and many other writers have warned keepers of pets to learn their plaything's manner of living, so that unnecessary suffering and unintentional cruelty may be avoided, and I hope and believe that many "lads and lassies" have benefitted their pets by following this wise advice. But there seems to be one important consideration which is often forgotten, particularly where rabbits are concerned, and that is, that though two animals may both be rabbits, they may require very different treatment. For example, a black or blue and tan bunny will thrive anywhere south of the Forth with an ordinary sheltered hutch, plenty of hay, and suitable food; but if a Silver Grey or Angora is taken much north of Yorkshire, it requires warm food once a day, and a warm hutch at night. I am speaking of winter treatment, of course.

If bunnies are kept properly clean, they should not have that smell which is known as "rabbit"; personally, I can always lift my pets fearlessly to my nose.

Apropos of lifting rabbits, many well-meaning old ladies still exclaim against the "cruelty" of lifting them by the ears; it is not cruelty, but kindness, as anyone can tell by the sounds which a rabbit makes when lifted in any other way.

There are three important things to remember in lifting rabbits; first, do not do it too often, especially in the case of young ones, as it is not good for their soft, unformed bodies to be much squashed; secondly, life quickly, but without jerking; thirdly, always life with a hand below the tail, and let the animal's weight rest on that hand. If this is done gently, there is no pain, bunny's ears remain their natural length, and he soon becomes indifferent to his journey through the air!

A TAN BUNNY.

No. 2.—THE MEDITERRANEAN DESPATCH.

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.

I.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEOFFREY HOBART, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, looked over the table frowningly at the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office.

"But we must get it to Port Said by hand somehow. We cannot wire plans. To send a ship would take twice as long, besides arousing suspicion. The despatch must go overland to-night."

His *vis-à-vis*, small, slight and worried-looking, tapped the table nervously with his fingers. "My dear Sir Geoffrey," he said, peevishly, "I am afraid it is quite impossible for us to help you. With Bryant disabled there is not another King's messenger who would stand the slightest chance of getting through unmolested. They are all too perfectly well known."

The frown on Sir Geoffrey's heavy, clean-shaven face deepened. He was about to speak when the third person present, Captain Carton, Head of the Intelligence Division, interposed.

"As the Foreign Office cannot help us, it seems, the only thing to do is to help ourselves. I suggest, Sir, that we send a naval officer."

"Our men would be as well known as theirs," growled Admiral Hobart.

"Not a very junior officer, Sir Geoffrey."

"What junior officer would be fit for the job?"

"I have in mind a young nephew of mine who, I think, would be capable of the task. He has spent a lot of time with my brother the colonel when military attaché at Paris. He's a really good linguist, and for a youngster knows the Continent well."

"Eh?" said the Admiral, cocking his head. "Where is he? Can he be got at to-night?"

"As it happens," said Captain Carton, "he is here now, going through his pilotage examination."

"Bring him along."

So the Foreign Under-Secretary withdrew, to be replaced by Sub-Lieutenant Francis Carton, fresh from his struggle with cute exam. papers and cuter examiners, the least little bit flurried and very much puzzled.

Admiral Hobart looked him up and down closely, asked a few questions about his past record, then plunged into the special object of the interview.

"Look here, Mr. Carton, you know matters between us and our friends across the Channel are somewhat strained. Very well. It is essential that a despatch containing new and most important plans of their coast defences should be conveyed at once to the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, at Port Said. We are aware that every attempt will be made by their secret agents to prevent this being done. The job will require nerve and resource. Will you undertake it?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Good." The Admiral took a long, plain envelope from a drawer at his side. "There is the despatch. We rely upon you to get it through. You will catch the nine o'clock boat train from Charing Cross to-night. A through berth to Brindisi has already been taken for our messenger. What name, Carton?"

"'Wilmot,' sir; 'Henry Wilmot.'"

"Ah, yes, 'Wilmot.' Don't forget. Put the despatch in your pocket, get a draft for £50 on your way out, and behave exactly as if you were a plain, ordinary traveller—only keep your weather eye open. Good-bye, and I wish you good luck." He held out his hand.

Captain Carton accompanied his nephew out of the room. "Here are your tickets, Frank," he said. "I'll explain matters to the pater. Good-bye. Keep all your wits about you. I'd dine you if I could, but I'm too busy."

Ten minutes later Francis Carton walked out of the Admiralty, with hands in pockets and thoughtful face, turning over in his mind what he had just heard, and the flying journey that lay before him.

Just through the Park gates a clean-shaven, ruddy-faced, typical Naval officer accosted him.

"Hullo, Archie!"

"Sorry," said Carton, eyeing him carefully, "but you have the advantage."

"I beg pardon," said the other. "Took you for Lieutenant Archie Eastern of the *Drake*. I'm Commander Ferguson, of the Gunnery School."

"Oh," said Carton, thawing. He had heard of Ferguson, who was a great gunnery crack. "No, my name's Carton—Sub-Lieutenant Carton, up for pilotage."

"Hope you'll get a 'first,'" said the other man with a smile. "Must be getting on. Good-bye."

"Lucky dog," thought Carton, as the Commander walked away. "Sure to get his Post-Captain next batch." And strolling across Trafalgar Square he turned into the Grand Hotel buffet, and went down to the grill-room for some dinner. It was early, but so had been his lunch.

He had just finished, and was leaning back in the little alcove, thinking of going, when some words spoken in low tones in the next recess forced themselves on his attention.

"Surely," he thought, "I have heard that voice before. They are speaking French," he reflected, as he wondered vaguely whose the familiar voice could be. Suddenly the mention of his own name, "Carton," caused him to start, and at the same instant he realised who was speaking. It was the man who had introduced himself a short hour before as "Commander Ferguson," from Whale Island.

"—only a *Sous-lieutenant* Pilotage," came in French.

"*Fort bien*. Watch if he leaves Charing Cross to-night. How did you discover his business?"

The other man laughed softly. "Through my very useful resemblance to their Commander Ferguson again," he said.

"Be careful. Who else is with you?"

"Pochon. Lafalle and Mouron are shadowing the Foreign Office."

The talking ceased, and with burning ears Carton sat back in his seat. How easily, he thought, had he been taken in by the sham Ferguson! Whew! the Admiral was right. This was going to be a very deep business.

Clearly he could not travel by the nine o'clock boat train. At the same time, he must be at Dover by eleven o'clock, the time the boat sailed. An earlier train? He looked at his watch and groaned. It was a quarter-past seven, and he knew that the train before the boat express left at 7.10.

A shuffling of feet in the next alcove signified the departure of the two foreign agents. With his brain working at top speed Carton sat for some minutes longer deep in thought. Three and three-quarter hours in which to get to Dover Pier, and no other train except the one that was barred!

Suddenly there flashed across his mind the only possible plan of action. Having paid his bills, he secured his bag from the cloak-room, and bounded up the steps to the busy Strand. There was a crawling cab! Carton made a dash for it, and, as he swung his bag and himself inside, called out:—

"15, Ebury-street! Sharp as you can!"

The cabby lashed his horse, and away the cab raced towards Trafalgar Square. They flew down Pall Mall, by St. James's Park, through by Buckingham Palace. Within nine minutes Carton was looking out eagerly at the beginning of Ebury-street. What was that sound? Oh, joy of joys, could he believe his eyes! A big, long-bodied motor-car stood throbbing outside number 15.

Carton was out before the hansom pulled up. He slapped half-a-crown into the cabman's hand and ran across to the leather-coated chauffeur.

"Is Colonel Carton—oh——?"

A tall, soldierly-looking man was coming down the steps of the house.

"Why, Frank——"

The Sub. interrupted him. "Uncle, I've got to be at Dover Pier at eleven. Can't go by train—tell you why presently. You must let me have your car. Urgent Service business."

"Must, eh? Jump in, lad. Dover, did you say? Westminster Bridge, Vanner. How are you off for petrol?"

"Full up, sir."

"Now?" said the Colonel, turning to his nephew, as the big Darracq glided off.

As briefly as possible Carton gave his uncle the pith of the business. When he had finished the Colonel nodded and leant over to the chauffeur. They were running up Birdcage Walk.

"We are going a little further than I anticipated, Vanner. I want you to get to Dover by a quarter to eleven. D'ye know the road?"

"Yes, sir, but—'speed limit,' sir?"

"Hang the speed limit."

THEY SPED RAPIDLY TOWARDS THE OUTER FRINGE OF THE GREAT CITY.

"Very good, sir; do it easy." Vanner moved a lever, and the big car leapt forward on her third speed.

"Long journey for a dress suit, Frank," smiled the Colonel, buttoning up his overcoat.

"But, sir, surely you're not coming?"

"Certainly, I am. I'm interested."

"It's awfully good of you, Uncle——"

"Good be hanged! Have you got a coat? No? Better take this at Dover. Meantime, if you're chilly there are some spare rugs about."

Carton thanked him and smiled satisfaction. What a fine chap Uncle Jim was—always had been!

They shot over the bridge, down Westminster Bridge-road, in and out among the traffic. Carton looked at the impassive Colonel once or twice.

"Like it, eh?" asked the latter.

"Getting used to it, sir. Bit exciting."

"Sooner be here than in a destroyer, boy?"

Carton grinned, and they relapsed into silence.

The long, flaring, cobble-paved streets gave place to dingy, more open thoroughfares as they sped rapidly towards the outer fringe of the great city. As they ran out towards Bromley, Vanner let in his highest gear, and with a low, even hum the car swung forward at her top speed. Carton wrapped a rug round himself and sat back snugly in the cushioned seat. The rush of cool air, the dim outlines of houses, trees and vehicles shooting by with bewildering rapidity, the easy sway of the powerful car—induced a sleepy feeling, a kind of contented drowsiness.

Now they were out in the open country, darkness all round except for the bright, triple circle of light thrown by the car's big head lamps. At intervals lights here and there, and a cluster of houses each side of the road, flashed by. "Villages," thought Carton, yawning. He felt drowsier than ever.

Presently he felt a touch on his arm. "Been asleep?" said his uncle's voice, as he started up. He looked around, rubbing his eyes.

They were passing through the silent high street of a good-sized town. Somewhere a clock struck the quarter hour.

"Ashford," said the Colonel, looking at his watch. "Twenty-eight miles to go, and an hour and a half to do it in. Plenty of time, Vanner," he called to the chauffeur, the latter signalling an acknowledgment with his hand.

They sped through Hythe and Sandgate, and then came Folkestone. "Not far now," thought Carton. Fifteen minutes later they dropped down the long slope from the "Valiant Sailor" towards Dover.

"Pull up at the Lord Warden, Vanner." The man nodded and slowed the car down. In a few minutes they glided to a standstill opposite the entrance to the big hotel overlooking the Admiralty Pier. Carton glanced at his watch. It was twenty minutes to eleven.

"Jolly good run, Uncle."

"Very nice run. Ten o'clock to-morrow morning, Vanner. Come along, Frank."

The car moved off, and uncle and nephew went into the hotel. Hastily swallowing a cup of hot coffee, Carton appropriated his uncle's overcoat, shook hands, and was on board the *Dover Queen* before the boat train came in. He watched the passengers come on board, and then made for a quiet corner of the boat. "What a bit of luck," he thought, as he lit his pipe for a quiet smoke, "finding Uncle Jim like that."

Everything now went smoothly enough. They made a good passage across. Carton transferred to the Peninsular express at Calais, and found to his satisfaction that the opposite side of his two-berthed sleeping compartment was not taken. He turned in at once, tucking the precious envelope into the breast of his pyjamas, and in two minutes was sound asleep.

It was nearly five o'clock when he awoke with a start to find a bright light flashing over his face. Surprised and somewhat alarmed, he sprang up, vaguely aware that the train was at a standstill. The light flashed sharply around the berth, over his bag and clothes, and was gone. He heard the sound of voices, the door closed, and all was still and dark.

Wondering what was up, Carton turned on the light. It was a quarter to five. He tucked the despatch under his pillow and made for the door. Just outside his compartment was a train attendant.

"What's the matter?" inquired Carton. "Where are we?"

"Nous sommes arrivès à Pierrefitte. C'est une visite de police, monsieur."

The reason, demanded the Sub-Lieutenant. The attendant was not sure. It was an escaping forger, he thought.

The train started directly after. Sitting on his berth, Carton pondered over the incident for some minutes. Then, philosophically, he turned in again. "The despatch is intact, that's the great thing," he thought, as he fell asleep once more.

II.

The police inspection was the chief topic of conversation at breakfast next morning. Carton kept his own counsel and said little. He was plain Henry Wilmot, travelling to the East on banking business

He got out at Dijon for some magazines to while away the time. On returning he was disagreeably surprised to find the opposite berth in the occupation of a stranger, young, dark, clean-shaven, in fact very much like himself in appearance. In voluble French the new comer explained that he had arranged with the Chief of the train to travel through to Brindisi. Did monsieur object?

Monsieur did object, and knew, moreover, that he would be within his rights if he had voiced his objection, but in the circumstances thought it would be unwise to make a fuss. So, pulling a pleasant face, Carton made some suitable remark and buried himself in his papers.

The day passed without incident. Carton found nothing to take exception to in his fellow passenger, whose name he learned was Clancy, beyond a decided inclination to talk, which the Sub. took some pains to meet. He did not want to give anybody the slightest cause for suspicion. By the afternoon they were in Italian territory, and he felt more secure. But, out of sight of M. Clancy, he was careful to take the despatch with him on turning in, as before.

That night, however, he felt restless and lay awake for some time after he was in his berth. When sleep did come it seemed to him that he had only just closed his eyes before he was disturbed by a slight rustling on the floor of the compartment. Instantly awake, he looked over to find his berth companion going through the contents of his kit bag by the light of a pocket electric lamp.

He sprang out of bed, and as he did so something white tumbled out upon the floor. Too late he remembered the despatch, but the man on the floor had seen it. Out shot the prowler's hand, eager to seize the object of his quest.

But he did not know his man. Mad with rage at himself and the spy, Carton let drive

with all his strength at the latter's jaw. The blow went home, heavy and true, and the man spun over to fall in a limp heap on the floor.

Carton's first act was to secure the despatch. Then, wondering whether the spy was dead or alive, and what he should do in either case, he turned on the carriage light.

The man lay with dropped jaw, breathing heavily. "I believe I've broken it," thought Carton, regarding the damaged feature. "This is a pretty choice fix."

A minute's thought left the fix as big as ever Then, thinking he might as well see who and what the man was, Carton took up the latter's coat.

The first thing he found was a species of letter case, and within it a document, signed by the French Chief of Police, giving M. François Clancy, of the Secret Service, a kind of unlimited warrant to search and arrest anything and anybody.

"Free hand with a vengeance," thought Carton, looking at his unconscious antagonist. "Now, if I had this instead of him — -" The outline of an idea shot into his mind, and he made a dive for his watch.

"Half-past twelve, Central European time. In a few minutes we shall be at Piaçenza. By Jove, it's wild enough, but it's a chance, and for the life of me I don't see any other."

Carton seized the Frenchman's clothes, peg-top trousers, Parisian-cut coat. "If only he keeps like that long enough I'll do him," he thought, as he scrambled into the other fellow's togs. It was a record dress, but in less than three minutes he stood, a complete Frenchman, even down to the large, loosely-tied satin bow which hid his limp shirt front.

"You'll do," he said to himself, as, jamming the spy's flat-brimmed topper on his head, he looked in the glass

The grinding of the brakes told him that the train was pulling up. "No time to lose," he thought, as he seized a wrap and bound up the spy's jaw, taking the bandage over and across his face so that in any case it would be impossible for the man to speak. As he did so the latter moved and tried to sit up. "Just what I want, my friend," said Carton, hauling him up on to his feet. "Now, then." He opened the door, steered the limp, unsteady form of the spy through it and, as the train came to a standstill, half pushed, half carried his dazed captive along the corridor and thence on to the platform.

Dumping the spy down on a seat, Carton called loudly for assistance. His shouts immediately brought two or three train attendants and station hands around. Thereupon Carton pulled out his warrant, and, with much excited gesticulation, explained that his prisoner was a celebrated forger, whom he had arrested. Two porters immediately grabbed the unhappy Clancy and held him down helpless on the seat. "But his clothes, monsieur!" called someone.

"Ah, yes, his clothes." Carton dived into the train and reappeared with his own garments. As he did so he heard the signal given for the train to start.

Hurrying over to the little group round the spy he pitched the clothes down, and dashed back across the platform just in time to swing himself on to the step as the train steamed out of the station.

The Chief of the train was surprised at this proceeding, naturally, and showed it. A detective does not usually arrest a criminal to leave him stranded on a deserted railway platform five minutes afterwards. Carton noticed the look of wonderment on the man's face, and beckoned to him to come along to his compartment. There he carefully closed the door.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked impressively, imitating the detective's voice and manner as well as he could.

The train attendant had heard—that is, he thought he had heard -he was not sure

"I am Clancy, the detective." Carton produced the warrant of the Chief of Police. The attendant bowed profoundly, much impressed.

"That man was the great forger——"

"Larrafitte!"

"Yes, Larrafitte, calling himself the Englishman, Mr. Henry Wilmot."

The Chief of the train bowed again, more impressed.

But M. Clancy's work was not done. There were confederates on the train. Did any passenger see the incident at Piaçenza?"

The attendant looked alarmed But, no, he thought not, they were all asleep

Very good. M. Clancy relied upon the Chief of the train that all connected with the train preserved secrecy, both as to his identity and the arrest of Wilmot, until they reached Brindisi. He was to give out that M. Clancy had left the train at Piaçenza, and that M. Wilmot was unwell and keeping his berth. Meanwhile he, M. Clancy, would keep in his compartment until Brindisi was reached. All would be decided at Brindisi. Did he clearly understand?

The Chief of the train enthusiastically did. Moreover, to prevent any accident he would

CARTON LET DRIVE WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

arrange that no one but himself visited the compartment. He would bring M. Clancy his meals with his own hands. And, obviously swelling with importance at the confidence reposed in him, the chief of the train withdrew.

When he had gone Carton sat back on his berth and laughed long and deep. "Ye gods," he chuckled, "what a bluff, what a glorious bluff!"

Bologna and Ancona were passed before breakfast. In ten hours' time they would reach Brindisi. "Unless Clancy manages somehow to get a telegram through, or something else happens, I ought to be all right now," thought Carton, cheerfully.

When the chief of the train brought in his breakfast Carton was careful to ask a few questions. He was quite sure none of the P. and O. passengers had left the train? If anything happened of a suspicious character Carton was to be informed at once.

But the hours sped by without incident. Pescara, Barletta, Polignano were left behind, and about half-past five in the afternoon the long run down the east coast of Italy drew to a close. "Now for the final dash;" thought Carton, as the train slowed into Brindisi station. "Once on board the P. and O., I am safe."

III.

He slipped off the train and mingled with the crowd of passengers surging toward the exits of the station. He had worked his way up to the barriers when he noticed a short, dark man standing by them, attentively scanning the faces of the departing passengers.

As Carton came under the full glare of a lamp he met the direct gaze of this individual. Suddenly he saw the man start, hesitate, and then point his arm straight at him. At the same instant two *sbirri* moved forward towards him.

Instinctively Carton felt that he was their objective. He pressed forward, but the three men closed towards him. It was time for prompt action. Quick as thought he hurled the spy's handbag at the biggest policeman, and rushed straight at the little man. Seizing him round the waist Carton hurled him bodily at

the other *sbirro*, and as the two rolled over one another on the ground he sprang over them into the entrance hall, and dashed out of the station.

It all happened so quickly that for the moment the people around were too astonished to cry out. But as Carton turned into the Strada Amena he heard a shout of "*al ladro! ferma il ladro!*" The alarm was given.

Little recked the Sub. of their shouts. Jubilant at the success of his manœuvre he flung himself forward at top speed. The sun had set, but as he knew the road the darkness was in his favour. The Strada Amena is a comparatively new road and leads direct to the quay, about half a mile from the station. Carton knew that the P. and O. boats lay right up by the quay. "I'll get there first or bust," he thought, grimly.

He had covered about a third of the distance when he came up with an empty *vettura*. An idea struck him. "Hi, *cocchiere!*" he cried, holding up half a sovereign, "this if you get me to the quay in two minutes." "Si, signore," replied the driver, eyeing the glittering gold coin. He whipped round his hack, Carton jumped into the cab, and off went the crazy vehicle, lurching and swaying in an alarming fashion.

"Good quiff, that," muttered Carton, looking out behind. "The beggars are sure to take a cab or something. Ah, there it is." A light detached itself from among the medley around the station and moved up the straight road behind.

"The P. and O. boat!" yelled Carton. "Drive as near as possible."

"Si, signore," called back the *cocchiere*. It was nothing to him so long as he got his twelve francs.

The pursuing carriage was still far behind when Carton's cab pulled up by the quay. He flung the man his money and looked round. Fifty yards away lay a big, two-funnelled vessel. It was too dark to see clearly, but her funnels seemed to be black without device, and at any rate there was no other boat of her size near. Carton did not hesitate, but ran down and along the quay. The ship's gangways were down, which fact gave him a slight feeling of uneasiness, as he knew the P. and O. boat did not start until midnight. "However, I must risk it," he thought, and sprinted across the gangway, to run full tilt against a seaman in the semi-darkness of the main deck.

"Is the Captain on board?"

"Not yet, sir."

"The First Officer, then?"

"I think Mr. Turner is in his cabin, sir."

"Take me to him at once, will you?"

Carton slipped something into the man's hand. "I've got an urgent message to give him."

The man was hesitating, but the palm-greasing settled it. A few seconds later Carton found himself outside the First Mate's cabin.

Here his conductor paused, but without more ado Carton pushed past him into the cabin.

The tall, fair-moustached ship's officer sprang up from his writing, surprised at this unexpected disturbance. His surprise was not lessened by Carton's next action.

"You are Mr. Turner, First Officer of the P. and O. steamer?"

The fair man nodded, whereupon Carton pulled out his precious envelope.

"You see this. It's addressed to Admiral Lord Leiston, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet. Take it, will you, and give it to the Admiral at Port Said."

The First Mate slowly took the document forced into his unwilling hand. "But I don't understand ——"

"Never mind, take it." Carton's ears were on the strain all the time for any suspicious sounds on the quay outside. "I'll explain directly. Put it in your pocket. I want to see it safe."

Overcome by the Sub.'s forceful manner the First Mate slipped the envelope inside his coat. As he did so Carton breathed a sigh of relief.

"I don't care a rivet what happens to me now," said he, "so long as you see that that goes into Admiral Leiston's hands."

"Perhaps you will have the goodness——"

"All right," said Carton, cheerfully, throwing himself into a chair. "I'm Sub-Lieutenant Carton, of the Royal Navy, and I've just brought that despatch from London. It contains most important secret plans. You know we're on the verge of war with France. I've had a dickens of a time with their agents getting across. They are after me now and will have me directly if you don't hide me."

The First Mate stared at him. "But," he began, "how do I know you're speaking true——"

"You don't. You've only my word for it. Those swine outside will say I'm a forger, or a murderer, or some other cheerful animal."

"This letter," said the First Mate, tapping his chest, "is addressed to the Admiral, and I shall give it to Captain Kyrle when he comes on board. But I can't ——"

"All right," said Carton, "don't. I don't care. I've had a good run, and an Italian gaol ——" he shrugged his shoulders. "What's your ship called?"

"The *Thessalonia*."

THE TWO ROLLED OVER ONE ANOTHER ON THE GROUND.

"By Jove!" The Sub. started forward. "Is your Chief Engineer called MacQueen?"

"Yes——"

"Then there's a chance for me yet. I know him well. We were in the *Bulwark* together."

But Chief Officer Turner was also on his feet. "Come along," he said abruptly, and together they rushed out. As they made their way down to the engine-room Carton saw lights moving on the quay. "There they are," he said. "We haven't much time."

But in a brace of shakes they were in the smelly regions down below. Luckily the Chief was there, standing by the pressure gauges.

"Mac," cried the First Mate, "do you know this man?"

"Eh," drawled the Chief, "do I ken you?" He looked at the Sub. for a second, and then the light of recollection broke over his rugged features. "Hoots, if it isna Car-r-rton o' the *Bulwar-rk*."

The First Mate slapped his knee in his excitement. "We've got to hide him," he roared. "The police are after him. Where shall we put him?"

The Chief was a man of action and few words. "Aff wi' them clap-traps," he said, pointing at Carton's Parisian clothes. "Ye'll mak' a braw fireman."

"Mac, you're a genius," cried the First Mate, as the Sub. rapidly stripped and slipped on the "fearnought" trousers which the Chief Engineer brought him. Down they hurried him to the stokehold, where MacQueen promptly smeared his face and body with ashes.

"Mon, ye'r a picture," said the Chief Engineer, admiringly, as Carton, shovel in hand, took his place among the grinning "dustmen." "Ye'r nin mither wouldna ken ye, much less a pack o' horrin'-gutted dagoes."

But the Italian police did not get a chance of even seeing Carton, for it did not occur to

them to search the stokehold. The First Officer politely gave them every facility for rummaging the ship, and was greatly amused by the astonishment and dismay which they evinced at the end of their fruitless quest.

It was judged advisable for Carton to stay below until the ship left Brindisi. Consequently it was not until the *Thessalonia* was well under way that he was able to restore himself to his usual appearance.

IV.

All looked smooth sailing now. In three days' time they should reach Port Said. His sleep that night was calm and untroubled, and he did not hurry up in the morning.

He loafed about next day, enjoying the feeling of security after the harassing doings of the last twenty-four hours. The despatch was in his possession again, for Captain Kyrle had handed it back to him that morning. "Only a couple of days now," he thought, peacefully, as he lazed in a chair on the promenade deck after lunch, "and I shall get rid of the thing. Wonder what the Admiral will say."

He was roused out of his complacency by a message to the effect that the Captain wanted to see him on the bridge.

As Carton neared the bridge he saw above, not only Captain Kyrle, but the First and Second Officers, all looking out aft. Their unusual attitude for some reason made him feel uneasy. He ran up the ladder, looking aft as he did so. In the distance was a small, dark object, just a speck on the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Captain Kyrle silently handed Carton his glass and immediately the dark speck sprang into a sombre, grey ship, a mass of turret, charthouse, and bridge, half hiding a bunch of funnels forward, and aft another bunch of funnels, dimly seen.

"Well?" interrogated the Captain.

"Undoubtedly a French cruiser, 'Victor Hugo' class, I should say. Do you think she's after us?"

"Who else?" said Captain Kyrle, sending a glance around the unbroken vista of sky and sea.

"After this?" said Carton, tapping the envelope in his breast pocket.

"Probably."

"What are you going to do, sir?"

"Do!" suddenly exploded the skipper. "Do? Nothing. We're not at war yet."

Silently they watched the approach of the French cruiser. Steaming twenty odd knots to their bare fifteen she quickly gained upon the *Thessalonia*. Below, on the sunlit deck, the passengers were light-heartedly whiling away the sunny afternoon. Above, on the bridge, one thought only was in the minds of the ship's officers—was the French warship in chase of their vessel, and if so, what would she do?"

They had not long to wait for an answer to the unspoken question. When the cruiser was about three miles distant a flash and a puff of smoke leapt out from her forward turret.

"Blank shot," muttered Captain Kyrle, grimly, as the boom of the heavy gun rolled across the water.

The startled passengers below formed into little groups. Anxious looks were cast up at the bridge. Inquiries were sent up to the Captain. That Officer's reply was sweeping and conclusive. "Pass the word round," he said, "for the passengers to go below."

White-faced and frightened, all, except one or two bolder spirits, obeyed. Hardly had the deck been cleared before another flash belched out from the pursuing cruiser, and a cloud of spray astern showed that this time the shot had not been blank.

At the first suspicion of the warship's design Captain Kyrle had been busy at the engine-room voice-pipe. Again he shouted down to MacQueen urgent directions to crowd on every ounce of steam. But that officer was doing his level best. Never before had the poor old *Thessalonia* been driven as she was driven now.

As Carton stood by the skipper the Sub 's white, set face showed the intensity of his feelings. He knew, he felt certain that his presence was endangering the ship and all on board. But what could he do? It was his duty to get the despatch through if the task lay within human possibility—but the danger to the innocent, helpless people on board! It was terrible. At any moment a shell might come.

The kindly old skipper noticed the trouble in his face. "Don't ye fret, lad," he said; "I'll not stop. No, by—*ah*!"

Another shot flashed out from the cruiser, and the next instant—*crash*! a shell plunged clean through the chart-house, sending a shower of splinters in every direction, but not exploding—the resistance not being great enough. In a sudden access of rage the Captain stamped to the end of the bridge, and, shaking his fist at the approaching cruiser, swore his ship should sink before he stopped her.

At the other end of the bridge Carton noticed the Second Mate, the only man hurt, staunching the blood from a splinter graze. Carton set his teeth. His mind was made up. He would burn the despatch and stop the ship before any lives were lost. He moved across to Captain Kyrle.

Suddenly a yell from the First Officer made him pause. The First Officer was pointing ahead with his glass. "Ships!" he cried, excitedly. "A fleet!"

"A fleet?" echoed Carton, straining his eyes on the horizon, "that means men of war. By Jove, I hope they're ours. If not, well, the game's up, that's all."

With the help of Captain Kyrle's glass Carton could make out the squadron, ten ships in all, but as yet they were too far off for their build to be distinguished. Carton turned round to observe their pursuer.

"She's standing off," he pointed out to the skipper. "That looks healthy. They can see further from their tops than we can. And—yes, look, she's wearing round. It's all right, sir."

Soon the fast-approaching fleet was split up into two divisions. Four of the ships had come out well ahead of the rest of the squadron. The Sub. pushed the binoculars into Captain Kyrle's hand.

"They've detached their cruisers—those four ships. 'County Cruisers'—there's no mistaking them. They can give three or four knots to that beast behind. Hooray!"

Like wildfire the good news ran through the *Thessalonia*, and as the four big, three-funnelled cruisers ploughed past not a quarter of a mile away, on their stern chase, cheer after cheer rang out from the liner's crowded decks.

SHAKING HIS FIST AT THE APPROACHING CRUISER, THE CAPTAIN SWORE HIS SHIP SHOULD SINK BEFORE HE STOPPED HER.

But before this Carton had made another discovery, which rendered him supremely happy. From the signal mast of the leading ship of the main fleet floated the cross of St. George. It was the *Briton*, flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet, and the Admiral himself was on board.

Hardly had the four cruisers surged past before the *Briton* commenced making quick flag signals, and the message was taken down—"Have you Sub-Lieutenant Carton on board?"

"Yes," was the answer, when back came the instant reply—"Am sending boat."

Thus it came to pass that as the *Thessalonia* slowed up, nearly abreast of the flagship, a boat dropped from the big battleship's quarter-deck davits, and quickly headed for the liner. There were hearty handshakes all round: many expressions of goodwill to good old Captain Kyrle and the liner's officers—not forgetting Chief Engineer MacQueen—and the next instant Carton had sprung into the *Briton's* boat and was on his way to the flagship.

It was a happy and exultant Sub-Lieutenant that stepped on board and reported himself—"Sub-Lieutenant Carton." The observed of all on deck, he sedately followed the Quartermaster aft to the Admiral's quarters. "Sub-Lieutenant Carton," announced his conductor,

and Carton stepped into the great man's presence.

Lord Leiston looked up expectantly as the Sub. entered. The Admiral's Flag Captain, who was standing by, dropped into a seat.

"Have you brought the despatch?" asked the Admiral abruptly.

"Yes, sir," replied Carton, stepping forward and handing the envelope over. He has said since that it was the proudest moment of his life, bar none.

Without a word the Commander-in-Chief took the envelope and ripped it open. As he straightened out the contents the Flag Captain leant over towards Carton with a smile.

"You will be interested to learn, Mr. Carton," he said, "that war was declared at eleven o'clock this morning."

WANTED—A SUBJECT!

(*The plaint of the would-be poet.*)

I'm convinced that I'm a poet, and I want the world to know it,
So that all the minor poets will refer to me
As the best of all their betters—a Napoleon of letters—
But it seems that novel subjects *won't* occur to me!
How much against my will it is to waste my rare abilities,
When Culture's thousand sons I'd be delighting
With a majesty Homeric, all the graces of a Herrick
And a Shelley's wealth of melody uniting!

If the charm of female beauty hadn't done its utmost duty,
I could eulogise the flashing eye and black tress
Of Irene, Kate, or Susan—or I might prefer to choose an
Ancient goddess, or bewitching modern actress!
In sonnet or in triolet, I'd hymn a rose or violet,
But such effusions—e'en when of a smart kind—
Invariably savour of the "old-as-Adam" flavour,
Like the "Lover to the lady of his heart" kind!

I'd descend to the bathotic, or the "gutter patriotic,"
To secure the fickle favour of the public;
Then with gentle, firm persuasion that would suffer no evasion—
As a tigress would her writhing little cub lick
Through ditties light and lyrical, fantastic and satirical,
I'd lead them on with suave, alluring tactics,
To epics allegorical, idyllic, or historical,
And even philosophical didactics!

My woes would not disperse if I were bold enough to versify
On subjects often previously tackled;
The standard poets linger so on each artistic finger, so
My muse would be the more completely shackled!
Yes, I hold my peace discreetly, lest my poem all too neatly
Should reflect the charm of Shakespeare and the rest of 'em;
Though brilliant lines would fill it, you'd detect a strange similitude
To someone else's words in all the best of 'em!

ARTHUR STANLEY.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

Enamel for Aquarium.—"Naturalist" (Blundellsands) wishes to paint the inside of his aquarium white, and asks for the name of an enamel that will not injure the inhabitants. Some few years ago I used Aspinall's enamel for this purpose, and found no ill-results from it. But after applying the enamel the aquarium should be left dry for several days to give it time to harden, and afterwards—before any life is introduced—a daily change of water should be made for at least a week to carry off any possible emanations from the enamel that might otherwise do serious mischief.

A Suggestion.—E. J. Patterson (Ballasalla, I.M.) asks (1) how to stuff birds, but that is too big a subject to be dealt with in a few lines. He had better get Wood's "British Bird Preserver" (Warne and Co., 1s.), where he will find the matter fully explained. (2) Is there any chance of W. Davison's suggestion in the February CAPTAIN being carried out? I fear not at present, for want of space, all the readers of THE CAPTAIN not being interested in natural history; but, as I then stated, the subject is under the consideration of the O.F., who may be relied upon to make the best arrangements possible for the satisfaction of the great body of his readers.

Rabbits.—In answer to S. L. W. (Putney), I should follow your first suggestion, separating them for a week or ten days, and then putting them together again. Sorry that your letter was not received in time for this answer to appear in the March CAPTAIN.

Goldfinch.—H. W. (Balham) wants advice respecting a "last year's goldfinch," which is very nervous; also instructions as to food. You do not say if your bird is a newly-captured one, but this seems probable. Put the cage where it will not be necessary to pass close to it, and get it gradually used to seeing people at a little distance. The nervousness will then wear off. In a state of nature the food of the goldfinch is a variety of small seeds—such as thistle, plantain, sow-thistle, chicory, cabbage, rape, and so forth. In captivity give it canary, rape, and poppy seed, and for green food lettuce, tender cabbage, groundsel, plantain stalks, and watercress, as they are in season.

Cost of Cabinet.—E. R. Dutton (Greystones) asks me to give him an estimate of the cost of a cabinet for butterflies and birds'-eggs. This is not exactly natural history, though connected with it, and I regret I cannot comply with the request. The cost of cabinets largely depends upon the kind of wood, and this is an item E. R. D. omits to mention, though he gives measurements and other details. The best plan would be for him to apply to Mr. Crockett (see advertisement pages), or Messrs. Watkins and Doncaster, and he will get a reliable estimate direct.

Fossils.—"Hammer and Chisel" (Pollokshields) sends me some fossils obtained in Fifeshire during his summer holidays, and asks for their names. I am sorry to say they are too fragmentary to tell exactly what they are. Nos. 1, 3, and 4 appear to be corals, but it is impossible for anyone who has not worked those particular beds and seen complete specimens, to name the species. Nos. 2, *a* and *b*, appear to be only semi-fossil; *a*, a *Littorina* (Periwinkle), and *b*, *Patella vulgata* (Limpet).

Planter.—"Tropical" (Guernsey) is another reader who has a very elastic idea of what is natural history. He wants to know how to proceed to obtain employment in a tea, coffee, cotton, or other plantation! I regret I cannot help him, as I do not know. He should seek advice from friends living in countries where there are tea, cotton and coffee plantations.

Rats.—"White Rat" (Redland, Bristol) has a pair of rats, one white, the other black and white, and these have produced three litters of twelve each, in which the progeny have been chiefly pied, though the proportion of white has increased with each litter. He asks if the next litter is likely to be all white. That is a matter of chance, it appears to me; but if he wishes to breed pure whites the best plan would be to breed from a white pair. He wishes to teach them tricks, but has heard that they are trained by being physically hurt. This is not the fact—at least, cruelty is by no means necessary. I have always understood that special kindness is

the quickest method of teaching them. The first essential is to get rid of fear; then, when perfectly tame, let their lessons be brief, and always given before meals, the effort being rewarded by food. With respect to showing, there are usually classes for blacks or whites (selfs), and for piebalds (broken colours). Therefore, it would be well to bring on the finest individuals, whether selfs or broken colours. Food correct.

Greasy Moths.—C. E. Whitamore (Upper Tooting) complains that some of the larger moths in his collection have gone "greasy," and, having heard that soaking them in benzine would remove the grease, he has tried but failed. Your information, C. E. W., was slightly wrong or misunderstood. *Benzole*, not benzine, is the solvent to use, and if the condition of the specimen is very bad it must be left in the benzole for several days or even weeks to allow it to penetrate to the interior. Then the moth must be dried by placing it on, and covering it with, powdered French-chalk, and if any of this adheres to the body when dry it may be removed by blowing steadily upon it, or by touching lightly with a soft camel-hair brush.

Natural History Book.—A. C. (Leytonstone) wishes me (1) to recommend a book on Vertebrate Animals. There is a good volume dealing with the British species—"Vertebrates of the British Islands," by F. G. Aflalo (Blackwood and Sons, 6s.). (2) There can be little doubt that, so great is the greed of the ivory-hunters, the African elephant is doomed. The trick of the Zoo elephant that you describe is one that I have noticed under similar circumstances. That elephant knows a good deal.

Sea-shells.—"Tommy" (Bangor, Co Down) left some shells in water to clean them, and forgot them, with the result that they have all turned blue. (1) That discoloration is due to the decomposition of animal matter, and I fear you will not be able to get rid of it without spoiling the shells. I should try bleaching them by exposing them to the sunshine in a shallow dish of fresh water. Change the water every day for a week, and then expose the shells dry. (2) The outer layers of shells are removed by acids, but such shells, though some may consider them "pretty," are worthless as natural history specimens. (3) I have given instructions on preserving plants for a herbarium in recent "Corners." Kindly look up, as considerations of space will not permit me to repeat these lengthy answers.—P. D. (Northampton) also wants information concerning a shell which he enclosed in a folded piece of card. The card cut through the envelope, and when I received his letter there was not a particle of shell to be seen. No doubt the P.O. officials stamped it to powder, and this trickled out of the rent envelope. With every desire to assist P. D., I am, therefore, unable to tell him the name of the shell I have not seen.

Humble Bee.—Lindsey Laing (Hawick) sends me a specimen to identify, and writes: "This insect was found in a beehive here on August 3rd, which it was supposed to have entered in the spring. Why was it not killed by the bees? What sort of insect is it?" Answering the last question first—it is Latreille's humble-bee (*Bombus latreillellus*). Why it was not killed by the honey-bees I cannot say, but probably they had not yet discovered its presence. Your supposition that it had been in the hive since the spring is not a reasonable one, and unless you have some evidence to support it, you should abandon it. Humble-bees, wasps, moths, mice, and other honey-lovers get into the hive for a nefarious purpose, but the honey-bees make short work of them. I therefore think you may conclude that *B. latreillellus* had not made a lengthy stay.

Preserving Dragon-flies.—P. Giffard (Henley-in-Arden). (1) See answer in April CAPTAIN for a method of preserving dragon-flies that will ensure the retention of the natural colours. (2) There is no inexpensive work dealing with the subject. The only adequate work is W. J. Lucas' "British Dragon-flies" (L. Upcott Gill, price 31s. 6d.)

Natural History as a Profession.—"Iguana" (Barnstaple) writes to the "O. F." asking if he could make natural history a profession. The "O. F.," dodging a troublesome matter, hands the letter to me, and, of course, I must do my best to answer it. There are many men who make natural history a profession, but it is safe to say that few of them have entered upon it in the way that a man chooses to become a lawyer, a doctor, or an architect. As a rule, a man adopts one of the ordinary commercial or professional careers, and makes natural history his recreation, and of these some attain an eminence in their hobby that enables them to give up what has been their bread-and-butter line. Regarding it strictly from a professional point of view, probably the best course would be to enter the Royal College of Science at South Kensington, and train as a science teacher. Or, by passing the Civil Service exams., and using a little influence, you might get a post in the Natural History Museum. Probably a letter to the director of the latter institution would elicit particulars as to the best methods of entering its service.

Breed of Cat.—Dorothy M. Woollock (Brondesbury) wishes to know what is the breed of her white cat, and if it is a valuable one; but the description she gives is not sufficiently minute to place it correctly.

Lark's Flight.—Leonard Mellersh-Jackson (Edgware) has made numerous careful observations which lead him to the conclusion that the lark remains in the air for very short periods only—scarcely exceeding four minutes, except towards the end of summer, when the flight is somewhat prolonged.

Insects and Shells.—C. F. H. asks (1) what would be the best book to get for classifying insects of all sorts; (2) is there a book describing the collecting of insects and the setting of them; (3) what apparatus is necessary, where can it be got, and the cost; (4) what are names of enclosed shells. (1) The most recent and complete account of the classification and structure of insect life as a whole will be found in the two volumes of the "Cambridge Natural History" (Macmillan and Co.), devoted to insects. (2) "The Insect Hunter's Companion," by Rev. Joseph Greene (1s. 6d.), or "The Lepidopterists' Guide," by H. G. Knaggs (1s.). (3) You will find the apparatus described fully in these books, and both books and apparatus can be obtained from Watkins and Doncaster, Strand, who will send you price list on application (4) Your shells are the purple or dog-winkle (*Purpura lapillus*), worn specimen, and the acorn-barnacle (*Balanus balanifera*).

Dog and Tape-worm.—"Piers Gaveston" (Northiam) has a fox-terrier troubled with tape-worm, and asks for a remedy. Dr. Armatage, in the latest edition of Stonehenge's "The Dog" (which you should get—F. Warne and Co., 1s.), recommends the following drench: Kousso, 2 to 4 drams; lemon juice, ½oz.; mix, and add a little water, giving it to the dog on an empty stomach. Eight hours later follow with a dose of castor-oil.

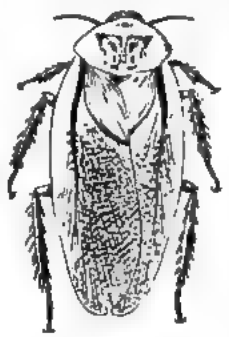
Moths and Caterpillars.—E. L. Davitt (Semley) asks (1) "if the moths of caterpillars feed or not." They have no mouth suitable for solid food, and have to be content with liquids, such as the honey of flowers, and the juices of ripe fruit. (2) The description of the caterpillars he found last summer is not sufficient to enable me to guess the species. (3) Instructions on rearing larvæ will be found at length in Knaggs' "Lepidopterists' Guide," which you can get from Watkins and Doncaster for 1s.

Bird and Microscope.—C. E. S., jun. (Manchester) sends me a description of a bird from the Orange River Colony, and asks its name. I am sorry to say that his description will not enable me to name it. He also asks what price he should pay for a microscope. The word microscope covers cheap toys and most expensive scientific instruments, and I ought to know the length of C. E. S.'s pocket before venturing upon advice. You can get a good Students' Microscope for a few pounds, and from that you can advance almost to any extent—the higher prices indicating more perfect lenses and finer workmanship, and more elaborate mechanism. Pay a visit to a first-rate optician's and take a look at the stock; you will then get some idea of what you can obtain for the amount at your disposal.

Squirrels.—"Squirrel" (Winchester) has bought two animals of the same name, and would like to know (in the March No.) what they should be fed on, "and what they sleep in." As I have suggested before, such inquiries should be made *before* pets are purchased. The March number of THE CAPTAIN was nearly all printed when "Squirrel's" letter reached the office. The natural food of the squirrel is nuts, acorns, fir-seeds, other wild fruits, and a few fungi. In addition to these they will, in captivity, eat bread and milk, apples, carrot, &c. Their sleeping apartment should be lined with hay. In a wild state they construct a "drey"—a round nest in the fork of a tree, and made of twigs and moss.

Spider and Slug.—"Quercus" (St. Helen's) sends me photographs, and asks for the names of the creatures depicted. The slug is the large black slug (*Arion ater*) in a contracted condition. The spider is not sufficiently well displayed for identification, but the character of the web indicates that it must be the common geometrical spider (*Epeira diadema*).

Query as to Insect.—C. E. Furze (Plumstead) sends me an insect received in a case of accoutrements returned from Ascension, and asks what it is. It is a large species of cockroach, common in the West Indies, and in some of our dock-warehouses, for it often arrives here alive on board ship, although the ordinary pest of underground kitchens, miscalled blackbeetle, is quite enough in that line for most of us. It is known as the American cockroach (*Periplaneta americana*), and is here figured life-size. There is a still larger species, the drummer (*Blabbera gigantea*), found in the same regions. As to the second question, "Is it of any value?"—an entomologist who collected Orthoptera might be glad of it, but its commercial value is *nil*.



AMERICAN COCKROACH.

Unhealthy Cat.—F. Long (Bath) is troubled concerning his cat, the symptoms described appearing to indicate that she is the victim of injudicious feeding. A domestic cat does not require to be fed exactly like a wild cat, and

though by nature she is carnivorous and requires flesh food, it should not be restricted to that purveyed by the cats'-meat man, which is often the flesh of horses that have had to be killed because of their diseased condition. Your butcher will, for a trifle, supply you with fresh scraps and cuttings which can be stewed into a rich gravy, and if this be poured over scraps from the table (including vegetables), it will make an appreciated meal. Similar scraps, including heads, can be obtained from the poulterer and the fishmonger, and these should be given raw and cooked alternately. Boiled liver is also a good and inexpensive dish; but, whatever it is, it must be fresh. No cat will thrive on food that is tainted or worse, though some people think that any refuse is good enough for cats and dogs. It may be for the homeless animals that nobody cares for, but owners of pets should pride themselves upon the good condition of the animals. These remarks are intended for my readers in general, and have no special application to my correspondent's case, for he has not told me definitely what his cat's food consists of; but the symptoms point to stomach troubles, and my general remarks on feeding may enable him to see if he can prevent the unsatisfactory condition that he laments.

PRIZE COMPETITION FOR NATURAL HISTORY READERS.

I HAVE pleasure in announcing that, with a view to encouraging observation and the practical study of natural history, a valuable cabinet is offered to the writer of the best essay on the life history of some particular beast, bird, reptile, fish, insect, or other form of animal life. The essay must be limited to 500 words, and be written on one side of the paper only. Please remember that you are put on your honour to send in unaided work. In judging the papers I shall give highest marks to those showing that they are based upon the writer's own observations. The cabinet will be specially designed for insects, shells, fossils, or birds'-eggs, according to the choice of the winner; and, if the number and quality of the essays sent in justify it, there will be several consolation prizes, consisting of works written by the Natural History Editor, and bearing his autograph inscription. A photograph of the cabinet is shown on the Prizes Page. Competitions should be marked "Naturalists' Essay," and addressed to the Editor in the usual way.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Arrow (Owen's School, Islington).—Amongst the magazine covers which were reproduced with our reviews in the March CAPTAIN, the pictorial design of the *Arrow* may have been noticed. It would be interesting to know whether our readers have been as much puzzled by it as we. What is the significance of the arrow piercing, in such comfortless fashion, the shady hat of the dame who forms the central figure? Presumably there is some school tradition in explanation, and it would be interesting to learn the exact meaning of a somewhat mystifying, though pleasing and dainty wrapper. Why the "arrow," for that matter? Perhaps the Editor will enlighten us.

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—"Going to Court" recalls, in interesting manner, the circumstances under which certain of the "bluecoat" boys used annually to be presented at Court. We read with regret that the last of these visits to Court having been made in 1891, his present Majesty has decided that it is not desirable, after a lapse of fourteen years, to revive them. It is a pity to see old customs and privileges fall into desuetude.

The "School Notes" are as good as ever, and a brief review contains one or two gems from the countless *bons mots* of Charles Lamb and Jerrold. Here is a good example of the Retort Crushing.

To a very thin man who had been boring him, Jerrold said: "Sir, you are like a pin, but without either its head or its point."

Clavinian (Weymouth College).—The Editors complain that the *Clavinian* seldom meets with notice in these pages. We reply that comment is only made when it seems called for—adversely as well as favourably. Take the December number, for instance, of the *Clavinian*, which lies before us as we write. It is well printed, well arranged, well turned out. It would seem to be carefully sub-edited, and doubtless the news it contains is accurate and interesting to Weymouth readers. But it lacks distinction, either good or bad. It is, in brief, of unexceptional mediocrity. How then is the critic to comment?

Dudleian.—A year ago the first number of the *Dudleian* reached us, with a request for "advice and encouragement." We are glad to see that the suggestions which we then ventured to make have borne fruit. The "Old Boys' Column" more especially—a feature upon which we offered some remarks—appears to have much promise; and a very appropriate article, though somewhat dull, is that on "Richard Foley, the Resusciter of the School." The *Dudleian* is well printed on good paper, and is in every way a creditable production. That is not to say that it might not be better.

Felstedian.—The *Felstedian* is greatly improved by its new dress. Its old quarto pages were cumbrous to handle, and magazines without a wrapper are always liable to be torn and soiled. In its altered guise the Felsted journal has reduced its page to the handier octavo, and has clothed itself in a neat white cover. The contents do not call for special notice.

Fettesian.—"The Poets at a Football Match" is a series of some half-dozen brief parodies. None are strikingly brilliant, though all are amusing. The best, perhaps, is the following burlesque of Browning:—

> You know the place—the muddied grass-grown tract
> Whereon they sported—well, a supple youth
> (Three-quarter, as they call him, so I hear)
> Had gained a try—whereat another one
> From out the hands of him that prostrate lay
> Converted—mark you there the picturesqueness
> Predestinated, unpremeditate—
> I like the trick these paper-fellows have,
> Who coin new-minted from our English tongue
> Brand fresh significations, why—"convert"—
> You thought perhaps he brought a soul to Rome?
> Or yoked a vote to back Protection Joe?
> Nay rather, he but gained another point,
> Two points, i' point o' fact—and so I home.

Greenock Academy Magazine.—We are no lover of advertisements in school periodicals under any circumstances, but when they are allowed to assume such overwhelming proportions as on the disfigured cover of the *Greenock Academy Magazine*, the result is deplorable. Surely such an ugly array is not necessary.

Hamilton Academy Quarterly.—*Salve!* The first number shows promise, but there are one or two small matters on which we should like to offer criticism. "Wanted to Know," for instance, is a feature which it would have been better to omit. A page of futile personalities such as "Who owns the smile that won't wash off?" "Who says *och awa'*!" "Who collared the most money lately?" and so forth, is no ornament to any magazine. Personal remarks are commonly taboo in good society, and editors might bear the fact in mind. Further, we would suggest that some other means of filling a short page might be devised than the insertion of feeble two-line paragraphs and alleged jokes. Failing anything else, brief aphorisms from our own classics would surely be preferable.

Generally speaking, however, the *Hamilton Academy Quarterly* makes a good start. Paper and printing are good, and the cover is not unattractive. It is a pity, though, that the brown paper used for the latter should have its coarser surface turned outwards.

Hurst Johnian.—The "General Knowledge Paper" furnished, it seems, some valuable additions to common information. We quote a brief extract from some of the replies handed in to the examiners.

> "Then I die happy" was said by Ophelia. "Pity my beard should be cut, that has not committed treason" was said by Hamlet, and also by Cardinal Wolsey, an excellent example of how great minds think alike. "My kingdom for a horse" was said by Kruger, "All men are liars" by an old maid, "Thou art the man" by a policeman. "A mare's nest can frequently be found in Australia, and a great auk's egg should be looked for in Auckland."

Llanelly Magazine.—The "make-up" is poor, and could easily be improved. The cover, which we do not recollect having seen before, is an ambitious attempt at allegorical design (so at least we imagine), but fails in its purpose lamentably.

Nelsonian (New Zealand).—A great part of the December number is taken up with an account of the disastrous fire which recently destroyed the college *in toto*. The fierceness of the holocaust is strikingly shown by the photographs reproduced in a supplementary souvenir. Our sincerest sympathy is with Nelsonians in their loss. Conceive, if you can, what it means to see your Alma Mater destroyed before your very eyes. A new school may spring, phœnix-like, from the ashes of the old. But it is not *your* school. The associations which you treasured are gone for ever; or, at least, live only in memory.

North Point Annual.—Time flies, indeed; for it seems only yesterday that last year's number of the bulky annual which comes from St. Joseph's College, North Point, Darjeeling, lay ponderously before us. No. X. seems to be very much on the lines of No. IX., and we notice again the numerous reproductions of photographic groups—classes, athletic teams, &c. The *North Point Annual* seems to be a very comprehensive compilation, and for the purposes of general recapitulation and retrospect a yearly publication certainly offers many advantages. We must confess, however, to preferring the more frequent and less unwieldy monthly or quarterly.

Scindian.—Another New Zealand magazine, this time from Napier. We are always glad to welcome school periodicals from Britain over the Seas, and hope to see more of them. "Colonial papers, please copy."

Sphinx.—This is the organ of the students of Liverpool University, and in consequence can be hardly considered, with strict justice, a "school magazine." Its make-up is excellent, and the "*Soirée* Number" before us is in every way well turned out. We like especially the thumb-nail sketches which are here and there introduced. The Editor of the *Sphinx*, however, may be expected to have greater resources at his command than are available to the ordinary school editor.

Watsonian.—The first number of the journal just started at George Watson's College, Edinburgh, reaches us, and we give it hearty welcome. It is strange that a school of such fame as Watson's should have been so long without its own magazine. The *Watsonian* starts well, with a good cover, and excellent contents. The pages are attractive, and the school news seems to be well done.

Other Magazines received, at the time of going to press, include the *Arvonian*, *Birkonian*, *Blundellian*, *Brighton College Magazine*, *City of London School Magazine*, *De Aztonian*, *Epsomian*, *Haileyburian*, *Ipswich School Magazine*, *Johnian*, *Lorettonian*, *Malvernian*, *Mill Hill Magazine*, *N.E.C.S. Magazine*, *Der Neuenheimer*, *Norman Court Magazine*, *Novocastrian*, *Ousel*, *Plymothian*, *Quernmorian*, *Salopian*, *Sedberghian*, *Tonbridgian*, *Truro College Magazine*, and the *Ixis*.

A. E. Johnson.

Photo] [C Herbert, Amiens

BORN, FEB 28TH, 1828. DIED, MARCH 24TH, 1905

Google

JULES VERNE.

JULES VERNE died at Amiens on March 24th, at the ripe age of seventy-seven. His death was due to paralysis—to which complaint, it may be remembered, G. A. Henty succumbed. He had also, during his latter years, been afflicted with semi-blindness to such an extent that he was obliged to dictate his last book—bringing the sum total of his publications up to a hundred—to his devoted wife, herself a septuagenarian.

Jules Verne was born at Nantes on February 8th, 1828, and began his career by studying law at Paris. But it was not long before he turned his attention to the writing of plays, his first piece being performed when he was only twenty-two. In 1863 he settled down solidly to the production of imaginative works, his first great success being *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. Thereafter he produced book after book—as a rule, two every year—with unremitting industry, and it was not long before he had won for himself a unique and commanding position in the world of fiction. His works were widely translated, even into Arabic and Japanese. In this country he was almost as well known as in his own, translations of his books appearing regularly for many years in the *Boy's Own Paper*. For it was to boys that Verne most especially appealed, and men who are now middle-aged fathers of families will readily recall the pleasure with which they devoured (to name but a few of his fascinating romances) *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, *From the Earth to the Moon*, *Around the World in Eighty Days*, *Michael Strogoff*, and *The Silver Cañon*—a tale which was published in the "B. O. P." when Talbot Baines Reed was at the zenith of his popularity as a contributor to the same journal. Speaking of these works, a writer in *The Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* remarks: "They make the apparently impossible a seeming reality, and certainly they struck the note of the marvellous as one of the forces of fiction as it had never been sounded before. Not until recent years has their author had on his own lines, in any country, a formidable competitor."

All Verne's work (we gather from the same source) was done in the morning. He rose daily at five, and completed his day's output before noon. His house was crammed with scientific books, electrical apparatus, nautical instruments, &c., and on the wall of his study there hung, until some months ago, an enormous map of the world, all scored over with lines indicating the routes taken by the heroes of his stories.

Jules Verne was a frequent visitor to England, and in London, like Zola, he was chiefly impressed by the river. He always declared that his happiest days were spent in Scotland, and he delighted in the works of "Sir Walter." Curiously enough, he never learned English, and though, in addition to Scott, he had a great admiration for Dickens, Robert Louis Stevenson, Captain Marryat, and Fenimore Cooper, he could only read them in translations.

Verne's marriage was as romantic as any of his romances. He was induced to act as best man to a friend. He had, however, a fit of forgetfulness on the morning of the ceremony, and arrived at the house to find that the whole party had left for the church. But there was remaining at home the bride's sister, a young widow, who had been unwilling to obtrude her sorrow on the bridal group. Verne fell in love with her at first sight, and two years later they married. What a great helpmate his wife has been, especially of late years when cataract had affected his eyes, all the world knows.

Those readers of THE CAPTAIN who have stored up their back numbers will find, in our issue for November, 1899 (Vol. II. No. 8), an article dealing with the life-work of this great writer, whose indefatigable industry, coupled with his brilliant imagination, has earned him a place amongst those masters of romance whose works will appeal, with perennial freshness, to all who love stories of marvellous ingenuity, of unfailing resource, and of splendid daring.

By STUART WISHING.

Illustrated by A. Pearse.

I.

"DICKIE," I said, "I'm awfully bored. Let's do something."

"Much better do nothing, unless it's really something good," retorted he.

"I'm certain we need a little excitement and a breath of fresh air," I went on. "I propose we take a little trip to Saxby."

"Hang it all! That's four miles off, and we can't get back before call-over, or in time for lock-up if we go after."

"I don't mean *walk*, idiot—let's bike."

"Gotnobike," he grunted.

"Borrow one from a day-bug," said I. "I don't mean go to-day. Let's go to-morrow, or next half-holiday, and enjoy ourselves."

"We sha'n't enjoy ourselves. I've been there before, and there's absolutely nothing to do at Saxby even if we arrive there safely."

"I know there's nothing to do there," I explained, as patiently as I knew how. "The fun of the thing will be the going there and the coming back. If it was in bounds there wouldn't be any sport in going. As it's out of bounds, it will be jolly heroic and brave and Quixotic and all that sort of thing, you know."

"I don't know," said he. "But I don't mind coming to oblige a friend, Tommy."

"Right oh! Next Saturday, then. I'll borrow Westley's bike, and you can borrow Lloyd's. We'll tell them to have them in the spinney half-a-mile along the road for us, pick them up there, and speed off on our iron steeds. It will be ripping."

Next day we interviewed Lloyd and Westley, and affably asked them to put their bikes at our disposal the following Saturday afternoon. Lloyd promised to lend Dickie his quite readily, but Westley was rather selfish.

"I'm sorry, Calmour," he said, "but I expect I shall be using mine on Saturday. Otherwise I might perhaps have lent it."

Here was a nice state of affairs; one bike was no use to us. There wouldn't have been any fun in Dickie or myself going alone, and two people on one machine is not all jam by any means. We tried persuasion of various sorts, and if Westley hadn't been so deformedly muscular we might have tried a little force. Westley, however, was too big, so we had to fall back on a last resource, bribery. By promising to give him a pocket-knife, Ezekiel (Dickie's pet rat, you know), and some new picture post-

cards, we finally persuaded him to be at the spinney at five o'clock the following Saturday afternoon. He agreed at last, but went off grumbling like old what's-his-name, Shylock, or one of Shakespeare's heroes.

Saturday came at last, and, as luck had it, the sun shone brightly. Not a cloud was in the sky; the purling brooks purled like mad, and the trees waved their leafy burdens lightly in the summer breeze.

To be concise—good word again—everything was jolly hot and as comfy as two malefactors had a right to expect. We watched the cricket after lunch until tea-time. We had tea about four o'clock in our study—and I can tell you we provide for the inner man on a liberal scale—grub for four and tea for three between two of us; seven into two goes exactly without any remainder—ha! ha! In other words, there wasn't a crumb left to feed the sparrows, and as a natural consequence we felt quite chirpy. Tea over, and the tea-things all washed up (we believe in tidiness), we attended call-over, and then strolled down the road to the trysting-place.

Lloyd was there with his bike, and we greeted him cheerfully, but not effusively. It doesn't do, you know, to let chaps think they're conferring a huge favour on you—makes them too uppish. So we just said "Hullo, Lloyd! Brought the gee along?" and thumped him on the back. He seemed distinctly nervous, and was perspiring profusely; but whether this was due to the heat of the sun or to fear lest he should be found out lending us his bike, we didn't ask. He seemed very anxious to cut off on his own account, so, as we had the bike in our hands, we didn't press him to stay. The only thing to be done was to wait for Westley and the second machine.

II.

WESTLEY didn't come. These few words will tell you exactly what happened. I know they are rather blunt, and that I ought to break the news gently to you. But even now I'm telling the tale, I can't help boiling with indignation when I remember the painful quarter of an hour we spent in that confounded spinney. So I don't blink the facts; I merely state that that double-dyed traitor, miscreant, and skunk did not come. We waited, waited, and waited; then at last our surcharged feelings found vent in speech.

"What are we to do, Dickie?"

"Do? There's only one thing I can think of—go home!"

"What! Give up our treasured expedition to Saxby, and own ourselves beaten by Westley! That's rather rot."

"I know it's rot; everything's rot; Westley's a rotter, and I think we'd better chuck it."

"No," I said patiently, for I saw Dickie was rather hipped. "I'll tell you what we'll do. You can ride on the step, and I'll pedal you into town."

"*You* can ride on the step," he corrected, "and I'll do all the nasty hard work of pedalling."

I reasoned with him—vainly, for he's very stubborn. He absolutely refused to move a yard unless I let him have his way. I agreed in the end, with dire misgivings, and at about ten past five we started on our adventurous tour, Dickie in the saddle and I on the half-inch of steel called by courtesy the "step."

Have you ever ridden in that position? I don't mean for a few brief yards, when everything seems jolly, but for a solid mile or so at a time? If you have not, I can assure you that it is not worth trying. For sheer, unadulterated misery commend me to that step. Up till then I had been a bright and happy schoolboy—as the old chaps say on Speech-day—but on that afternoon I tasted sorrow in all its bitterness for the first time. I sincerely trust it may be the last. On that tiny and insecure foothold—(tragic irony—what?)—I clung, with cramp in my left leg, flies on my nose, my hands slippery with anxiety and perspiration, and several new wrinkles on my usually placid face. Of course you must understand—any ass could except Dickie—that I had much the worst of the argument. By the way Dickie talked to me at intervals, imploring me to stand still and not wobble, and keep my paws off his hair, you would have thought he was the sufferer and not I. Naturally, I pointed out the errors of his ways to him with great fluency, and repeatedly suggested a change, but the ass wouldn't hear of it. "Better to bear with the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of," says Shakespeare, and Dickie seemed thoroughly convinced that things were much better as they were. When I got savage and began to slang a bit, he flattered me with honeyed words, saying that I balanced beautifully, and he was sure

he couldn't improve on it. This was all very well from his point of view, but the humour of the situation didn't appeal to me in the least. However, he was firm, and after about half an hour's torment we arrived in Saxby about a quarter to six, worn out, thirsty, and bad-tempered.

Well, we mooned about the town in rather a futile manner, and got a second tea at a first-class confectioner's. We didn't enjoy ourselves especially, but you will remember that when we talked the plan over it was an understood thing that Saxby was a dull hole. The expedition was only intended to reflect glory on us—not to provide enjoyment. (This is the case with many expeditions, I am told; and I am glad to hear there are other goats in the world besides ourselves.) Certainly the active enjoyment in the town was practically *nil*, but on the whole we were very pleased with ourselves in having got there at all, especially on such a broiling day. Having had tea, matters assumed a more cheerful aspect, and we avoided thinking about the probable discomforts of the return journey as much as possible. We trotted about the town a little, and then about 6.15 took the bike out of its stable and started back.

I'm bound to say Dickie's a bit of a sportsman at times. He said I could ride back if I liked, and you can bet I hopped into the saddle before you could wink. No more steps for me, thanks. Dickie regretted his generosity before we'd travelled half-a-mile; but I imitated his obstinacy, and steadily refused to change places, in spite of his foolish laments that he was getting lock-jaw in the calf, and was suffering from incipient sunstroke. He really does make an awful fuss about little things.

We had covered about half the distance, and had just stopped at a cross-road for the postilion to change legs, when Dickie gave a smothered sort of cry. "Hurry up, Tommy," he whispered excitedly. "No time to waste; forge ahead!" He jumped on again, nearly upsetting the whole concern as he grabbed me by the shoulders.

"What's the row?" I asked, pedalling obediently in the direction of home. "Seen a ghost?"

"Worse than that. I saw a master down the lane on a bike, and I rather fancy he spotted us, too."

That was all right, if you like. Here we were, two miles from the school, and a mounted policeman (so to speak) on our track. I felt far from happy, and, judging by Dickie's trembling hands, he was in a very similar condition.

"Who was it?" I gasped. "Not Stretton, surely?"

"No, I—I—d-don't think it was Stretton," gurgled Dickie, as we bumped over a stone. "I'm nearly sure it was Robinson."

I breathed a sigh of relief, and slackened a bit.

"If it's only Robinson we haven't much to beat."

A faint hail came from the rear. The words we heard sounded like "Stop, boys!" which merely stimulated me to a more vigorous leg-drive, and the old boneshaker fairly bounded along.

"Is it Robinson?" I panted, anxiously.

"Yes; I can see him now. Cheer up, old chap. We've got a hundred yards' start, and. . . . I *say*, he's gaining a bit, I think. . . . No. . . . yes. . . . oh, buck up, you silly coon!"

"I'm—bucking—all I know. Any—nearer?"

"Seems to be coming up hand over fist. . . . Tell you what, Tommy. Buzz round that lane on ahead. I'll hop off and cut across country and meet you at the spinney."

"Let's both—go."

"Can't drag the beastly bike over hedges. No; you'll easily keep away from Robinson by yourself; I don't think he can have twigged who we are, though he guesses we're from the school. We must separate—it's our only chance."

"Right oh!" I groaned.

Meanwhile, Robinson was calling to us at intervals. We had sufficient presence of mind to notice that he always called us "Boys!" and never used our names. I tell you, we were jolly thankful that his eyes weren't sharp enough to spot us just then. My heart was beating like sin, and I felt Dickie's on my back, through the thickness of his coat and waistcoat, and mine too; so you can imagine our funk. I noticed these little things at the time—it's odd what you think of in a real crisis—and I sha'n't forget them as long as I live.

I stole a glance round, and nearly went into the ditch. Robinson was about fifty yards in our rear, and Dickie was obviously right. The last desperate plan must be tried. The lane hove in sight; blindly I swerved into it; Dickie leapt off, and was over the hedge in a twinkling; the bike,

lightened by some nine stone, sprang forward, and I settled down to a stern chase, or rather flight.

Luckily my pursuer didn't notice Dickie, or, if he did, he evidently thought it rather too much of a good thing to run across country with a bike in tow after an unencumbered chap—*sine impedimentis*, as Cæsar would say. Robinson merely stuck to me, and pegged along stolidly, occasionally shouting out "Boy!" which I ignored with no little success. Although I felt pretty certain I could shake him off after a bit, I was pretty sick of the business. You see, I had had a fairly tiring afternoon of it; and I wasn't very keen on a bicycle paper-chase at that period—especially as it was getting beastly near to lock-up. Still, there was no help for it, and I determined that the best thing to do would be to put in a good burst, and try to discard my rubbish as soon as possible. Accordingly, I pulled myself together and let him have it.

III.

I AM no mean cyclist. I say it with all modesty; but I really can drive a machine at a good humping pace when I like. Of course I wasn't very fresh, but "fear lent me wings" in the usual style. I looked over my shoulder at intervals, and was surprised to see Robinson still in sight. Hitherto, I had not had much opinion of his staying power, as he looks rather a weed; but on this eventful evening he urged his bike on steadily in pursuit of hapless me.

Of course I didn't slacken; but when we had been travelling in this manner for about ten minutes I began to feel a trifle uneasy. Robinson had no business to be so persevering. Accordingly, I nerved my weary legs for a fresh effort, and whirled down the lane at some fourteen miles per hour. It was a strain, I can tell you, but the circumstances seemed to need strong measures, so I did not object to sacrifice myself to escape a future licking.

I looked round again, and to my delight saw that the pace had become too hot for my pursuer. He halloed again, and I chuckled as I heard him; for his voice sounded as if his stock of wind was giving out. Cheered by this reflection, I spurred on, and when I next stole a glance, Robinson had dismounted, and was wiping his heated brow. There was also a faint savour of "B—O—Y" in the distance.

"That's all right, then," I thought to myself, and promptly slowed up. "No fear of the rotter catching me now, so I can take things a little more easily."

It never pays to be too sure—even when you think you're absolutely safe. I realise this now, and if I hadn't been a fool I'd have realised it then. However, I didn't—but ambled along on my course with a peaceful heart; and then, all of a sudden, my back tyre punctured!

I hopped off that machine in a twinkling,

and inspected the damage. Yes; it was no mere thorn-prick, which constant pumping-up might cure, but a good, healthy hole, made by a piece of barbed wire which still stuck in the cover. If I hadn't been such a careless ass, I should have been bound to notice it lying on the road.

Feverishly I looked in the tool-bag behind the saddle. There was time to repair it before Robinson arrived, if I was quick. . . . I searched in vain—there was no outfit!

I groaned in spirit as I realised the walk before me; but I was not too stunned to think of a plan. Obviously, I couldn't go on till Robinson had passed, for he would soon overtake me on his sound machine. No; the only thing to be done was to cart the bike over the hedge, and hide there till the coast was clear.

After a great deal of trouble (the hedge was a beast) I succeeded in doing this, and lay concealed in a field of oats. I'm afraid I trampled the corn down a bit, but there was no farmer present to check my wild career, and I was in rather a hurry. In about ten minutes Robinson came by at a snail's pace. Miserable as I was, I couldn't help smiling to see how sick he looked. He was certainly very hot, and it was some comfort to think there was another being in distress besides myself. As soon as his weedy form had disappeared, I rose; and, pushing my hated steed in front, made my way down a lane I knew which opened out on the main road going past our spinney. The lane was somewhat longer than I expected, or else my earlier exploits had taken the starch out of me. At all events, I was a dickens of a time in finding my way along it. I managed to do the trick after what seemed many hours, and reached the spinney more dead than alive. Then I went to the old familiar spot and gave a low whistle. It was answered.

"Are you there, Dickie?"

"I am," said a cheerless voice; "or all that's left of me."

"Come on; we must buck along, or we shall be late for lock-up."

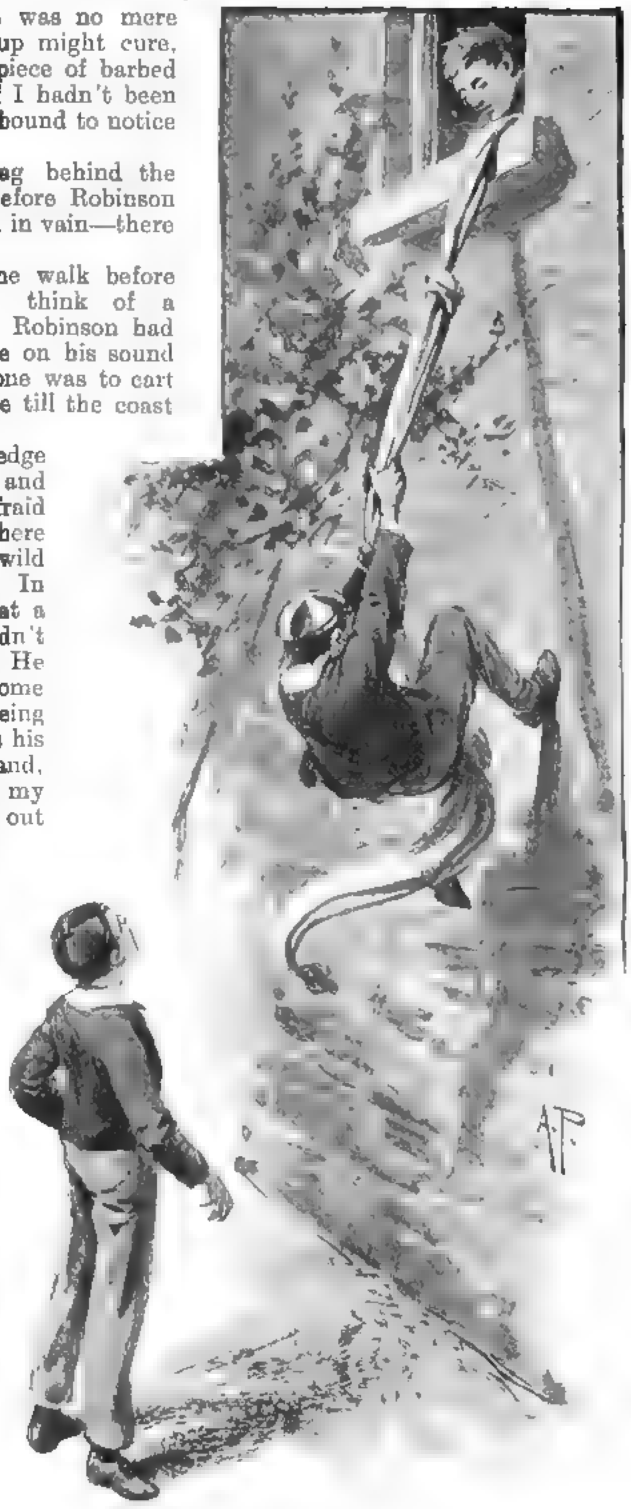
"Late for lock-up!" he echoed, with a bitter laugh. "Do you know what the time is?"

"No."

"Ten past seven."

"Then we're late for it already," I said, aghast.

"Course we are. It doesn't much matter now what time we get in, so I may as well tell you how I've been amusing myself lately."



DICKIE WAS UP THOSE SHEETS IN A JIFFY.

I was too dejected to sit on him, and simply said "Go on."

"Well, after I buzzed over that hedge I made a bee-line for home, leaving bits of me on every thorn I knocked against. Did Robinson follow me? No? Ah, I thought he wouldn't have, when I came to consider the matter; but at the time I was in such a blamed hurry that every noise I heard seemed like his chirpy voice. You can imagine I didn't let the mossy herbage grow under my feet. In short, I ran till I believed I was going to split in two, and when I stopped I found myself in the neighbourhood of the spinney. After making my way here, I spent the rest of my time in having a regular meal of air, drawn slowly into my lungs and as slowly expelled therefrom. I tell you, Tommy, it's been a regular treat to sit still and just breathe."

"But why didn't you rush on and get in before lock-up?"

"Oh, I thought I might as well wait for you. Rather rough if I'd got off and you hadn't, you know."

Dickie's a rattling good sort, you can take it from me.

"Well, let's get in and face the music," I said. We rose, and tramped that last half-mile very quietly.

But things weren't quite so bad after all. Every cloud has a silver lining, as some prophetic loafer justly observes; and the saying came true in our case — as follows:—

We reached the school in safety, shoving that rotten bike in front of us, and were going past the buildings preparatory to ringing our house-master's bell, when we heard a "Hist!" Dickie and I jumped from force of habit. Then we looked up, and saw the face of Drummond at the open window.

"Hullo, you chaps!" he said in a loud whisper.

We said "Hullo!"

"Been on the bust and got locked out?"

We admitted the charge.

"How are you going to get in?"

We told him we intended to ring the house-master's bell and give ourselves up, as criminals always do in story books.

"Why not come in this way?" he asked.

A gleam of hope appeared.

"Where are you?" said Dickie.

"I'm in the sick-room. Got a cold, you know"—he grinned effusively—"I think you could manage."

"There's no spout to climb up, though," I told him.

"No, but I'll let down my sheets, if you'll wait a moment."

Drummond's a thoroughly sound man at times.

We waited—an appalling time, it seemed; and then a long, white, snaky sort of thing with a few knots in it came down. Drummond's face was seen again.

"I've made it fast," he said. "Tied it round the bed-post, and shoved the bed up against the window. Hurry up, you fellows."

Dickie was up those sheets in a jiffy, and I was not long in following him.

"By Jove, we are in luck's way," said I. "You're a thundering good chap, Drum, old boy. Vote of thanks to you."

"Oh, all right," he said. "But if I were you I'd cut downstairs before the matron comes in."

We thumped his back hard, and left the room. Our star was fighting for us, for we were never spotted, and got down to our study ten minutes before prayer time. (By the way, I forgot to tell you that we stored the bike in an outhouse before we climbed the rope.) We sank into our chairs, and looked long upon each other.

"Tell you what, Tommy," said my chum. "This honour and glory business is a bit spoiled in the baking. I'm hanged if I go to Saxby again."

"I wouldn't mind, provided we had *two* bikes," I said. "But riding on the step is anything but jolly; and riding on the saddle—with a lump behind me hanging on my neck—is distinctly not a Pleasant Saturday Afternoon. Still, it's a great score getting in safely, after all."

So with sighs of content we did full justice (as they say in accounts of Sunday school teas) to the viands our study lockers provided—biscuits and cheese. But even now we sometimes dream that we are again riding two on a bike, and that from behind echoes a ghostly cry of "B-O-Y-S!" in the panting tones of our respected preceptor.

(Sandford and Merton—ahem!)

COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

Last day for sending in, May 18th.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, June 19th.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,

Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names have appeared in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may not win more than one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by May 18th.

The Results will be published in July.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"**A May Event.**"—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of May. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I., a Duke & Son's "Century" Cricket Bat, value 12s. 6d. (See Prizes page.) Classes II. and III., a Gamage Cricket Bat, value 11s. 6d.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	.. ...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"**Twelve Representative Athletes of Great Britain.**"—Send, on a post-card, a list of Great Britain's twelve most representative athletes, in order of merit. Take into consideration, when making your choice, each athlete's general all-roundness, his powers of endurance, and his general intelligence, as well as what he has actually accomplished on field and track, in gymnasium, swimming-bath, or sea. Prize: A New Hudson 1905 "Tourist Model" Bicycle, with two-speed Gear by the Hub Two-speed Gear Co., value £10 10s. (See Prizes page.)

No age limit.

No. 3.—"**Missing Landscape Competition.**"—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a picture from which parts of the landscape have been omitted. All the competitor has to do is to put in the missing parts so as to make the whole thing complete. Use pencil only. No shading. The complete picture will be given in our July number. Prizes: Three No. 2 "Brownie" Kodak Cameras, value 10s.

Class I.	... .	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	... .	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	.	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"**Photographic Competition.**"—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s 6d.

Class I.	... ...	No age limit.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	... ..	Age limit: Sixteen.

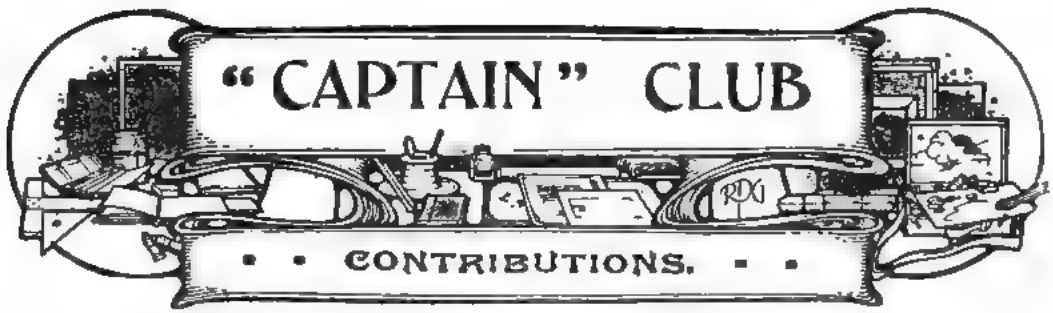
No. 5.—"**Derivations.**"—Many words now embodied in the English language have originally been derived from the name of some person or place—as, for example, sandwich and sybarite. Make a list of twelve words of this kind, and explain briefly how they have arrived at their present meanings. Prize: a Gradidge "Imperial Driver" Cricket Bat, value £1 1s.

No age limit.

No. 6.—"**Naturalists' Competition.**"—For particulars see "Naturalists' Corner."

Age limit: Twenty-one.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***June 19th.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial May Competitions."



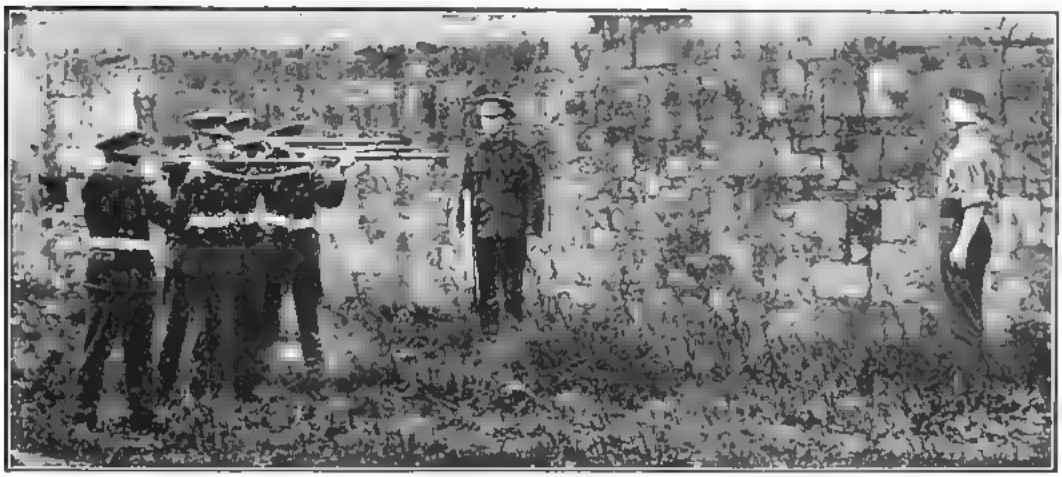
This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to "Pallette," Edward J. W. Clements, W. Edgar Jones, "Malvolio," and A. U. Millar. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

On the Making of a Den.

HAVE you ever enjoyed the delights of a den entirely your own? Some of you, no doubt, have, but it is to those who haven't that I address myself. Bring pressure to bear on your parents, get them to allow you the use of an empty room or attic, and furnish it yourselves. First, give the walls a coat of dark distemper, and then hang thereon your favourite pictures—cricket and football groups, the certificates you have won, and the photos of your chums. If you are an amateur engineer or carpenter, make your den half workshop. Exhibit your models on the walls, together with the curios which every boy gathers. A good plan is to get a large picture frame, cut a sheet of dark cardboard to fit, and on this mount the photos of people in whom you are interested—your favourite artists, inventors, authors, statesmen, &c. Provide your sanctum with a good stout table, or work bench, a few old chairs, and a sofa; go over the floor with stain, and lay down a strip or two of cocoanut matting. Put a shelf along the wall for your books, and pile them on—books, magazines, and papers—in any order. Make a rack to hold your bats, rods, &c. If the room does not possess a fireplace, obtain a good oil stove. Arrange a locker or two to hold odds and ends. Lastly, admit nothing and no one that you don't really love. Make your den a holy of holies—a place to work, think, and enjoy yourself in, a place of happy memories. Invite a few chosen chums in now and again. The treasures around you suggest yarns, and many a tussle on playing field and river will be fought over again round the fire in your den on long winter evenings.

PALLETTE.



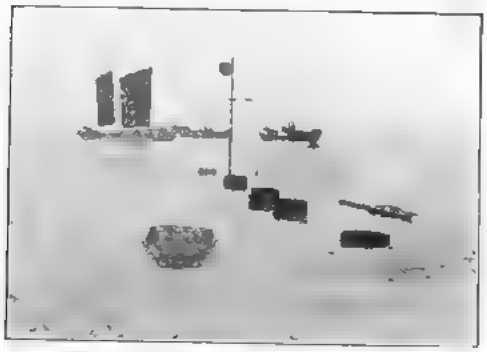
SENTENCED TO BE SHOT.

This picture is really not so serious as it appears to be, being one of a vividly realistic series of pictorial post-cards arranged and published by Mr. F. Cooper, of Preston. The guns, you will be happy to hear, are not loaded.

The Last Cruise of the "Rastoropny."

ON the night of November 16th, 1904, during a heavy snowstorm, the Russian torpedo boat destroyer, *Rastoropny*, managed to escape from Port Arthur, and ran for Chefoo Harbour, where she arrived the following morning after a very exciting chase given by three Japanese destroyers, who were unable to catch her owing to the blinding snowstorm. On her arrival at Chefoo she was boarded by the customs authorities, and the commander of the Chinese cruiser, *Hai Yung*. In accordance with the laws of neutral harbours, belligerents are only allowed twenty-four hours in a neutral port, but as the Russian destroyer wanted longer time (for necessary repairs), the officials in Chefoo decided that she would have to disarm. The Russians agreed to do this on the following day, as the weather was rather rough at the time.

About 6.45 p.m. that day, however, the passengers and crew of the China Navigation

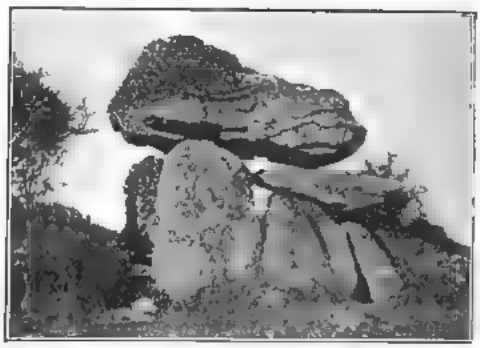


THE SUNKEN "RASTOROPNY" IN CHEFOO HARBOUR.

Co.'s steamer, *Wuchang* (which was anchored close to the scene), were startled by an explosion. Running up on deck they were in time to see the flash preceding a second explosion, which went out to starboard. A few minutes later a black steam launch was seen alongside the *Rastoropny*, and the officers and crew scrambled on board. Shortly afterwards a third explosion was heard, and the destroyer began to sink very slowly by the stern. Two further explosions occurred, and the *Rastoropny* took a list to starboard and disappeared beneath the water. Twenty-two minutes after the first explosion only the tops of the funnels, the mast, and part of the bridge were visible. The black launch with her human freight steamed slowly round the wreck twice, and then made for the shore. Next morning three Japanese destroyers and a cruiser were sighted, but when they heard the news they steamed away in the direction of Port Arthur.

The accompanying photo. was taken by Mr. R. T. Strangman, who was a passenger on board the China Navigation Co.'s steamer, *Wuchang*.

EDWARD J. W. CLEMENTS.



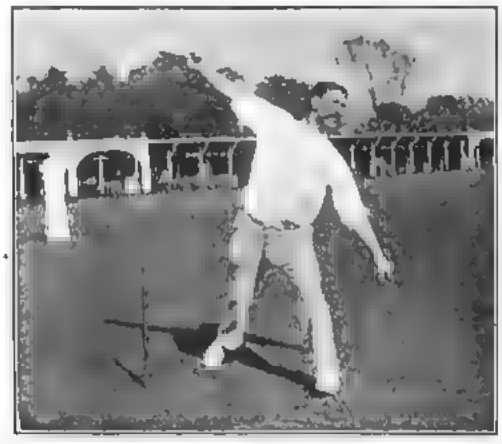
A CROMLECH, OR DRUIDS' ALTAR, NEAR WATERFORD.
One of the largest and best preserved in Ireland. Under the altar-stone, which is supported by four others, and inclines to the east, is a kind of cell. Near by is an ancient gravestone, suggesting that the cromlech was erected in memory of a chieftain or arch-druid.

Photo. by Tyvyan R. Poole.

A Different Experience Under Chloroform.

SOME time ago it became necessary for me to undergo an operation for the removal of an abscess from my side, and in accordance with my doctor's orders I went as an in-patient to the —— Hospital.

The morning of the operation dawned, and in fear and trembling I partook of a slice of bread and butter and a small cup of tea at the un-

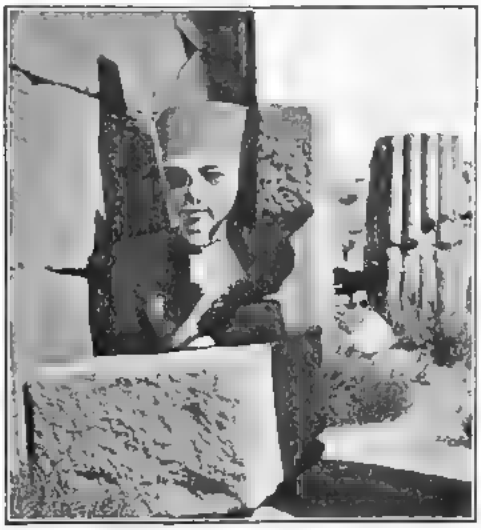


KEEPING HIS HAND IN. ALBERT TROTT, THE MIDDLESEX BOWLER, PRACTISING AT LORD'S.
Photo. by P. F. Warner.

earthly hour of 4.30 a.m. At eight o'clock a nurse came and rubbed my side where the abscess was with ether to numb the flesh, so that I should have as little pain after the operation as possible.

At last my turn to be operated upon came, and I was shown into a small ante-room leading off the operating theatre. I was assisted on to the table, which does *not* in any way resemble a bed, but consists of a hard substance covered completely with a linen sheet. This cover prevented me from seeing what the top was made of, but if feeling goes for anything I should say it was stone, as I can now almost recall the cold chill that went through me the moment I got on the "table."

For some time I lay there looking first at one case of knives and other instruments and then at another, until at last the doctor came in with a small bottle and a piece of wadding. On to this wadding he dropped a certain quantity of chloroform from the bottle, but before applying it he tested my heart, after which he came to the head of the "table" and placed the *wadding*, and *not* a mask, over my nose and mouth, at the same time telling me to breathe deeply. Now, before I had left my ward several of the patients told me to be sure and not open my mouth when taking the chloroform, as by keeping it shut I should be less liable to the sickness which usually follows chloroform than if I breathed through nose and opened mouth. So, remembering these instructions, I kept my mouth tightly shut and breathed *ordinarily* through my nose. I may say



AFTER 3,000 YEARS. PART OF A STATUE OF RAMESES I. AT KARNAK.
Photo. by M. Campbell.

UMPIRES WHITE AND MYCROFT SITTING ON THE WALLS OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE. A CURIOUS RESULT OF TWO EXPOSURES ON ONE PLATE.
Photo. by C. B. Fry.

here that this is about the best way of preventing sickness, as, although I felt sickly after the operation, I was not actually sick. This is also the experience of others.

After a few minutes, or what appeared to be minutes, my view of the glass roof became less distinct, until at last I seemed to sink, and, sinking, to lose consciousness.

My experience whilst under the anæsthetic was of quite a different nature to that of Mr. G. L. Clue, who related his experiences in the August number.

I seemed to have been removed to some place which I knew not, nor to this day can I think where it is, and yet it seems familiar. Faintly at first, but gradually drawing nearer, I heard music of perhaps the wildest, and yet truly harmonious, kind conceivable. It sounded to me as if a large number of brass and string bands were playing all at once. I doubt if I shall ever forget it, or even hear its equal in real life. This grand overture, finale, or whatever you may call it, went on for some time, when, all at once, I became aware of a loud clapping, as if people were applauding the music, but what was my surprise when hearing resolved itself into feeling, and I awoke to the fact that a nurse was hitting my arms and

face to bring me out of the "sleep!". I did not feel well enough to say, "Is it all over?" but lay as still as I could, trying to suppress the groans which the pain caused; neither did I fall into a sleep so easily as did G. L. Clüe.

This is my experience under chloroform. Instead of frightening readers of THE CAPTAIN who may perhaps sometime find it necessary to undergo an operation, I should like to assure them that the sensation under the anæsthetic is not at all disagreeable, barring, of course, the feeling of nervousness. I think that when the dream takes the form of G. L.

THE LANDSLIP AT DOVER IN JANUARY, 1905. It is estimated that about 250,000 tons of cliff were displaced. The top of the cliff sank and pushed the under-cliff seawards to a distance of nearly 300 yards.
Photo. by Charles C. Stapleton

Clue's experience, it must be caused by highly strung nerves and such like.

It is wrong of G. L. Clue to imagine that his is the experience of all; nor do I think mine is, but my experience is based on two personal operations and the experience of others.

W. EDGAR JONES.

Stratford-on-Avon on April 23rd.

A GAY sight meets the eye, for it is the anniversary of William Shakespeare's birth. The first place that one visits is the house in Henley-street. The whole of it is very interesting, but most of all the room in which the "immortal bard" first saw the light. On the window are cut the signatures of Scott and Carlyle, and Robert Browning has inscribed his name on one of the beams of the ceiling.

In the Museum are shown the desk at which the poet sat when at Stratford Grammar School, his chair, various legal documents connected with his family, rare copies of the poet's works, the only letter which it is known for certain was written to William Shakespeare himself—a letter signed "R. Quiney," asking the loan of £30—and many other interesting objects.

Passing from Henley-street you next arrive at the Grammar School, and are shown the place at which Shakespeare sat as a schoolboy; here, too, is the room where he first saw a play performed, and, in all probability, himself first acted. "Each change of many-coloured life he drew," and here his mighty intellect was trained.

Then through streets gay with flags, past a band of Morris Dancers, out to Anne Hathaway's cottage. How pretty it is, with its neat little garden—this scene of the poet's courting!

Next, retracing one's steps, the Memorial Church is reached. Here one gazes on the wreath-bedecked tomb in which was laid to rest Shakespeare's mortal frame more than two hundred and eighty years ago. But his genius cannot cease to live, for, as Ben Jonson said of him:—"Thou are alive still, while thy books do live, And we have wits to read and praise to give."

"MALVOLIO."

Ulysses: A Sonnet.

δύσετό τ' ἠέλιος, σκιόωντό τε πᾶσαι ἀγυιαί.
Odyssey XI–12.

THEN the sun sank and shadowed all the ways,
And the night winds breathed, cold and damp, on me,
Whisp'ring about the rigging drowsily,
Stirring the ocean's surface to a maze
Of silver network, as with pallid rays
The moon rose ghostlike o'er the glimmering sea.
And the dark ship sped onward silently
Through the chill curtain of the gathering haze.
But I sate lonely, pondering, in the stern,
Sad with a mystic sense of coming woes,
And ever for my island home did yearn,
And peace at last from my immortal foes—
Till the drear night at length gave place to morn,
And early dawn brake like an opening rose.

A. U. MILLAR.

12 BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Our Tame Artist is to the fore this month with a batch of drawings depicting types of callers. He presents you with portraits of the Spring Poet, the Boxing Instructor (known in his youth as the "Battersea Bruiser"), the Lady Versifier, the Colonel on retired pay who has done a lot of big game shooting in his time, the Fond Mother who thinks that her Little Willy is a genius in embryo, the Curate who wants to eke out a slender income by contributing articles of a sombre nature to periodicals, the Young Lady who dashes off articles of a domestic order in a sprawling round-hand, and the Artist from Hampstead who started his career with glowing thoughts of masterpieces which would make "the world wonder," and who, twenty years later, is willing to draw anything for any editor in order that he may provide food and clothing for his numerous progeny. He might have added many more specimens of "people who come to see the Editor," but he probably ran short of space, and had to restrict himself to callers of a severely orthodox type. There are, of course, many other specimens. For instance, some time ago a grizzled old man insinuated himself into the office and informed me that he had been in prison for twenty-five years, and would I like an article on the subject. I said I would not, but we talked for some time, and he succeeded in extracting a shilling from me before he departed. The Office Dog saw him off the premises. All sorts and conditions of people call upon an editor. Some are got rid of in half-a-minute—some stay half-an-hour. It is all part of the day's work.

A Word to Contributors.—Talking about people who want to write for THE CAPTAIN, I feel this will be a good opportunity to utter a gentle protest about the unsatisfactory manner in which many of these people put their contributions together. In no branch of art does one meet with such slovenliness, such absolute unfitness for the task undertaken, and such carelessness with regard to rudimentary rules, as in the art of writing. I receive many stories in which every law of composition and punctuation is rudely violated; stories ill-written and ill-typewritten; written on both sides of the paper, ungrammatical, with commas, semi-colons, and full-stops scattered in wild, inaccurate profusion all over every page. Often the *idea* is a good one, but abominably exploited. My dear ladies and gentlemen, surely your own sense must tell you that you have no right to fling contributions at an editor's head until you have at least mastered the technical A.B.C. of literary composition.

It may be asked: Why bother about such contributions, Mr. Editor? Why go out of your way to utter this protest?

I go out of my way to utter this protest because I receive so much matter that is really interesting, but spoilt by the style in which it is served up. In the majority of cases, I may truthfully say that the contributions sent to me would be vastly improved if the writers thereof took the trouble to rewrite their original drafts. But no! Your school, burglar, ghost, or sea story is banged off at high pressure, crammed into an envelope, and dropped into a letter-box in a raw or half-cooked state which, though the plot may be good, causes it to be summarily rejected by an editor

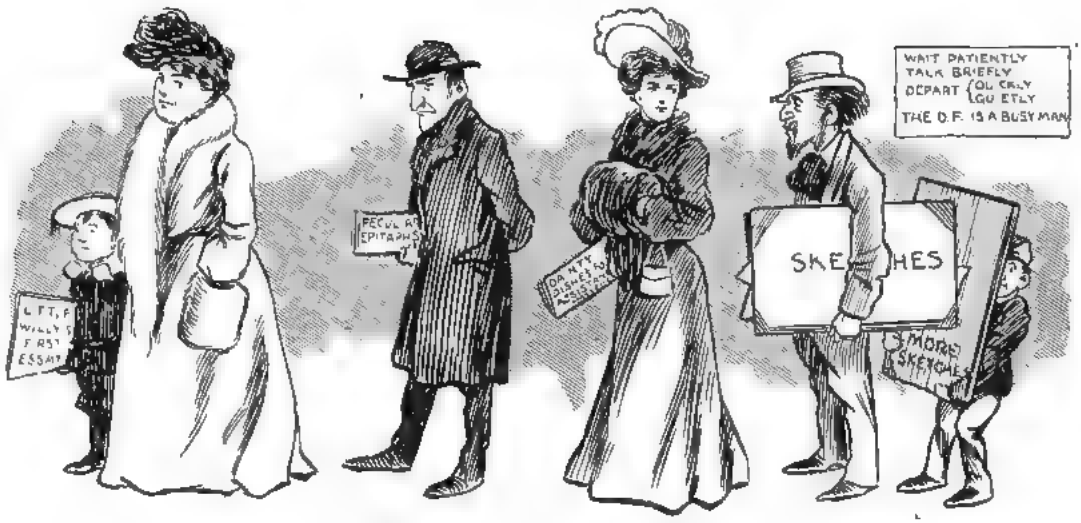
CALLERS AT THE "CAPTAIN" OFFICE.
(By Our Tame Artist.)

who thinks, "What a pity he didn't take more time over it!" You will always find that men who attain name and fame are careful workmen who prune and polish their compositions in a conscientious manner. I therefore recommend writers who desire to see their work in these pages to pay unremitting attention to technique. Contributions should always be clean, and clearly written or typewritten. Never bore me with a long letter—as some lady contributors are very fond of doing—and always enclose an envelope sufficiently large to contain your story without necessitating a refolding or doubling up into four or eight. Always leave a good margin for editorial corrections—and on no account send a tale unless you have a really good tale to send. Just now we have no room at all for articles, owing to the number in hand. That piece of information may save some of you trouble and postage stamps.

Holiday Clubs.—"G. von S." (Southport) and her brother hit upon the excellent idea during the Christmas holidays of getting up a holiday hockey club. This is capital. I suppose they will revive the club at Easter. As my correspondent says, during the holidays, in places like Southport, there are heaps of fellows who loaf about with nothing to do, and they probably get into mischief. Holiday clubs for boys and girls ought to be got up all over the country. The result would be that there would not be half so much slacking round. Young people ought to put their heads together and make more use of their time in the holidays. Four weeks at Christmas, two or three at Easter, six or seven in the summer—think of the amount of loafing which the average public school-boy must get through during his yearly vacation! "G. von S." and her brother are to be heartily congratulated on their endeavours to promote holiday hockey matches, and I sincerely trust the movement will become a general one. Besides hockey, such clubs should be extended to cycling, cricket, walking, and so on. Go out for long day tramps—having, say, some picturesque ruin as your objective—with your lunch in your pockets. "Nothing to do," says "G. von S.," "is the cry all through the holidays." Holiday clubs should help to silence a good deal of that cry.

"Anglo-Porteno" sends me the following cutting from the *Buenos Aires Standard:*

Those turbulent young citizens, the Law students, *sounded* the "nota del dia" yesterday. They were summoned to their long postponed examinations, and appeared on the scene as meek as mice—but just as the first boy was called up, a big bomb exploded at the door with a bang that caused the examiners to turn the colour of boiled chickens. Then another bomb banged, and shouts and yells, whistling, the crash of smashed windows, and all the



CALLERS AT THE "CAPTAIN" OFFICE.
(By Our Tame Artist.)

noises of Pandemonium were heard. A phalanx of youngsters charged the Doyen, Dr. Victorica, and nearly bowled him over; the line of policemen on duty was broken, and revolver shots, "mueras" and "vivas!" followed. Then the students hustled the examiners out of the hall, smashed windows and chairs, flung books and "actas" into the patio, and remained masters of the situation amid deafening shouts of "Abajo la Academia!" Finally the boys, each with some "booty" from the sacked hall, marched in a body to the "Nacion" office, treated it to a "silbatina," and the row ended. The police behaved admirably all through, and used no violence with the unruly youngsters.

"You will doubtless be surprised at the revolver shots," says my correspondent, "but it is a regular thing for students over here to carry arms, especially during examination times. I suppose such things are unheard of in England?"—Well, of course, we *have* rowdy times at the Universities, but our students certainly do not carry arms, at examination or any other times. It must be quite an exciting thing in the Argentine Republic for a professor to preside over an examination, what with bombs banging, revolvers going off, and windows being smashed. I should say the calling of a professor must be one of the most undesirable callings in the Republic. I understand that all this row occurred because the programme of the examinations was changed, and a round robin which the students submitted was treated contemptuously by the professors. That, of course, was annoying, but exploding a bomb seems to be a very drastic method of reprisal. It makes one appreciate the law and order of this country, when you come to think of those bombs and revolver-shots. It would be a nice thing if Oxford and Cambridge men started to throw bombs at unpopular dons, to "pot" referees who gave decisions against "the 'Varsity," and to settle little disputes among themselves with the "barker." Fancy, too, the Vice-Chancellor being charged by "a phalanx of youngsters," poor gentleman!

Scottish Schools Football Championship. (1904-5.)—In this competition for the past season, Fettes, for the third time in succession, are champions. Throughout the whole series they did not have their lines crossed. Their chief victories were over Glenalmond, by 43 points to nil, and twice over the Edinburgh Academy. Merchiston are runners-up with two defeats, one at the hands of the champions by 11 points, and the other by the Academy. The Edinburgh Academy scored a creditable victory over Merchiston by 2 tries to 1, but lost heavily to Fettes by 31 and 30 points. Loretto played well in the return match with Fettes, but were beaten by 8 points, and also were unlucky to lose their return match with the Academy after having the best of the game. Glenalmond and Watson's College had both poor teams and did nothing of note, but Watson's beat Glenalmond by a try in the match to decide the ownership of the wooden spoon.

	Played	Won	Lost	Points for	Points against	Points
1. Fettes	6	6	0	143	0	0
2. Merchiston	7	5	2	106	23	2
3. Edinburgh Academy	9	6	3	85	78	3
4. Loretto	7	2	5	43	62	5
4. Watson's College	6	1	5	3	103	5
4. Glenalmond	5	0	5	4	118	5

One point for each defeat.

[Sent by "NORTHERN SCOT."]

Cricketers born in May.

1st, G. W. Beldam, 1868.
3rd, J. T. Hearne, 1867.
9th, H. D G. Leveson-Gower, 1873.
12th, H. Trumble, 1867.
15th, J. Vine, 1875.
19th, G. L. Jessop, H. G. Owen, 1874, 1859.
21st, C. E. de Trafford, 1864.
22nd, F. Marchant, 1864.
23rd, W. S. A. Brown, 1877.
25th, T. L. Taylor, 1878
26th, P. Perrin, 1876.
27th, J. A. Dixon, L. C. H. Palairet, 1861, 1870.
30th, A. Mold, C. Blythe, 1865, 1879.

[Sent by "F. F."]

A British "Hickson's": "A. G. T." writes in support of "mixed" schools on the plan of the American schools and Dollar Academy. I fear it is impossible to introduce this system into Great Britain to any extent, but I am printing my correspondent's letter in full, as what he says is certainly worthy of consideration. Without altering our public school system—which turns out, it cannot be denied, the best type of man in the world—I think it should be possible to experiment with the "mixed" school more than is done at present. Here are "A. G. T.'s" views:—

The letter of "A Fellow at School" in your April number suggests a question which, in my very youthful opinion, requires the most thorough ventilation. You ask for "debate" subjects. If it were not for the pretended indifference of boys to sex questions, I should suggest "Should Girls and Boys be Educated Together?" for this is a most important matter, sir, and I have George Meredith as my excuse for making the assertion. In his last (I think it is his last) book, "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," he says through one of his characters that it is the separation of the sexes in youth that does the mischief. "At eighteen they (boys and girls) are strangers." Yes, we are strangers. There are thousands of sisterless youths who would rather take a quarter-mile swim on a nippy January day than publicly discuss the weather and nothings with a maid. *[I beg leave to take exception to this statement.—O.F.]* And this is the result of the absurd educational system of an absurd social system. Civilisation, we are pleased to call it. Pshaw! The girls do not suffer so much—it is we; for I don't believe there are a dozen really unaffectedly bashful girls on this planet. We males would stand a better chance of overcoming our fear of females if there were in England more happy places like Hickson's and Dollar Academy. Of course, I understand that even under such happy circumstances we wouldn't be the same chums at seventeen as at ten; but still, we would understand each other better, have more sympathy with each other's tastes and weaknesses, behave more easily with each other, and be better in every way if we could only howl down this one of many banns of that hideous old fetish, Mrs. Grundy. Oh, Mrs. Grundy! (Please excuse the groan.) I hope you will give all the space you can manufacture to letters on this subject, for it is one, it seems to me, of world-wide interest. Further, I feel almost sure that a little coaxing would induce Mr. Meredith to say a few words to us.

P.S. I hope the school heads of England get hold of a copy of "Hickson's" when it is published in book form.

Following on this letter I have received one from "Another Fellow at School," who tells me that "there is a fine mixed school at Hampstead, called King Alfred School, where the teachers are mixed as well as the scholars." This correspondent, like "A. G. T.," thinks that it would be a good thing if there were more mixed schools in Great Britain—"for a great many English girls are like Florence Louise, only worse—like she was to start with, I mean." Our friend, I may add, helped by some other fellows and girls, has formed a "Hickson" Club, which works and reads and cycles, &c. "The girls," he says, "know much more than we thought they did, and make A1 companions." This is all very interesting, and I shall be pleased to receive the views of other readers on the "Hickson" question.

Girls' Friendships. A number of other young ladies have written to say that they entirely disagree with the writer of the letter in the December number, who stated that girls were not so dependable in their friendships as boys. I am glad to have received this chorus of feminine dissent on that point. "M. S.," writing from Cambridge, says: "In reading your Editorial for December I found a letter written by a girl which rather annoyed me because it showed such absolute ignorance of her own sex. She seems to think that girls are one mass of spitefulness and meanness. I have been at a large girls' school for more than five years, and before that I was at a small school for seven years, so I think I ought to know something about it. Whatever people may say to the contrary, girls are not meaner than boys; of course, I have never

been at a boys' school, but if the books which I have read are at all true to life (which I hope they are not), they are a good deal less so. The letter of which I am writing also contained this absurd sentence: 'Girls seem to put their friends on a sort of pedestal (I am speaking of *real* friends) and adore them from beneath it.' Now, girls do *not* 'adore' their friends. I will admit that they have a foolish habit of 'adoring' people a good deal older than themselves, but their *real* friends are not treated in this way. A girl will, of course, see that her friend has faults, like everyone else, and probably will not hesitate to tell her of them, but she will make the best of them to other people, and their friendship will not suffer simply because her chum happens to be human; and she will *not* turn on her erstwhile friend with, 'I thought as much,' or some such virtuous phrase, but, if she hears her friend spoken against, will stand up for her most energetically, and, if argument is useless, as likely as not she will try what strength can do. Again, girls do not tell tales any more than boys do. I do not remember a single instance in the twelve years I have been at school of one girl telling tales of another. I know she would have a very bad time if she did. If your correspondent has gained her experience of girls from reading books about them, I do not wonder at her curious opinions, for girls in books are very seldom real."

Miss Una Murphy also writes as follows: "I received a very unpleasant shock when I came on the paragraph, 'What Girls Read.' What you say about many girls' tastes for reading boys' papers is true, because we have not many of our own which confine their interests to youthful sports, or which can boast of the cheery 'vim' of THE CAPTAIN. But of the very few, the *Girls' Realm* is one which is full of interest, and is, I believe, largely read among schoolgirls (present and past), and well deserves to flourish, for it is a racy, delightful, healthy little magazine. Now do allow me to give my opinion on the question of girls' friendships. What a slander your correspondent has put forth! I felt hurt beyond words when I read her attack. Oh, it is not true! I have known so many cases of friendships among my own sex, and a girl who could utter such an insult to herself and her sex only betrays either her gross ignorance of girls or her own failure to make friends among them. If you could only know the strength of affection and loyalty which exists between many, many girl friends, you would respect our sex and our friendships as we would wish to respect yours." From the wording of this paragraph it looks as if this young lady fancied that I took the same view of girls' friendships as the correspondent whose letter I quoted in the December number. Of course I do not associate myself with such views. These letters, however, must close this particular correspondence, as I think it has been proved to the satisfaction of all my fair readers that girls are just as staunch and true in their friendships as boys are.

A Promising Philatelist: This is Edward Finch, of Exeter, to whom was awarded the set of six volumes of THE CAPTAIN, presented by the editor, as a prize in connection with the London Stamp Exhibition, held last February under the auspices of the Junior Philatelic Society. Master Finch's neatly arranged collection also obtained for him one of the Society's silver medals. I heartily congratulate him on his success.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Stage-Struck.—I don't advise anyone to go on the stage. Your best plan would be to get another berth in an architect's office, if you're any good in that line at all. You will find some advice to a would-be actor in "The Duffer" (November No., 1904).

X. Y. Z. has a double chin, and wants to know how to cure it. He didn't know whether to send this question to the Athletic Editor or to me. I fear Mr. Warner would hardly regard the curing of double chins as within his province. As for me, well, all I can say is that it is possible X. Y. Z. will grow out of his double chin. If he doesn't, he needn't be disturbed, as it cannot be called an affliction. Perhaps the Toilet Editress of a ladies' paper might be able to deal with the matter, but I must confess it is quite beyond *me*.

Private Magazines.—I have received a number of magazines printed on the mimeostyle,

and other duplicating machines. I am obliged to the conductors of these little journals for sending me copies, but I fear I cannot undertake to criticise their contents, which naturally appeal more or less exclusively to the little circle that produces them. I should like CAPTAIN readers to understand plainly that we can only criticise printed magazines in our pages.

Swimming at Schools.—With reference to what I said some months ago about swimming not being taken up very much in schools, I have received particulars of the swimming at King Edward's High School, Birmingham, and at Manchester Grammar School. It would seem that swimming is very keenly followed at both of these well-known schools. My Manchester correspondent also informs me that Manchester Grammar School runs a lacrosse team, and adds that the only other important lacrosse-playing school besides Manchester Grammar School is the Leys School, Cambridge. Up to this I had no idea that lacrosse was played by any school.

Twickenham "Captain" Club.—G. W. Dougherty, 24 Amyand Park-road, Twickenham, writes to say that he has got a little club going, but would like some more members. Will CAPTAIN readers living in that district kindly make a note of the fact?

Sidney M.—I have already said that I cannot establish an exchange column or page, for stamps or anything else, in this magazine Such a column or page would, I think, cause a great deal of trouble and unpleasantness. It is not wise to have dealings with strangers. A stamp collector, or any other fellow who wishes to exchange anything at all, ought to confine his bargaining to his own circle of friends.

L. C. Davis.—I am sorry your little essay on the Welsh and Scotch International Rugby match at Edinburgh was too late for insertion. It was certainly a very facetious Welshman who remarked that, "if only Evan Roberts were here he would convert any try." That is really quite good

An Ely Captainite.—We have quite enough to do here without making out certificates for CAPTAIN Club members. You can get Army badges from Gale and Polden, who advertise in our pages.

John Fergusson.—No room for an article of that nature. You can learn how to build a model locomotive from any of several books on the subject published by Dawbarn and Ward, and Percival Marshall and Co. Ask them to send you a list.

Nineteen.—If you and your girl friends desire to bring out a magazine, and only want to print 100 copies a month, and intend your magazine to be about half as thick as THE CAPTAIN without the advertisements, it will take all the pocket money you and the "eleven other girls" have ever had or ever will have. Illustrations will make it all the more expensive. You ought to be able to get out a nice little paper for a few pounds per month. If you explain to a local printer exactly what you want to do, he will give you an estimate, and then, if you like to send a "dummy" copy of your paper to me, with his estimate, I can tell you whether it is or is not a fair estimate.

Botany Bay (a correction).—In our November number we printed a photograph of which the underline was, "Botany Bay, the famous Australian Penal Settlement." "Seapointer" writes from Seapoint, Cape Town, to tell me that the view we gave is of Botany Bay, Seapoint, South Africa, and not the famous Australian penal settlement. I am sorry we made such a mistake, but I had no idea there were two Botany Bays.

Walter Jungius.—I thank you for your kindly expressions with regard to my humble self, but I fear I cannot print your poetry. To be quite candid, Mr. Jungius, I fear you are not a poet.

L. M.—There is a certain amount of force in your little poem, "By One of the Unemployed," but I should say it would be more suitable for one of the Sunday or evening papers. I hope you will succeed in placing it satisfactorily.

Volunteer.—Thank you for your interesting letter. It is impossible for our artists to be always correct in all technical details. Only a man so well up in soldiering as yourself will spot little errors in accoutrements, &c. Myself, I think it is very wonderful that our black-and-white artists should do so well when it comes to putting in details of uniforms. For instance, see how well Mr. Stanley Wood depicts the old Puritan style of dress. At the same time, doubtless, Mr. Wood is illustrating a military series in another magazine, and possibly a book in which the illustrations are likewise of a "costume" order, to use a stage phrase. Yes, on the whole, I don't think we have much to grumble at in the work of CAPTAIN artists.

Mr. Kipling's Technicalities.—"Palette" writes: "I see your reviewer expresses a dislike for Rudyard Kipling's technicalities. Now, to my mind, engineering names and terms are very simple; in fact, they explain themselves. No man could do what Kipling does without dropping into technicalities. Any writer could say so-and-so happened to a steamer's engines, but it takes a Kipling to tell in simple language what led up to it, and how it happened, so that the scene is brought vividly before you. Nothing is said by the critics about the highly technical descriptions of India. The names and Indian words were very puzzling—indeed, so puzzling that a glossary had to be attached to his first book. I hope I have made my meaning plain."

A Correction.—The photograph on page 558 of the March number was incorrectly described as "The Old Bridge, Maidenhead." It is a picture of the Wye Bridge and Cathedral, Hereford. I am much obliged to those correspondents who have pointed out the error.

Percival Dacre.—I cannot tell you where you can get Vol. II. of THE CAPTAIN. We can't sell it you, as the first eight volumes are out of print. You might possibly procure it by advertising in the *Bazaar, Exchange and Mart*

"Chicken."—Many thanks for your pottery-ware letter-weight. It is pleasant to handle, but I think it might have been less grotesque in design.

"New Captainite."—I will ask Mr. Williams to give you some hints re a cycling tour in Ireland. See next month's issue. **"Well-wisher," "A School Boy,"** and others want to know when we are going to have articles on their respective schools. I can only refer them to our crowded space, and assure them that we hope to deal with every school of importance in course of time.

"A Watson Boy."—Another reader was before you with an account of the Scottish Schools Rugby Championship. **"Q. E. R."** (I hope that's right.)—Your verses are pleasant, but there is nothing very meritorious about them. You must strike out into a more original line. Thousands of poets have sung the charms of Spring. **"Mancuniensis."**—Protest received, read, and made a note of. But "The Latest" is not *meant* to be bound up with the volume. It is mainly intended to form a literary supplement to the advertisements. **Murray Purvis.**—Your essay on Japan is all right, but I fear I cannot find room for it, as I have a great deal of matter previously accepted that is impatiently awaiting its turn. **C. T. Sinclair.**—That was all very well as a laughable adventure, but we want our essays to have a lot more real stuff in them than yours has. **John Bull.**—Your description of a German duel is well enough done, but it is an old subject that has been dealt with scores of times in the magazines. **G. F. Crouch.**—The list you give in your little essay of men who have made their names famous in both the cricket and football fields is pretty well known to the public, I think. Essays for us should contain facts which are not widely known. **E. W. Soulsby.**—The themes of your poems are commendable, but you have yet much to learn in regard to phrasing and metre. **Satisfied.**—I am printing just one more "Experience Under Chloroform," and that must finish up the subject, so I fear I cannot find room for your little account. **Claud Foster.**—I am afraid your photos. are not quite good enough to publish in THE CAPTAIN. A really good photo. of those 900-feet-high cliffs would be quite suitable. **Query.**—Your question has been answered over and over again in THE CAPTAIN. Look through your back numbers. **H. W. Vivian.**—See reply to "Recruit" last month for particulars *re* Club. **"Exon."**—Apply to the Foreign Office *re* consular posts. **H. C. B. R.**—Clubbed. Buy a "Tit-Bits" copy-book to improve your writing. **"Porangi Potae."**—"A Match and a Meal" is accepted. **Iguana.**—Mr. Step will reply to your letter. I am not the gentleman you mention. **G. H. R. Laird.**—In time we may revert to the old style. We shall see.

Letters have also to be acknowledged from:—L. M. Rowlands, "Russia's Fidus Achates," "Strombole," J. H. A. (have noted your suggestions), L. Ingram, Aldridge Kershaw, M. W. R. "Te wahine Roa," W. E. Wright, "Girl Reader," H. W. B. Ryan, K. H. McClure, C. L. Fisher, "Natas," J. W. Chisholm, C. Grant (S. Australia), "An Old Boy" (Hull), Austin C. Cooper.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of March Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Authors."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA" GRAPHOPHONE: William Blann Meff, 49 Fonthill-road, Aberdeen, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: L. Barefoot, 13 Wexford road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Crossley, Harry Freeman, Alfred J. Glass, H. G. Tucker, H. S. Mitchell, Jessie Procter, Jack H. Gamble, F. R. Laird, Norna Walford, G. E. Mitchinson, P. M. Cook, Sidney B. Wood.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA" GRAPHOPHONE: Gordon F. Bainbridge, Clayesmore School, Pangbourne, Berks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Stella Camroux, 30 Overstrand Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Vincent C. Bruce, Frank Gates, William J. Allum, Alan Thwaites, Harold Smith, H. W. Bridgman, Evelyn Harris, H. T. Ringham, Cecil Malden, L. Jenkins, J. F. King.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA" GRAPHOPHONE: E. Jordan, Bridge-street, Walton-on-Thames.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Willie Spence, Vernon Bartlett, H. G. Gregson, Dorothy Dockree, Henry Billingburst, F. H. M. Georgeson, F. W. R. Greenhill, Eric F. Mey, Chas J. Macdonald, Cecil Ryder, J. H. Burrell, B. J. Michael.

No. II.—"A March Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" CRICKET BAT: George E. Russell, 4 Chandos-road, Causeway, Staines.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Benjamin Corbyn, 46 High street, Lowestoft.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eric M. Ritchie, Harold Schofield, A. McFadyean, Ethel Hutchings, Lizzie Q. Allen, W. L. Dudley, Frank Haslam, D. Buckwell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" CRICKET BAT: C. E. P. Brooks, 33 Drayton Park, Highbury.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Harold Jones, Bells Vue, near Pontypool, Mon.; Thomas Cooke, 35 Dudley Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. A. Pavey, H. G. Nicolson, G. Startin, C. A. Wheeler, A. H. Sinden, W. M. Marshall, C. M. Hearn, A. E. Fullerton, A. W. Dobbin.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" CRICKET BAT: Leslie L. Norris, 18 Lansdowne road, Tottenham, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Bertie Barnes, Robert Edwards, Newman A. Hobbs, Toulon L. Mills, C. E. Phillips, Ruby Gladman, Phyllis Palm, H. Cridge, Wilfrid Adams, A. B. Hodge.

No. III.—"Captain" Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF BOOKS: C. M. Le Mesurier, Warwick House, Clarendon road, Jersey, C.I.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Edith M. Nanson, 9 Stockwell Park Crescent, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance H. Greaves, M. MacOwen Hall, V. M. Bland, Ursula M. Peck, A. A. Kerridge, Evelyn Hewitt, C. Meservy, E. A. Lyne, W. Macpherson, E. P. W. Shepheard, L. M. Thomas.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BOOKS: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton road, Loughboro' Junction, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Gwendolen Okeden, Stutton House, Ipswich; Ethel M. Parsons, Victoria road, Oswestry, Shropshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. W. Hutchins, T. W. Spikin, A. McLadyean, Muriel Holder, E. S. Brooks, L. Tucker, C. Maisey, G. C. P. Toulmin, Dorothy Nanson, L. J. Hodson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BOOKS: Olive M. Tomkins, 20 Patrick road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percy Hartill, A. L. Cranfield, Mabel Churchill, Dorothy Osmond, M. Rose Sandes, E. D'Auvergne, Bertram Robson, A. J. Baynon, Kenta A. Lewis, R. Middleton.

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: T. E. W. Strong, St. Anne's road West, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: C. Winter Wood, Kenwick, Paignton, Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. J. Smith, T. Muir, Alexander Scott, P. J. Alexander, Charlie Hill, E. A. Notcutt, J. H. Pollock, E. W. Reeve, R. W. Copeman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: G. S. R. Cushnie, 183 Grove-street, Liverpool.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: D. A. Christian, 396 Great Western-road, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. P. Cole, G. Chance, F. S. Piper, J. Gill, E. W. Dowie, J. Aitken, H. T. Haile, M. Babington, T. H. Chapman.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Morley Copeman, Town View, Wincanton, Somerset.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: R. C. Kershaw, 100 Talketh street, Southport.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jasper Williams, J. J. Currie, H. G. Wells, Cedric Burrell, E. R. Exell, G. Phillips, Dorothy Dale, F. E. Pendry.

No. V.—"England Team v. Australia."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF "BENETFINK" CRICKET BAT: W. G. Haysman, The Nunnery, Thetford, Norfolk.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. C. King Scott, John S. Kennedy, Sidney B. Wood, J. A. Lewton Brain, John J. Hogg, George Spaven, G. Greenwood, R. W. Highsted, Herbert Constance, W. F. Dray, C. H. Whetham.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "BENETFINK" CRICKET BAT: J. Walter Jones, 10 Plasnewydd terrace, Neath, Glam.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Spencer Leeming, N. Miles Kemp, H. J. A. Crooks, Frank Barnes, C. H. Joynt, J. R. Atwell, A. Smith, J. B. Rowley, G. E. Russell, R. G. Pye, W. R. Powell, A. H. Hughes.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "BENETFINK" CRICKET BAT: W. H. Strike, 53 Leicester-road, East Finchley, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W. H. Morgan, 7 Barrass-road, Seghill, Northumberland; Ian K. Hunter, Union Bank House, Elgin, N.B.; Eric Harvey, Abingdon School, Abingdon, Berks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. K. Creese, H. Freeman, Owen Squires, M. B. Jones, Olive M. Tomkins, Charles Allcock, N. A. Smythe, Arnold Rogers, H. W. Scheurmier, W. A. Stanford.

No. VI.—"Suggestion for Pictorial Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF "GUINEA CYKO" CAMERA: F. J. Ward, 1 Leighton Villas, Dorset road, Mottingham, Eltham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alf. Owen, Elsie N. Bowley, Wm. Bullough, W. F. Dray.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Henry Albert Atwell, 73 Sefton Park-road, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: N. P. Goodacre, Percival Dacre, G. F. Burgess, Bernard C. Curling, Fred Hill, E. Kleinjung, Mollie Marrow, Harold Sobolfield, Randolph L. Pawlby.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: G. Don, Churchgate House, Stockport.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Dickson, A. W. Fox, G. D. Evans, E. L. White, J. W. Jean, H. V. Sergeant, Don Guilio Torlonia, A. Rogers, Charles Scolland.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—February.

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: F. W. Molesworth, 99 St. Joseph-street, Toronto, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Peter Woodside (Transvaal), Robert Murray (Canada), Louisa Glasse (Cape Colony), L. F. Solly (Canada), C. Sauermann (Cape Colony), George Woodley (Canada).

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: Ernest Ettling, 132 Du Toitspan-road, Kimberley, South Africa.

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: H. H. Boyes, "Nairne," Ednam-road, Rondebosch, Cape Town.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mildred Whitman (Canada).

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: K. Cameron, Park road, Cape Town.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. D. Mookerjea (India), John B. Hobden (Canada), H. H. Boyes.

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: P. Govindarajulu, Myrtle House, Triplicane, Madras, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. D. Mookerjea, Ernest Ettling, K. Cameron.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the March Competitions.

No. I.—As usual a most popular competition. Only a very few competitors were fortunate enough to solve every picture correctly. No. 3 was the most difficult to solve. Neatness again counted considerably. A correct list will be found on an advertisement page.

No. II.—A large number of excellent essays were submitted, the final decision being by no means an easy task. The "March events" which found most favour with competitors were The Death of Queen Elizabeth, The Abolition of Slavery, The Battles of Towton, Mukden, and Alexandria, and the Marriage of King Edward VII.

No. III.—A considerable increase of entries this time, many of them excellently thought out and put together. Special mention should be made of the exceedingly clever and artistic effect sent in by Albert Allbrow, the prize-winner in Class II. Please remember to quote the source of all quotations.

No. IV.—The competition was well contested in all Classes.

No. V.—A tremendously popular competition. The correct list, decided by vote, is as follows: Hirst, Tyldesley, Rhodes, Fry, Ranjitsinghi, Lilley, Warner, Bosanquet, Braund, Hayward, Jessop. Several competitors were fortunate enough to get the whole list right, especially in Class III.

No. VI.—The most popular suggestion was for a sketch of the Old Fag as he really is. Some of the suggestions will be adopted.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

AN "ADVENTUROUS BEAST."

"LAST night," writes a correspondent, "I had an experience which reminded me oddly of 'Picciola.' I was courted by a mouse. Constrained, at all costs, to finish an article by daybreak, I sat up at work in my dining room until the small hours of the morning. Towards two o'clock the proceedings opened with an athletic performance behind the sideboard, during which the mouse seemed to fall repeatedly from various heights. Growing bolder, it next scampered suddenly across the rug and over the fender, after this it stood still and watched me. Another scamper, and then the pretty thing frolicked about beneath an armchair, poking its little head out at me like a kitten in play. The steady scratching of my pen seemed to fascinate it, as the scoring of chalk on a board charms a rabbit. Presently there was a bustle about the chair next mine, and, after a tough piece of mountaineering up the table cover, the bright eyes of the mouse appeared over the edge of the table. I shook the cloth. Result: panic. But, to my great surprise, the adventurous beast returned in a few minutes, swarmed up the chair and cover again, and this time absolutely advanced towards me over the table. With eyes begging friendship it came steadily on; and at last, when only a few inches from my arm, turned about and disappeared. I shall watch for it another night. The audacity of the creature piques and amazes me."—*Daily Chronicle*, March 27th.

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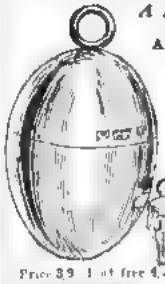

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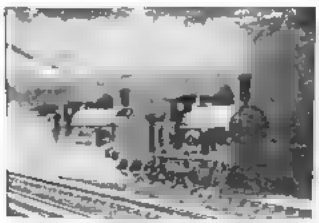

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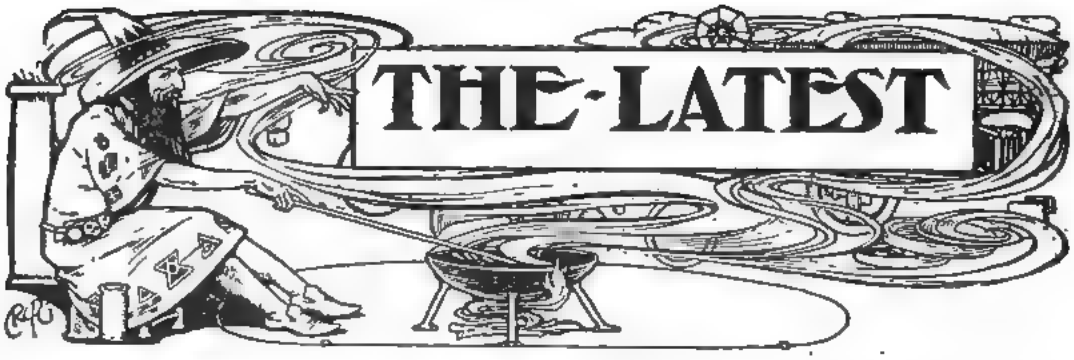
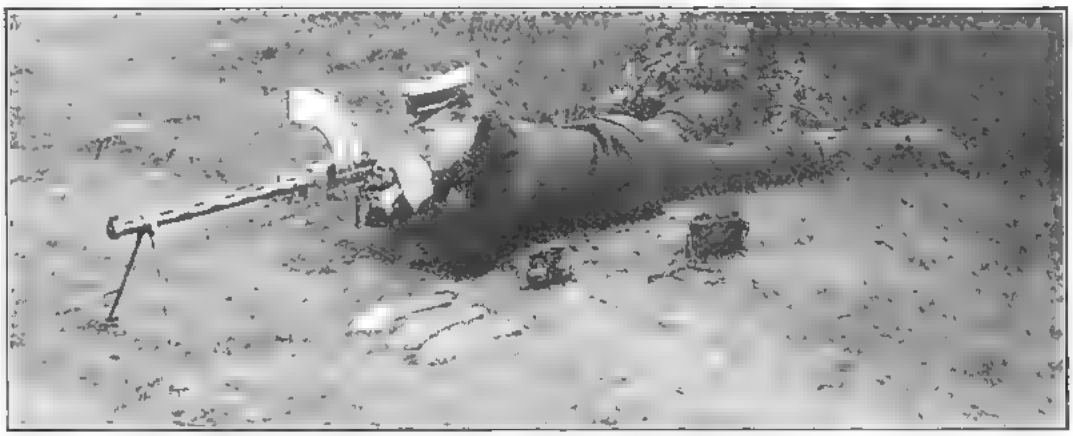


New Type of Gun.

The accompanying photograph shows the new Rexer automatic machine gun (briefly mentioned last month) with which the War Office and Admiralty have lately been making extensive experiments. It is something quite new in weapons, and, owing to its high rate of firing, combined with portability, it should be very valuable both in military and naval service. All recent wars have emphasised what an



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As shown in our picture, the muzzle end of the gun is supported on two short legs, which are so arranged that whilst giving steadiness of aim they enable the gun to be swung round so as to cover a wide range. The cartridges are contained in quadrant shaped magazines. In our illustration one of these is in use and three others are lying on the ground. Each magazine holds twenty-five cartridges, and these can be discharged in less than two seconds by one pull of the trigger. The used magazine can be disconnected and a full one put in its place in quite a few seconds. In fact, so quickly can this be done that it requires no special dexterity to fire 300 shots a minute with the Rexer gun. The barrel is designed so that it cools quickly, thus permitting the firing of a large number of rounds without too greatly heating the barrel. The introduction of the Rexer gun in this country is largely owing to the King, who saw it in use when in Denmark last year. Realising its value he soon had it carefully tested by our military authorities.

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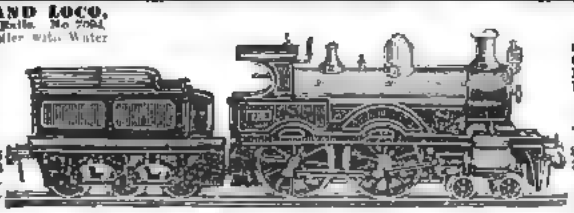

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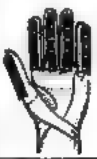

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OUR GREATEST LIVING GIANT
Photo. by Campbell Gray.

The Russian Giant.

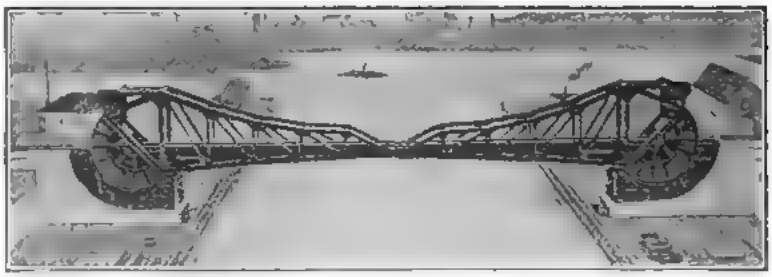
The adjoining photograph pictures very strikingly the great size of the Russian giant Machnow, who was lately in this country exhibiting himself at various places of entertainment. Giant Machnow is 8ft. 9½in. in height. The doorway of the room in our picture is of normal dimensions. Note how the giant towers above it. Giant Machnow is not only remarkable because of his height but also on account of his splendid figure. Unlike most giants, he is by no means a "skeleton dude." He is strong, hale, and hearty, and in every respect of enormous proportions. Unfortunately he cannot yet speak in English with his many friends in this country. His native tongue is Russian, and his home is in Southern Siberia.

The Latest in Scoring Books.

Messrs. Dean and Son, Ltd., of 160 A, Fleet-street, London, E.C., have prepared new editions of their popular series of "County" cricket scoring books. There are five varieties, in stiff and flexible covers, two of them being a convenient size for the pocket, at prices ranging from sixpence to two shillings. They each contain the full laws of the game revised to date, and are excellent value for the money.

The Latest in Bridges.

The Cowing Lift Bridge, as illustrated on this page, is the latest American invention in bridges. Each tail end of the bridge is a semi-circular rolling segment working in a "cradle," built in the solid masonry of the bridge abutments. In the cradle are twenty-nine rollers. These and the aid of two 35 h.p. motors enable the two halves of the bridge to be lifted up in Tower Bridge-like fashion when ships want to pass by. The weight of each counterweight in the bridge here illustrated is 740 tons.



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LEG GUARDS.
3/6, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, pair.
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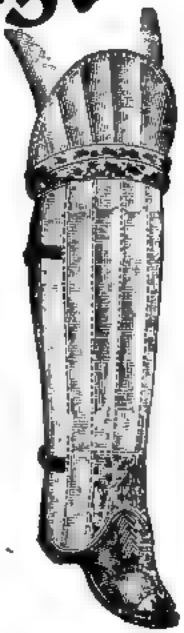

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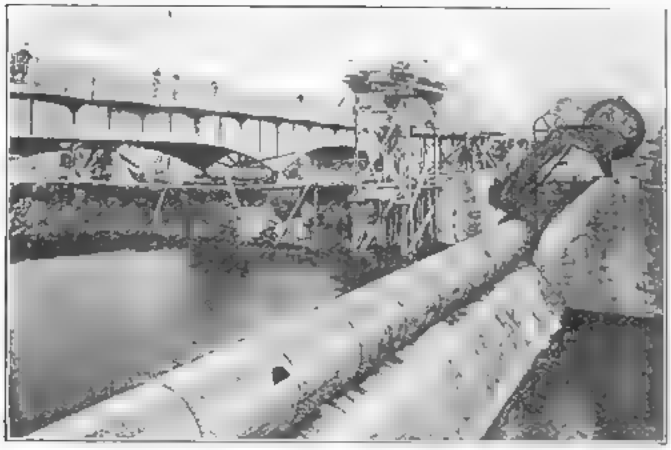
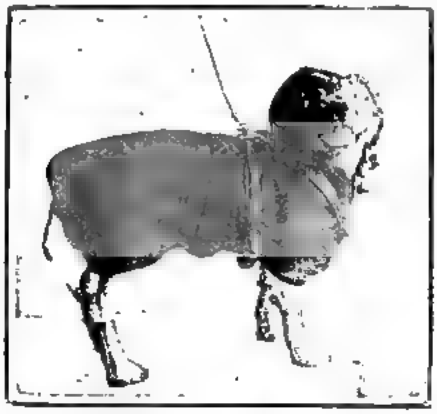


THE NEW ROLLING DAM AT SCHWEINFURT.

A Rolling Dam.

Something quite new in the way of dams has recently been constructed at Schweinfurt, Bavaria, by the Brückenbauanstalt Co., of Nurnberg. It is called a rolling dam, and consists of a hollow cylinder on each end of which is fixed a toothed wheel, which works on an inclined rack built on each abutment. The cylinder can be kept empty of water, or full of water, or partly full, as occasion demands. When the down stream water level does not rise more than three feet or so above the bottom of the dam the weight of the cylinder is sufficient to counterbalance the pressure, but, when it rises above this level, water is let into the cylinder so as to give it greater stability. When required, the dam can be moved up and down the racks by means of an electric motor and controlling gear. Ordinarily, the dam has to be moved up the racks by the pressure of water. The racks at the bottom are very steep, so as to give the dam better bearing against water trying to raise it.



DOG IN MOTOR DRESS.

Motor Costumes for Dogs.

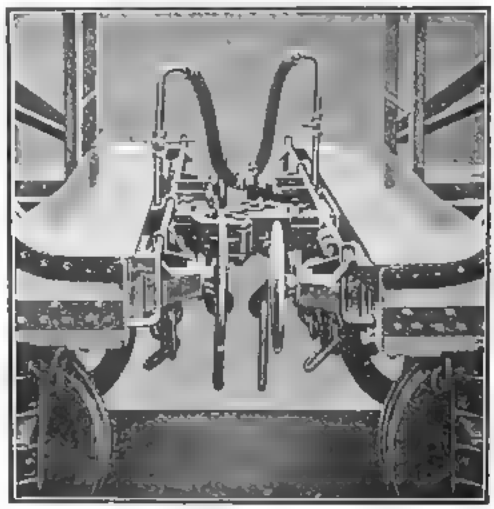
In England we are all accustomed to the strange costumes that many human motorists don when out on their travels. Now it seems they have found it necessary that their dogs should be similarly attired. Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., who send us the accompanying illustration, have come to their aid and designed a suitable dog's motor dress.

Automatic Couplings.

Hitherto railway wagons in this country have been coupled by hand. Owing to shunting operations and the maze of lines in big goods yards, this is a very dangerous work. It is bad enough in the daytime; but at night it is far worse. The death roll each year is appalling. Soon, however, it is to be hoped that automatic couplings will be generally used, such, for instance, as those designed by the Westinghouse Company, and illustrated below. The wagons shown belong to the North-Eastern Railway.

An Electric Bakery.

Since the harnessing of the Niagara Falls, electricity both for power, lighting, and heating purposes is very cheap in the surrounding districts. Hence Niagara Falls has now an electric bakery. Not only are the various machines for mixing the dough and cutting it into form operated by electricity, as is the case in some bakeries in England, but the bread is baked in an immense electrically heated oven. No smell of smoke, and no dust from ashes, are known.



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Or YOUTH'S "COLLEGE DRIVER," Sizes No. 4, 5, & 6, Or YOUTH'S "JUNIOR" MATCH, Sizes No. 4, 5, & 6,

And scoring FORTY RUNS with the same in a Single Innings in an AFTERNOON Match, we will PRESENT HIM with a BAT of the same quality as a PRIZE.

THE Conditions to obtain a PRIZE in a WHOLE Day Match will be that the numbers of Runs required to be obtained in a Single Innings will be **double**, that is EIGHTY, as there is a better chance of having Two Innings in a Day than during a Half-Day Match.

To prove that a Bat has been Won, all that will be required by us is an authentic copy of the Score Sheet of the Match, signed by the two Captains, or the two Umpires, together with their Addresses, and, if possible, a copy of the Local Newspaper reporting the Score. When satisfied that the Runs were honestly made during the progress of an Eleven-a-side Match the

Prize Bat will be forwarded Immediately, Carriage Paid.

We hope this Unique Offer will be appreciated by Cricketers, and that their assistance will be tendered in every way to make it widely known. DUKE & SON.

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1.—Only one Bat can be won by the same individual.
2.—Only one Bat can be won by the use of one particular Bat, *i.e.*, one Bat can only win one prize.
3.—The name of the Bat with which the runs were scored to be stated.
4.—The Date and Name and Address of Firm from whom the Bat was purchased.
5.—The Bat used must be the **personal property** of the player claiming the Prize, but in the case of Schools, or if the Winner used a Club Bat proof must be given that the Club or School possess at least Three of our BATS.

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LEAGUE NOTES FOR MAY, 1905.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate-hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

LEWISHAM, S.E.—G. H. Lennox-Robertson, of 59 Granville Park, and G. Rock-Widlake, of 7 Albion-road, have now taken this branch in hand, and secured some excellent rooms at 10 Avenue-road. The club meets every Wednesday evening from 8 till 10.

A hearty invitation to join is accorded to all boys living in Lewisham and district.

KIDDERMINSTER.—I have received a very interesting letter from Mr. W. J. Hammond, the Hon. Sec. Not content with the success of his own branch, he is anxious in some way to assist other branches, and proposes that the country should be divided into districts, and a committee formed of representatives from each branch in that district. Their proposed duties would be (*inter alia*) :—

(1) To try and give a helping hand to weaker branches in their district.

(2) To arrange lectures, social evenings, &c.

(3) To arrange cricket, football, and other matches.

(4) To assist in the formation of new branches, and to do all they can to further the aims and objects of the B.E.L.

I heartily recommend this proposal to the consideration of my readers, and shall be glad to hear their views.

BROMSGROVE.—This club, which enjoys a membership of thirty, meets every Monday at 7.30 at No. 6 The Crescent, when games and reading are indulged in. Each member pays 2d. a week to the club, and 6d. annually to the League.

HULL.—There has been a large influx of new League members recently from this district. Mr. Harry Nightscales, the Hon. Sec., of 64 Londesborough-street, cordially invites such new members, as well as CAPTAIN readers living in the district, to join his club, which is becoming a very strong and influential one.

AUSTRALASIA.—In recognition of the enthusiasm and success of our branches "down under," I have great pleasure in announcing the offer of two prizes of £3 each to B.E.L. members in Australia and New Zealand—one to each colony.

The prizes will be awarded to the writers of the best essays on "The Past, Present, and Future of New Zealand." The book set for reading amongst B.E.L. members this year is "The Empire Story of New Zealand," price 1s. 6d. Through the kindness of the publishers we are enabled to send it post paid to members of the B.E.L. only for 1s. 2d. The date by which essays should reach headquarters will be announced later. In the meantime, for further particulars, Colonial readers are referred to Vernon H. Weiss, 10 Kenilworth-avenue, Norwood, Adelaide; Arthur Burrows, St. Kilda, Dunedin, N.Z.; and A. D. McKinnon, 36 Dublin-street, Wanganui, N.Z.

The donor of the prizes reserves the right to divide or withhold the prizes, and none but B.E.L. members will be qualified to compete. There is no entrance fee.

EMPIRE DAY.—In most parts of the Empire there are efforts being made to celebrate May 24th, the late Queen's birthday, as Empire Day. I hope all B.E.L. branches will do something to mark the occasion.

Additional correspondents are required by B.E.L. members in Britain among readers of THE CAPTAIN residing in India, Zanzibar, Japan, B. C. Africa, Johannesburg, and the Falkland Isles. Full particulars can be obtained gratis on application to the Secretary. The Organising Secretary will be pleased to send parcels of League literature to any CAPTAIN reader on receipt of penny stamp to cover postage.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

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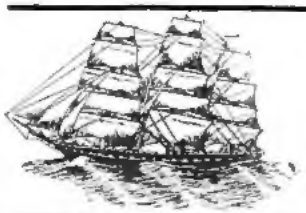

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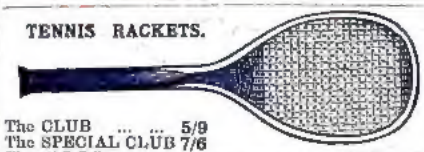

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